



*George Eliot*

Photograph by Sophus Williams, Kunstverlag, Berlin Reproduced by courtesy of  
Mrs Rupert Bede Winsor, Allesley, Coventry

# GEORGE ELIOT



*A Biography*

*by*

BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS

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To  
ALISON EVANS WINSER  
Grand-Niece of George Eliot



## FOREWORD

IN the college dining-room four hundred of us waited after dinner for the last recalcitrant to finish and for the first tap of the bell at which we rose to form in line and march out. While we waited, we read Thackeray, Bulwer-Lytton, Scott, and Dickens. I came to George Eliot. By chance I discovered 'The Mill on the Floss'. After closing the book on the final plangent iambic lines, I said, 'She knows. She knows country life, country girls and boys, how brothers and sisters feel about each other.' Not hitherto had I found anything like that saga for simplicity, humor, pathos, tragedy. Youthfully enthusiastic, freely we bestowed 'great' and 'greatest' upon novel after novel. For me, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, that was my 'greatest'. Shortly, 'Romola' richest of medieval fictions was sharing with 'The Mill' the superlative, then 'Middlemarch,' of epic breadth and depth and giant orchestration, rose most magnificent. Nothing could take from 'Middlemarch' first place.

Years passed. Now 'Wuthering Heights' towered, a mountain over George Eliot's plains, again, 'The Egoist' in suave sophistication turned a disdainful shoulder toward his lowlier and more provincial fictive relations, or 'The Return of the Native' etched with keen economy lean pictures beside which 'Middlemarch' appeared wastefully extravagant. Yet never a group of novels by any one man or woman rose above the group that is George Eliot's monument. No group has fixed the pageantry of English life in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries on its march through eternity as the group by the woman from Warwickshire fixed that period.

Now that the day of the three-decker novel has returned and

once more we see the 'purple painted headlands and lordly keeps of Spain', now that the God's plenty approved by Dryden abounds anew in volumes of twelve hundred pages, inches thick in paper, ample in experience and incident, now that in an era of unprecedented haste and hurry, rich leisure may be enjoyed by any one who cares to lose himself in the depths of these books, now 'Middelmarch' comes back to its own nor seems too prodigal. In form it is superior to any successor covering the same number of pages.

From those years in college onward, George Eliot fascinated. What changed her from Marian Evans to George Eliot? "Why, of course, her union with George Henry Lewes." The answer seemed and still seems unsatisfactory. Somewhere between her Westminster Review days and those of 'Scenes of Clerical Life' something happened to relegate the analyst, the critic, to the background, to develop the constructionist, the fictionist. She would have said, has said, that analysis must precede synthesis, but that is not to say that all analysts synthesize. Except for Lewes, she declared, she could not have written her novels, but that is not to say how he touched the rock of genius and released the flood. Perhaps she became a great writer because living by the codes of truth and justice and sympathy and courage she galvanized, with Lewes's sustaining love, her weak body with fortitude and strength sufficient to prove to the world what should have needed no proof: their union might be productive of good as in itself it was good. Whatever speculation and study of records may otherwise reply, one element of that reply is certain, constant. Marian Evans died, George Eliot lived and lives.

One evening John and Raymond recommended that I write about George Eliot. I read, reread everything she wrote. I would make a biography as nearly as possible definitive. I began. I fell ill. I would give her up. A small voice ordered me to go on, to find her letters and journals. I discovered they had

been sold to a university, where students are editing them. The two volumes planned, I relinquished. Obviously nothing final can be done without a thorough collation of those letters and journals with the excerpts made by John W. Cross for his still unsurpassed 'George Eliot's Life'. The lady who committed them to Sotheby's auction rooms, where Gabriel Wells was the successful bidder, told me there is in them nothing of importance not in her uncle's selections, but she hastened to add that she is not a George Eliot scholar. Regretfully, I arrived at this one-volume work, throwing overboard much incidental material, many letters and documents, a large amount of by-the-way stuff unsuited to the purpose of a single volume, but all these must be contributed, as well as certain matter chosen and set forth herein, to the definitive biography, write it who will.

I have visited living relatives of George Eliot. Her great-niece Alison, grand-daughter of Isaac Evans (Tom Tulliver in 'The Mill on the Floss'), Mrs. Rupert Bede Winsor, is one of the nearest surviving blood relations. In the rectory drawing-room at Allesley, Coventry, I searched through a chest of treasures and read Robert Evans's diary now in Alison's possession, his diary for 1832-1833. I have visited George Henry Lewes's youngest grand-daughter, Mrs. Elinor Southwood Lewes Ouvry, of 'The Warrens,' in Kent, and between cups of tea examined cherished relics, from the half-hunting-case gold watch still ticking, to the big print Bible, among Lewes's gifts to Polly, and George Eliot's books inscribed to members of Charles Lewes's family. I have visited Cross's niece, Miss Elsie Druce, and I saw in her drawing-room at Thornhill, Rye, the silhouette portrait of George Eliot, since then presented to the British Museum. The Miss Baddelys, of Bird Grove, Coventry, and the tenants of Griff, on the Newdigate estate, have permitted me to roam through the houses in which Mary Anne Evans spent the first thirty years of her life, and I wondered, at South Farm, in which of the rooms she was born. Sir Francis and Lady Newdigate of Arbury Hall talked of the friendship that existed between Robert Evans and that

other Sir Francis, while we sat in the salon under the Romney portraits or lunched in the dining-hall, beautiful as a cathedral, or paused in the picture gallery or walked through the house-keeper's quarters, or strolled through the grounds near the lake. At Gulson Library, Coventry, I was given free access to all material relating to George Eliot. In the British Museum I examined the script of every novel presented to the Museum by Charles Lewes's widow. In the reading-room of the Museum, and elsewhere, particularly in my own library, I have searched through biographies and autobiographies, through memoirs and reminiscences for pages or paragraphs or sentences that might contribute, however slightly, to the facts of George Eliot's life. Letters from fifty or more men and women in England, offering facts and photographs, have helped me to see her more clearly. Certain unpublished letters from George Eliot no writer on George Eliot, other than myself, apparently has examined. I have reviewed some authorities consulted by Cross, for example, Mrs. Bray's Commonplace Book in the Gulson Library, and Marian's letters to Sara Hennell in the same alcove. My gratitude to every source of help, to every man and woman who have helped me, is great. Yet my debt to Cross remains, and I acknowledge it greatest, here at Witley Heights.

Here she was, one month before she died. Down there, below the window, my window at this moment, she sat, writing in sunny hours to her friends, stone bench, stone table, then as now, below this window that was hers. Panes through which day burned, panes through which at night the full moon shone, swinging in autumn high in the south, Orion to the west, over Blackdown and Haslemere and Tennyson's home at Aldworth. Beyond the terraced lawn, shaded by chestnut and pine and cypress, forests of Surrey rested her tired eyes, which saw yet farther away, the blue hills of Sussex. What, then, at sixty years of age, did she think and feel? After Lewes died, she wrote, 'Here I and Sorrow sit.' Knowing now the time could not be long before she followed him, she accepted the last gift of her

gods, a friend, a friend who, cherishing her, brightened her final days

In 1901 Frederic Harrison repeated what he had said years before 'It will be the duty of the more serious criticism of another generation to revive the reputation of George Eliot as an abiding literary force' An abiding literary force she is, though now more potential than active Her centenary created scarcely a ripple Insufficient money was subscribed for even the modest memorial alcove in the Gulson Library, across the street from St Michael's Sir Francis Newdigate gave oak for the panels, oak from that estate which she living at Griff knew and loved, oak from trees under which she had walked No worthy book appeared by way of commemoration Cross's *Life*, a labor of love, is yet supreme, a quarry in which every worker must seek materials, hew them how he will

How long before that revival mentioned by Harrison? The signs toward it are few but significant a half-dozen recent books about George Eliot, most important, now honored in her own country, her name is given to the Fellowship at Nuneaton, among the moderns, Proust acknowledges to her a debt And there are other indications of her renaissance

Certain obligations, in addition to those intimated, I have pleasure in acknowledging To Mrs Georgiana V Bishop, of New York City, I am indebted for a copy in script of her Master's Thesis (Columbia University), 'George Eliot's Literary Reputation in America' To the Ulysses Bookshop, New York City, I am grateful for permission to reproduce the Lawrence portrait, which hung many years in the offices of Blackwood's at Edinburgh, and was acquired, 1934, by Mr Jacob Schwartz of the Ulysses shop, and I hereby thank Eve Harrison for her excellent photograph of the portrait herein reproduced I give thanks to Mr C I Wertenbaker of the College of the City of New York, for copies of photographs loaned by Mrs Winsor, to Miss Grace Croff, of Hunter College, for the doorway at Griff, snapped in a happy moment, to Miss Annie Wright, of



St Dunstan's, High Wycombe, for the photograph of the Aegir on the Trent, to the National Portrait Gallery, London, for the right to reproduce Anne Gliddon's George Henry Lewes, Caroline Bray's Mary Ann Evans and Robert Evans, M d'Albert Durade's Marian Evans (a copy of the original in the Gulson Library at Coventry), Sir Frederick Burton's George Eliot, and Sickert's Frederic Harrison, to Miss Lilian Farnham, recent resident at Witley Heights, for photographs of the house and surroundings, to Miss Jessie Thomas, of Witley, for her reminiscences of George Eliot's contemporaries, to Mr Gunn Gwennet for the line drawing of Number 8, Parkshot, Richmond, a drawing made from a contemporary one, and to Mr John Bond, dramatist, who got the drawing for me To Mrs Winsor special thanks are due for her loan of the little-known Sophus Williams photograph To the authorities of the British Museum I am grateful for photographs of scripts and for other courtesies, including a copy of George Eliot's Letters to Elma Stuart made by Mr C J Connolly Mr M L Parrish, of Philadelphia, and Dormie House, New Jersey, has been kind in giving me access to important autograph letters of George Eliot, letters now in his possession Mrs Kate Derby kindly gave me data of the early Griff days A number of dealers have been unceasing in efforts to find scripts by George Eliot, among them I am grateful to Mr Alfred I Myers, of New Bond Street, to Francis Edwards, of High Street, Marylebone, and to Paul Victorius, of Museum Street I owe special thanks to my friend, Miss Shirley V Long, who purchased for me a number of scripts, to George S Hellman for a copy of 'Unpublished Letters of George Eliot' (Century Magazine, September, 1922), and to Gabriel Wells for access to certain of George Eliot's note-books To Mathilde Parlett I am grateful for her brochure, 'The Influence of Contemporary Criticism on George Eliot,' one of the cleverest recent studies I am indebted, finally, to my friends Dr Ernest Gray Keller and Professor Renata Remy for reading the script of the present volume,

*Foreword*

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and for offering kindly suggestions They are absolved from  
all infelicities of the author

BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS

WITLEY HEIGHTS, SURREY  
October



## APOLOGIA

THIS volume intends primarily to array the chief external facts of Mary Anne Evans's life and of George Eliot's life, facts gathered from sources at present available. Following this intention the study lingers, even at the risk of critical disapproval, on early events. Inasmuch as by consensus of opinion George Eliot's supreme contribution to literature springs, full-foliaged, from early association with the pastoral land about Nuneaton and Coventry, from identification with its soil and scenes and people, from her own roots deep in its earth, knowledge of those events necessarily precedes understanding of her career. Indispensable, let us say, as knowledge of his early life is necessary to understanding Thomas Hardy's efflorescence in the Wessex novels.

The reader interested rather in the external life may feel that I have assigned disproportionate space to certain of these earlier phases, for example, world conditions and local conditions under which the Evans girl grew up, the influence of the Coventry group of friends, her translations, her associations with the Westminster Review and Chapman's coterie. These enlargements will have value for the reader seeking explanation of the author's growth and development, and determining my apparent extravagance in this particular.

My second purpose is not only to introduce George Henry Lewes but to keep him on the scene, companion of Mary Anne Evans, of George Eliot, that one may draw one's own conclusions from the unique partnership. Any book pretending to offer however incomplete a factual biography of George Eliot must know where, at a given moment, Lewes is, and where the greater George. The partnership was of that kind from which

neither member can be withdrawn for purposes of biography, both must be included

Again, at the risk of tediousness, I have indicated and not infrequently described George Eliot's and George Lewes's journeys in England or on the Continent. One may write, "The two were great travelers," but the statement fails to carry that conviction impressed by seeing them, throughout their union, flitting here and there, she ever divided between love of home and desire of wandering. I have emphasized her bad health. The statement that after 'Adam Bede' George Eliot suffered increasing physical ills may find acceptance, but not the conviction that results from seeing her write under growing difficulty.

To discuss adequately the works by which she is known to fame is not the purpose of this volume. Much has been written by many critics of these works, here only enough is offered to effect cohesion between recountals of her life, including struggles with one novel, and the continuation of her life when she struggled with its successor. I have recalled the nature of works possibly unknown to the reader, possibly forgotten by him, and have noticed them briefly at the proper places in the sequence of events.

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January, 1936

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GEORGE ELIOT



## PORTRAIT

GEORGE ELIOT, the genius, sprang from the union between Marian Evans, born November 22, 1819, and George Henry Lewes, born April 18, 1817. If the girl from Warwickshire had not joined her life irrevocably and, of necessity, irregularly with that of the man she loved, never would she have revealed her full power. She committed, for her era, the unpardonable sin, yet her life, more sinless than most lives, proved her devotion to beauty and truth.

December 27, 1880, Lord Acton wrote to Mary Gladstone that in George Eliot's death it seemed the sun had gone out. He spoke only for a few when he declared that if Sophocles or Cervantes had lived in the light of our culture, if Dante had prospered like Manzoni, she might have had a rival. He spoke for many when he declared that no writer ever lived who had anything like her power of manifold but disinterested and observant sympathy.

What was she like, this writer of the mid-nineteenth century, the first modern novelist? In the day of her fame and 'osseous lengthy countenance,' resemblance to the Mary Ann of Mrs Bray's portrait had faded,\* resemblance to the 'Mimie' † of M. d'Albert Durade had vanished. Perhaps the undated Sophus Williams photograph made in Berlin, probably 1854, is the one extant photograph linking the daughter of Christiana and Robert Evans with the companion of George Henry Lewes. In that eager face ‡ are at once the youth of Marian Evans and the

\* See p. 64.

† See p. 64.

‡ See frontispiece.

incipient lines of the face of Dante, with whom and Newman and Savonarola and Locke George Eliot shared kinship of countenance as of soul. This photograph was made at the height of her insurgence, the painting by Lawrence, at the peak of her career. She was only forty-one when the American artist drew lines in her brow, etched furrows from nose to mouth, and fixed sadness in her eyes.\* Between these portraits had descended upon her the weight of the world, in six years she acquired the melancholy regard usually associated with her, despite the fact that six years later she momentarily had discarded it in the painting by Burton.†

Contemporary pen portraits exist, portraits describing her as she was in the years 1859 to 1875, more satisfying than photograph or painting. All trustworthy writers mention her slenderness, her slight body, graceful to elegance, her transparent expressive hands, and the deeply trenched face, crowned by abundant, gold-brown hair. That beautiful hair not infrequently escapes distinctive comment, for, after the fashion of the day, she covered it with triangles of rare old lace, the points falling over ears and forehead. The lock preserved in the Elma Stuart collection of letters, cut October 4, 1873, when she was fifty-four, is exquisite in its dull-gold shade and silken texture. After the age of thirty-one, she wore the heavy masses with 'things,' as she called them, at the sides—rolls turned inward to the cheek. Her complexion was sallow, her eyes were small and gray-green or blue, changing with the light and with the color of her garments, and they looked, says Mrs. Burne-Jones, as if they had been newly washed. Such eyes may be most fascinating hers, living today in her brother Isaac's descendants, hold and haunt. Below the majestic brow, her beaklike nose contributed to the Apocalyptic horse formation observed by Meredith, emphasizing the heaviness of her lower face, and the too great distance between eyes and mouth. Nor, until she smiled,

\* See p. 186

† See p. 210

was her mouth pretty But when she smiled, it melted into curves, and her sensitive countenance shone with supernatural radiance, transfiguring her into a beautiful woman

And when she spoke<sup>2</sup> In 1932, Graham Robertson's housekeeper, Mrs Cave, said—more than fifty years after she had seen George Eliot last—'Plain she was, miss, but when she hopened 'er mouth you forgot heverything helse' Her speech, precise and fluent, came in a clear and gentle tone, rising now and then upon a note of eagerness Deep thought and quiet wit characterized her talk, rarely sparkling though often glowing with humor, and she talked best to one person alone Her manners were simple, free from affectation Some persons felt her magnetism, others only a great sympathy F W H Myers said that she lacked some aroma of hope, some felicity of virtue, Miss Betham-Edwards felt the effect of her loneliness, a loneliness of one sadly, sublimely alone, all who came within the sound of her voice or the glance of her eye knew her for a soul dwelling apart

Rarely could she have looked healthy, inheriting despite yeoman ancestry a disease-marked body After long suffering her mother had died young, her father's diary reveals that he was frequently ill and took much 'medison' Many of her letters are dark with recountal of pain, though her physical weakness did not lessen her magnetism, and as she grew older some thought she grew more beautiful But Sir Sidney Colvin, who knew her in later years, observing her sympathy and tenderness, speaks of her ploughed face, marked by intellectual travail And the distance is long between Robert Buchanan's picture of her as a stooping, crinoline-clad, aged woman, clinging to the arm of Lewes, and the early memory of Mrs Belloc who, as Bessie Rayner Parkes, was one of the first London friends 'Her height was good, her figure supple at times, she had an almost serpentine grace I can see her descending the great staircase of our house in Savile Row, on my father's arm, the only lady except my mother, among the group of remarkable men, politicians, and authors of the first literary rank She would talk

and laugh softly, and look up into my father's face respectfully, while the light of the bright hall lamp shone on the waving masses of her hair, and the black velvet fell in folds about her feet ' Toward the end, by her own confession

*Seven stone*

*(Her weight is known)*

*When in heaviest clothes you put her*

Yet, at this time, in the words of Frederic Harrison, her countenance was grave and majestic Years added distinction to that Cumæan face

She was far from perfect Physical infirmities she could not always bear with sweetness of spirit Too melancholy, too querulous she was when suffering malaise, a frequent word in her letters Perhaps being kept, in Mrs Oliphant's phrase, in a literary hothouse contributed to over-exoticism, perhaps her elevation to the place of Sibyl by the Priory fireside, and the adulation of friends slightly spoiled her, perhaps, too, overwhelming financial success unduly magnified her self-importance But she received, as no other woman of the day received, blessing and cursing, and, for the most part, she remained serene and lofty as Betelgeuse shining above her Sussex hills

She was the greatest of nineteenth century women novelists If Emily Brontë's fiery passion was not hers, nor Jane Austen's nimble humor, hers was a higher passion, a deeper humor Besides Emily Brontë and Jane Austen no contemporary woman approaches her, and few men surpass her Academically, she towered above all, and whereas much learning justly or unjustly is held to interfere with the operation of genius, much learning but strengthened her accuracy, seriousness, and her purpose of enriching earth's total of art Essayist for a little while, she displayed keen wit, profound knowledge, and balanced judgment Poet, she has never been assigned her proper status in English verse, reflective, lyric, dramatic She did not soar often, her wings were tied, if not clipped, by Comtean philosophizing, but

lovely lines, singing lines, abound in her prose and in her poems. Novelist, she lives, and rightly so. So long as England cherishes the past, England will not forget 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' 'Adam Bede,' 'The Mill on the Floss,' 'Silas Marner,' or 'Middlemarch.'

Signs are not lacking that readers of today value George Eliot. Yet from books about her emerges the conviction that she is dead, buried, that she belongs only to the ages. This book desires to leave the impression, 'She is alive.' All fiction is evanescent, journalistic. The world moves on. Novels have their day and cease to be, cease very soon to be. Those reflecting any era are accepted by the era, if accepted at all, and forgotten. If any novel a hundred years of age deserves to be read, that novel in 1960 or 1970 will be 'Adam Bede,' 'The Mill,' or 'Middlemarch.' In representing life and the way life works, George Eliot is above Dickens, in definitely localized setting, she is more nearly universal than Thackeray, in imagination she is second only to Scott, in modernity of thought and feeling she is with Meredith and Hardy.



## MARY ANNE EVANS'S FAMILY

ROBERT EVANS, fifth in a family of three girls and five boys, was born February 27, 1773. From Mary, the oldest (1765), and Ann (1775) immediately following Robert, his daughter Mary Anne \* obviously received her name. Robert's youngest sister, Susannah, born May, 1781, apparently died in 1811. George, an older brother, died young. Of William, 1769, and Thomas, 1771, little concerns the investigator of George Eliot's life and works. Of Samuel, 1777, more will be said.

Robert Evans, his brothers and sisters were born at Roston Common, Derbyshire, near the romantic scenery of the river Dove. The father, George Evans, carpenter for the neighborhood, taught his trade to every one of his sons after they had had a minimum of schooling with Bartle Massey. Of George's wife, Mary, authority records her a woman of household thrift and motherly activity. Simple, homely folk, they boasted of no ancestry from which, presumably, a genius might descend to perpetuate their humble lives. Genealogists, however, have discovered that the Evanses in England sprang from an ancient Welsh knight, Thomas Evans. May one not look backward to Sir Thomas and his deeds for something of the stuff that was in Robert's daughter?

Robert married first, 1801, Harriet Poynton. They had two children, Robert, 1802, and Frances Lucy, 1805. Five years after Harriet died in 1809, Robert married Christiana Pearson who, according to report, was a social cut or two above her husband. To them were born Christiana, 1814, Isaac, 1816, and

\* The spelling earliest used by the novelist, and so in the christening record

Mary Anne, 1819 Robert Evans, father of the writer, lived until thirty-three years of age in Derbyshire, where he was born, and in adjoining Staffordshire. He was of the breed of men who get on in the world. At Kirk Hallam, in Derby, where he owned the tenant-right to a farm, he became agent for Francis Newdigate who, 1806, succeeded on the death of Sir Roger Newdigate to the Arbury estate in Warwickshire. Robert accompanied him, to live at South Farm, or Arbury Farm, on which a comfortable house still in use stands a half-mile or so from Arbury Hall. Shortly after Mary Anne was born there, Robert gave the farm at Kirk Hallam into the charge of his son, Robert, then seventeen, and Frances Lucy, fourteen. Expanding his business of land agent he moved, when Mary Anne was three or four months old, to the larger accommodation of Griff House not far outside Arbury Lodge, where he remained twenty-two years. From his position of trust and responsibility with Mr. Newdigate, he advanced to become surveyor and agent for four other estates, those of Lord Aylesford, Lord Lifford, Mrs. Gregory, and Mr. Bromley-Davenport, but his chief interest remained with the Newdigates.

Robert Evans was an indefatigable diarist. The first page of his Will refers to his writings, of which the greater part must have been his annual records, and in letting no day pass without a line is that example following which his youngest daughter was to set out on her way by letter-writing, translation, and reviewing to her high place in fiction.

The diary of his sixtieth year, June, 1832, to July 29, 1833, offers ample evidence of his busy life. June 19, 1832, he went into the Essington Colliery and looked it over, in the pit examined the coal and found it of better quality farther from the shaft, the works were in good order and one year's coal was 'eded out'. Later in the month, he made a valuation of the estate at Packington, sending the valuation on to Lord Aylesford, in London. Still later, he went to Coventry, where he sold Mr. Joseph Liggins sixty bags of wheat at 23/6, a total of seventy

pounds, ten shillings. In July he looked over the bedsteads in Bedworth Hospital: there were sixteen, and nine more were needed. On the same day he was busy 'caring hay out of the round meadow'. Shortly afterward, he was examining bedsteads for the hospital, ordering them from one Mr. Smith, who would make them for 21/ each. On the same day he stopped at Astley Castle, busy with accounts until nine at night. Other duties later took him to the Bedworth Poorhouses, where he ordered them whitewashed in the inside, below, and above, and openings made for drafts of air, to Walton, where he valued an estate, to a trial, to which he had been subpoenaed, to Baxterley, where he estimated the dilapidation of the church living, to Mr. Jefferys Stoke, for whom he planned stairs, study, and cistern for soft water, to Easton for receiving tithes, to the Duke's Farm—part of the Arbury estate, still so-called—for valuing clover, to Coton Vicarage, to look over Mr. Gwyther's repairs. This Mr. Gwyther is the original of Amos Barton, in the first story Robert's daughter was to write a quarter-century later.

Of social and political relations with his fellow-men the diary records that Robert called on Mr. Morris for levy but was not paid. 'I told him I must have it. Called on Mr. Perkins and he paid me his poor rate but tells me he will not pay the road rates, therefore, I must summons him, which I am sorry to do.' A few days after this entry he went to a Committee Meeting at the Craven Arms, in Coventry, about making a culvert from Coton to Nuneaton, some 700 yards. Committee, proprietors, and parish would pay for the culvert. Two days later, he called upon Mr. Spencer Arley to ask for rent due the Bishop of Gloucester, but the gentleman could pay nothing. 'I must distrain for rent,' concludes the businesslike Robert. Two days later yet, he was subpoenaed for a trial, which did not come off, he and Isaac went to see Brother William and family in Ellaston. Robert drove good horses, the one used on this trip got them there by six o'clock, and next day took them sixty-two miles, from Ellaston to Stafford and on. A record of two weeks later mentions the



ROBERT EVANS

A drawing (1842) by Mrs. Charles Bray.



family into which Isaac married 'Mr and Mrs Rawlins and his father and mother came to tea and went to see the house and gardens at Arbury'

Family and personal affairs are set down in detail 'Took Mrs Evans to Coventry this afternoon Bought one dozen silver forks—13/5, 8 tablespoons—10/, bought a suit of clothes and other articles—6/14 One hears Christiana Evans's voice 'Now Mr Evans, if you are about to buy a suit, I'll go along and get that table silver I've needed this long while' It would be that way, and not, 'My dear, if you are bent on giving me those forks and spoons, I shall come along to see that you get clothes for yourself' In July, 1833, he went to the agricultural meeting at Norwich, Isaac with him in the gig Five days later, July 5th, he took 'Mrs Evans in the gig to Mr Everard's in the evening' On the 13th of the month he sent Isaac to Packington and Coventry, 'his mother with him in the gig' But he did not drive so far as London He speaks of a visit to the metropolis, where he stayed at the Belle Sauvage Inn, whence he departed at half-past seven, his place in the tallyho reserved the day before The coach required until half-past five in the evening to arrive at Coventry, where 'Isaac met me with the gig, as he came up from Packington Got to Griff at seven o'clock in the evening'

He is not reticent about illness 'July 9th Taken ill of a bowel complaint July 10th I had fixed the rent day at Leamington for today, therefore I was determined to go if able Mrs Evans went with me' Again, hear the voice of Christiana 'Mr Evans, if you are set on going out when you well know Mr Nason [the doctor] ordered you to stop at home, you'll not stir without me in the gig beside you' On the 14th, the diarist says that he paid certain laborers, then his activities were cut short by Mr Nason, who 'called and told me that I must go on taking medison and keep quiet' Two days later, though still at home and ill enough to be honored by a visit from Colonel Newdigate, he was fretting, 'I want to be out from home and about my business'

Other entries show that Robert lent at interest one hundred pounds to Mr Reddell, that he made for Mr Thomas Hardy an office, stables, saddlehouse, and chaff house, that he turned away a servitor who came home drunk with wagon and horses, that he arranged with Lord Aylesford to purchase the Hampton estate, and for exchange of land between the Earl of Aylesford and Mr Willis. Mary Anne is not mentioned throughout the year. Then about thirteen, she was in Coventry at the Miss Franklins' School.

No further extract is needed to illustrate Robert Evans's energy, versatility, and devotion to duty. Like Adam Bede, who is fashioned on his character, he had no theories about setting the world to rights, but he saw there was 'a great deal of damage done by building with ill-seasoned timber.' Like Adam, he knew that a good, solid bit of work lasts, and if he loved a bit of good work, he loved also to think, 'I did it!' Like Adam, he was not an average man, his faculties were trained in skillful, courageous labor, and he made his way upward through honesty. Like Adam, he would not 'give a penny for a man as 'ud drive a nail in slack because he didn't get extra pay for it.' Loyal to the men he served, sternly upholding the law, which he firmly executed, he was rarely troubled about his ego except when he was ill, then he rebelled—wanted to be up and about his business.

If, as events were to prove, Mary Anne inherited from her father much in character, much that was to serve her in character-drawing, she inherited also from her mother. Neither father nor mother accounts for her genius, but she was the child of both. Christiana lives, it is understood, in Mrs Poyser, of 'Adam Bede', and though caution would not ascribe to the real woman too much of the one imagined, family tradition acknowledges the identity. A good helpmeet was Christiana, whose tables and pewter dishes and silver shone from elbow-polish—her servants' elbows more than her own—who enjoyed knitting her children's socks, or heeling and toeing her husband's socks, who through her dairy increased the family income, who had an opinion on

stock and was able to advise Robert on subjects other than short-horns. Of fair complexion, sandy hair and blue-gray eyes, she was without feminine vanity, and, like Mrs. Poyser, she loved utility more than ornament. Kindly, epigrammatic, she was a woman in whose ill health perhaps lay the source of her sharp philosophy. 'It's but little good you'll do a-watering the last year's crop' illustrates the sardonic tang with which Mary Anne flavored Mrs. Poyser's gnomic speeches. To her mother and father the girl was devoted. Her initiation into sorrow was her mother's final sickness, and her farewell to deepest grief was her father's death—farewell until long time had passed and she was bereft of the companion who had been her own family.

Was she her father's favorite child? Bootless question. Only when she was very young, if then. From existing documents, Isaac apparently was the favorite. Mary Anne rode, when a small girl, between her father's knees in the gig behind the horse that could travel sixty-two miles a day, and she visited with him his old home, but Isaac was the companion, met his father, drove with him in the gig, and when still young became his father's partner. Those were days when women held together the household while men conducted affairs of business.

Though long before he died Robert had become dependent upon the loving service of Mary Anne, he showed her no favoritism in either Will or Codicil thereto. Who reads that Testament of September 28, 1884, cannot but see between the lines Robert's expectation that Isaac would carry on the family tradition, and to Isaac he gave those legacies with which his own associations had been closest. After bequeathing to his son Robert the possession or tenant right to the farm at Kirk Hallam in the county of Derby, and the freehold estate—farmhouse, building, and lands—at Roston, Norbury, Derby, he gave to Isaac the freehold house, buildings, and premises situated at Attleborough, Nuneaton, in the county of Warwick, and also that piece of freehold land now used as garden ground with the walls around it situated at Chilvers Cotton, in Warwick. Before writing the



codicil, January 5, 1849, he had bought two freehold cottages or tenements at Stockingford, Nuneaton Parish, which he also gave and devised to the use of Isaac, with the household effects of the cottage in Packington Park rented from the Earl of Aylesford. Robert, Isaac, and Vincent Holbeche were made the trustees of all moneys, even of Mary Anne's legacy.

He had already given one thousand pounds each to Frances Lucy and Christiana who had married, respectively, Henry Houghton and Dr Edward Clarke. To each of them he left one thousand pounds in trust, to Mary Anne, two thousand pounds. He bequeathed to her, also, furniture and household goods not already disposed of to the amount of one hundred pounds. In the codicil he revoked this clause, substituting one hundred pounds in cash. This change was probably at her request, or at his recognition she preferred the money. Incidentally, Robert got eight volumes of Hume's 'History of England', Lucy, Sir Walter Scott's novels, Christiana, two volumes of Brown's Bible, which were her mother's. Lucy inherited all the silver forks, most likely including those bought at Coventry in 1832.

Though more will follow in these pages about the children of Robert Evans, let it be said here, he was right in foreseeing the name represented by Isaac. Isaac Pearson Evans and Sara Rawlins Evans had two sons and two daughters. Frederic, Walter, Edith, and Nelly. The last named, unmarried, died at seventy-two. Edith married William Griffiths. They had no children. Four of Walter's children are living. Nora, Bryan, Geoffrey, and Edith. Isaac's oldest son, Frederic, was well-known as a preacher before the death of George Eliot, his aunt Mary Anne. He became the Reverend Canon Evans and died, aged eighty-six, at his rectory in Bedworth, between Nuneaton and Coventry. His daughter, Alison, married the Reverend Rupert Bede (this second name is purely coincidental). Winsor, now Rector at Allesley, Coventry. They have four children. Philip, Frederick, Robert (great-great-grandson of Robert Evans, father of Mary Anne), and Susan. Through the descendants of Isaac,

who, in the words of his granddaughter Alison, was the archetype of the Englishman who loves land for the sake of land, will be transmitted the sturdy Evans stock brought long ago out of Wales by Sir Thomas, Knight George Eliot had no children but those of her brain, dream children powerful to confer distinction upon her brother's line

## HER LIFE UP TO THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN

SHE was born at the edge of the Forest of Arden, on St Cecilia's Day, November 22, 1819. In his diary Robert Evans recorded the hour, five o'clock in the morning, unintentionally providing horoscopy with ample data for correct prophecy—after the event<sup>1</sup>

Nobody can say in which of those upper chambers at South Farm she first saw light. Christiana Pearson Evans probably requisitioned the room at the head of the stairs. There in the summer of 1932 another child lay in a crib, most easily accessible to her busy mother hurrying upstairs and down.

Mary Anne remembered nothing of the few months of her life at South Farm. Griff, her first recollection, was to her infant mind eternally existent, had been forever, before she was. The red brick house, of austere dignity, topped by high chimneys then as now, is set back a hundred yards or so from the Coventry-Nuneaton road, severity softened by later additions, façade partly hidden by luxuriant ivy and espaliered pears\*. Shrubs and trees shade the deep lawn. Farm buildings cluster at the rear left. Open the wide gate, walk down the path to the door, and enter to the immediate left the large living-room, family room of the Evanses and the 'Tullivers'. On to the kitchen. Step across the stone passage to what legend has fixed—though it was built after Adam Bede's day—as the Poyser dairy. The rear yard, or garden, stretches to the fields, down to the brown canal, along which yet ply narrow barges. Re-

\* See reproduction p. 18

turn to the house. Walk upstairs to the room and small study known as Mary Anne's, and observe the commanding view of front lawn and road beyond—that road from which you have just entered the front gate. Up to the attic, where the child played, or to which she crept in fits of passion, the attic where 'she fretted out all her ill-humors, and talked aloud to the worm-eaten floors, and the worm-eaten shelves, and the dark rafters festooned with cobwebs,' and where she kept the wooden doll, the Fetish she punished for all her misfortunes, driving nails into the head in a luxury of vengeance suggested by the picture of Jael and Sisera, poulticing the head when her fury was abated. In the attic are still the sections of the two great chimneys, 'two square pillars supporting the room,' against which she ground and beat the wooden-headed doll to appease her own rage. Stand there a moment, reflect on the passionate nature of that colorless child of the long sallow face, the pale-blue eyes and the light-brown hair. Down again, seeing to your left as you walk out, the drawing-room, somewhat lengthened by the bow-window Isaac added. Back to the gate, outside of which from the well-beaten highway branches Gypsy Lane. Along the main road where in the 1820's sped the coach, now rolls the motor-car, over it glides in swimming flight the airplane, seemingly not more swift than were the post-horses urged on by the whip of the red-coated driver. The home of George Eliot's early life remains, almost as it was—remains for salvaging to her memory as a museum, so was a house in neighboring Stratford saved long since to the memory of Shakespeare.

Life at Griff etched upon the receptive brain of the girl all those impressions she transferred later, writing with love, with emotion remembered in tranquillity, to her stories that picture early nineteenth century Warwickshire. Fifty years afterward, in thanking Edith, daughter of Isaac, for a photograph, she wrote 'Dear old Griff still smiles at me with a face which is more like than unlike its former self, and I seem to feel the air through the windows of the attic above the drawing-room, from which

when a little girl I often looked toward the distant view of the "Coton College," thinking the view rather sublime' From that attic, or her bedroom, she rushed downstairs to the woman's center of farmhouse activities In the dairy she watched the making of cheeses and learned that good ones did not swell—'cheeses must be turned'—learned about the best milkers, of Devonshire breeds, of the land best for dairy-grazing To the end of her life she loved cows, the picture of fresh, yellow butter and of heavy cream for tea She saw the making of butter from the first streams of milk striking the pail, through the separation of cream, to the ultimate golden balls, sometimes she heard her father ask for a drink of whey And in after years the music of the dropping whey mingled, in memory, with the twitting of a bird outside the wire network window, the window overlooking the garden and shaded by tall guelder-roses

In the kitchen, among the mysteries of pickling and preserving, of breads and gravies and pastries, she heard her mother say that yellow soap and dried lavender would clear the atmosphere of smoke From the kitchen window she threw crumbs to the birds, followed, with eager eyes, the flock of geese, the family dogs and cats and chickens, the hen 'advertising her accouchement', persecuted the farmyard turkey-cock by imitating his gobble-gobble, and she knew where the speckled turkey-hen's nest was hidden Isaac's white rabbits, pet squirrels, and guinea-pigs she could see from an upstairs window, farther away, the laborers plowing, and farmers, riding up, tethering their roans by the bridle fast to the wooden palings

While Chrissey sat, good child that she was, and sewed or hemmed near her mother's side, and while the spinning-wheel zoomed, Mary Anne, dissatisfied with things around her, either was content without companions, imagining scenes in which she was chief actress, or was pleased with tomboy pleasures, roaming the homestead with her brother, whom she adored In admiration of his superior prowess, she trailed happily behind him and, rambling, became 'schooled in deepest lore' She loved



South Gum, on the Newdigate Estate where Mary Anne Evans was born November 22, 1819



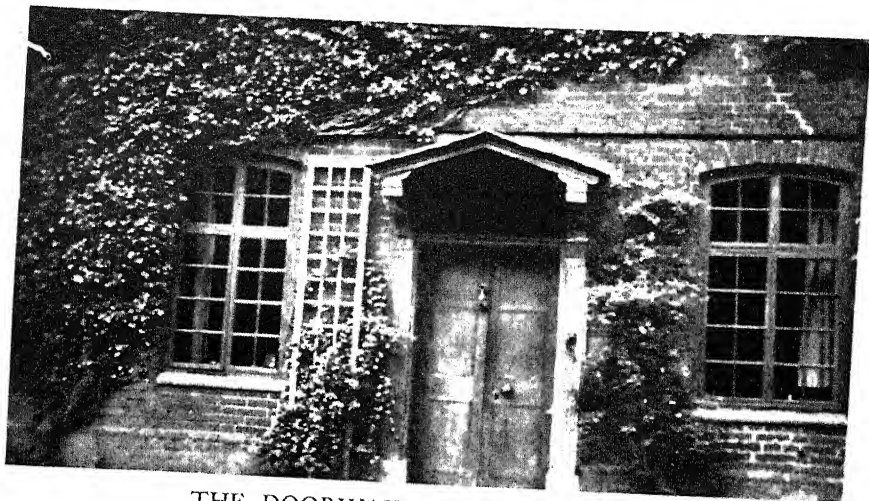
the wind, loved to walk when it was blowing great guns, she and Isaac running and shouting, to top it with their voices. They crossed the garden, gay with rose, hollyhock, syringa, and her favorite flower, the arum, on into the vegetable domain of beans and peas, past the apricots by the fruit-tree wall, to the filbert-trees nearer the hedges. Continuing through the field of daisies, cowslips, and blue forget-me-nots, down to the rushes near the Moat, she learned about birds and snakes and 'bullheads,' or tadpoles. On to the Canal, and the joy of fishing. One incident she records in the 'Brother and Sister' sonnets. When Isaac left her in charge, while he went to dig more bait, he impressed upon her that if she saw a barge coming she must snatch out the line. Watching for a minute, she grew entranced by her surroundings, entranced until terrified by her brother's angry cry. Out she jerked the line just in time for the prow of the barge to pass, she had hooked a silver perch. Though Isaac hugged and kissed her and told everybody at home about her feat, she was troubled that her guilt of forgetfulness had turned to merit, and the gardener's remark that she had had luck first disturbed her over the lack-logic of glory. In crossing brooks, Isaac guided her to firm stepping-stones, yet they both often slipped and trudged home wet, to experience the virtue of camomile tea and the soothing feel of red flannel about the feet or a stocking around the neck. Like Totty, she inherited her father's slim feet and her mother's gray-blue eyes.

The Evanses spoke more broadly than best standards permitted, but Mary Anne heard gradations of dialect from the workmen, of whom one knows from her father's diaries there were many. What was a 'sharrag'? A shearhog. 'Yowes' were ewes, 'chany' was china, a 'chacanut hoss' was a chestnut horse, 'sperrit' was spirit, 'heared' was heard, 'going for to do' was going to do, 'a hold, hancient habbey' was an old, ancient abbey. When very young, she herself said not drowned but 'drownded'. As she grew from infancy to girlhood, her accurate mind compared standards and drew conclusions.



There were differences in dress and custom. Of her mother's class, she knew Mrs Perkins across the road, Mrs Gwyther—lovely wife of the Rector at Chilvers Coton—Mrs Hubbard, and her mother's sisters, Mrs Everard, Mrs Garner, and Mrs Johnson. Among her father's relatives in Derbyshire and Staffordshire, she would have been peculiarly sensitive to the highly stylized manner and costume of Methodist Elizabeth, Uncle Samuel's wife. Of her mother's sisters, nearer home, she observed that the balloon sleeves and beribboned bonnet of one were most modish, that the fuzzy front, tilted hat, and too meager tippet of the other were in the rear of fashion. And Mrs Gwyther—the flowing lines of her figure made even the limpest dress look graceful. Of the higher class, she knew the ladies of Arbury superb in powdered hair, surmounted by lace or ribbon, tucked-in kerchief, blue dress—such details as she knew later in the ladies of Sir Joshua.

From earliest childhood she was familiar with the ways and customs of the county nobility represented in the Newdigates. When her father transacted business with the squire in the library, she remained with the housekeeper, with whom she sat or whom she accompanied throughout the mansion. Most fascinating she found the housekeeper's room and its wide fireplace, the wooden entablature of which bears in Old English script, 'Fear God and honor the King,' facing the great oak table behind which are vast cupboards hoarding china, ages old. And for her later delight there was the picture gallery—the sisters Fitton, of whom Anne was a far-off Newdigate ancestress, the lovely Chaucer, the gorgeous portrait of Queen Elizabeth, tricked out in the ropes of pearls that had belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots, and there were in the reception room portraits of Sir Roger and his lady, portraits by Romney. Without the experiences at Arbury, Mary Anne might have grown up in admiration of japanned boxes, alum and sealing wax baskets, fan dolls, landscapes 'transferred' to fire-screens, wax-flowers, crocheted antumacassars and all the other gimcrackery and abomination of



THE DOORWAY AT GRIFF HOUSE

Courtesy of Miss Grace Croff.



THE BROWN CANAL.

Photograph in the collection of Mrs. Rupert Bede Winsor.



middle-class décor But that castellated house of gray stone in which even the dining-room is 'less like a place to dine than a piece of space enclosed simply for the sake of beautiful outline,' Arbury Manor, was at the foundation of her taste and yet, removed from her home life, among her first impressions of the rich and strange Years later she was to write, apropos of the Manor's conversion to Gothic style, conversion by Sir Francis's ancestor Sir Roger 'I have felt that there dwelt in this old English baronet something of that sublime spirit which distinguishes art from luxury and worships beauty apart from self-indulgence'

In her father's talk at table, in the family living-room, and on those early rides in the gig, she acquired incidental details of business that developed and strengthened a faculty for affairs as sound as his own Perhaps somebody had 'lost a deal o' money by canal shares,' or had 'had damage done by building with ill-seasoned timber,' or another had 'measured work from a false line' From her father she drew her sense of right and justice, as from her mother she inherited shrewdness and humor, though the separate inheritances were by no means mutually exclusive In addition to the perspicacity with which she was endowed, she forgot nothing, as Lewes said of her years afterward, that came within the curl of an eyelash After fifty years, she remembered the delight she got from Wombwell's Itinerant Menagerie, when she was nine or ten 'The smells and the sawdust,' she recalled, 'mingled themselves with my rapture' And there was a young giraffe, which was to be contemplated and not criticized

On Sunday, the family walked or rode—not infrequently sharing the Perkins carriage or the Perkinses theirs—to church at Chilvers Coton, nearer Nuneaton, some four miles northeast of Arbury There Mary Anne had been baptized one week after birth, and there, a little girl, while still the ritual held small meaning for her, she studied from the square pew the buff-washed interior of the church or gazed at the occupants, hearing

the women talk over the tall pew-sides about their illnesses and the merits of dandelion tea, or the bad price of butter. While rooks cawed about the steeple, and Isaac, seated in the warmest corner of the pew, secretly fondled a marble in his pocket or, if the day was cold, loudly rattled the warming-stove in the hope of ending the sermon, she read the lettered Ten Commandments, the hymn numbers chalked on a piece of slate, miraculously swung into view, or gazed at the chancel guarded by cherubim and adorned with the escutcheons of the Newdigate family, which challenged her fancy in their 'blood-red hands, death's and cross-bones, leopard's paws and Maltese crosses.'

No more than any other little girl could she have guessed that in the porch of the church, since twice altered, would hang a tablet in memory of her name or that a tenor bell above would rise and swell to her memory. She ate her bread and butter, or in a musical interlude felt the consciousness of public life when made to stand on the seat 'while the key bugles ran away at a great pace with the anthem, and the bassoon every now and then boomed a flying shot after them.' Sometimes she slept through the sermon, awaking to the benediction and her mother's tying on her bonnet, afterward she walked into the green churchyard where she listened, with precocious understanding, to neighborly talk. Three members of the choir would be among the groups there. Fullylove, the wheelwright, Bull, the blacksmith, and Dick, the cobbler—such men as later she created for the Rainbow Inn.

In week-days, rambling with Isaac or riding with her father, she grew familiar with adjoining farms, half-frightened at the 'mawkin' flapping its wings in the breeze or dropping them to earth in a dead calm, with timber-yards, admiring her father's remarks about the quality and quantity of lumber, with stone-pits, and legends of sudden death, and with coal-pits of the collieries, owned by the Newdigates, between Nuneaton and Coventry. She saw pebbles bathed in the brook, cattle stuck in wet clay, youngsters stoning ducks, women carrying from spring

to house pails of water on their heads, heard the rattle of the weaver's loom, the swirling sound of the scythe, the snip-clip of scissors busy at hedges, the talk of carpenters thatching a cottage or of haymakers tossing the hay into wains, drank in fragrance from hawthorn hedgerows, or from honeysuckles clambering up holly bushes, or from dog-roses under mighty oaks and umbrageous elms, over which flew swallow and greenfinch and yellowhammer. Most of all, perhaps, she loved the red clay of the steep cut in the road, the cut she called the Red Deep<sup>s</sup>. With every faculty, she knew the beauty of the heart of England that is Warwickshire, beauty the memory of which in after years induced the nostalgia of genius to imprison it forever.

And what of her early education? Between three and five she went with Isaac—Chrissey, five years older, had preceded her to Miss Lathom's school at Attleborough—to Mrs Moore's across the road from Griff. She loved play better than study but mastered reading and, falling upon the family library, displayed no inconsiderable catholicity of taste. 'The Linnet's Life,' a present from her father, she liked chiefly for the illustrations, 'Joe Miller's Jest Book,' which was not labeled 'not for little people,' she read a trifle later and retailed to her startled relatives. However 'crusty,' her word, were the jokes, they aroused her sense of humor, as the mother-bird feeding the young linnet evoked her nascent tenderness. Of Aesop's Fables she relished in particular the story of Mercury and the Statue-Seller, De Foe's 'History of the Devil' thrilled her with its illustrations—the one of 'The Eyes' gave her delightful shudders. Scott's novels, not all of which had yet appeared, were not part of the family possessions (Robert bought a 'set' later). Waverley came into the house a borrowed book. Mary Anne had arrived at Tully Veolan when her elders, unsuspecting her attack on its forbidding thickness, sent the book back to the lender. She began to finish the tale for herself, 'In lines that thwart like portly spiders ran,' when the recaptured volume relieved her from immediate authorship.

Meantime, she had joined Chrissey at Miss Lathom's. There at five years of age she was a quaint thing of strongly marked features and great seriousness of expression, whom the older girls petted and called 'Little Mama'. Suffering from cold, as she suffered throughout life, and from nervous terrors, none the less she learned. Saturday and Sunday she went home to Griff, and in the long holidays was again with Isaac, who had been at school in Coventry. When she was seven, Isaac was given a pony on which he gradually rode out of her young life. Proud, sensitive, bitter, she wandered about Griff, refashioning her world into what she would have liked it to be, the development of her imagination begins with Isaac's relinquishing her companionship. With all the books at command she filled the gap in her affections. 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Rasselas,' Lamb's 'Essays,' 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' and Scott's novels were among those remembered.

When Chrissey was thirteen and Mary Anne eight, they were sent to Miss Wallington's school at Nuneaton. There the younger girl met that teacher whose friendship dominated her remaining school years and years afterward. From the quiet, restrained religion of her home, she passed at nine or ten into the evangelicalism of Miss Maria Lewis, to whose religion of feeling and duty she became an easy convert. At the age when immolation, sacrifice, or self-abnegation of one phase or another allures the devotee, the girl voluntarily put herself in bondage to the new dispensation. She was to free herself from the bondage, yet in submitting to it she was developing that character whose highest ideal was duty, whose constant recognition was the inevitability of effect from cause, was ploughing up her soul into receptivity for the doctrines of Comte and his religion of humanity, and for her own individualistic concept of life, the doctrine of what she called 'meliorism'. Miss Lewis's evangelical views demanded action. Before the age of twelve, Mary Anne was teaching a Sunday School class, a little later she was devoting herself to clothing societies and other relief work organizations.

Close upon thirteen, she went to the Miss Franklins' at Coventry Rebecca Franklin, dissenter, educator, determinant of Mary Anne's career<sup>1</sup> Rebecca who spoke, as Campbell's Canon demanded, with purity, propriety, and precision, exacted the same qualities of her students In her exquisite handwriting, Mary Anne found a model for the basis of the penmanship that must be admired by all who look upon it, flowing through volume after volume of her scripts in the British Museum and in letters treasured by collectors As Maria Lewis had been appreciative of her star pupil's compositions, so were the Miss Franklins, who found much to commend, little to condemn In music, also, the girl discovered talent Often asked to play for guests, she found performance an ordeal through which she forced herself to pass, later rushing to her room and bursting into tears of nervousness That time was long after her baby days when, convinced of her importance and her great destiny in life, she had assumed airs on the piano-stool and impishly tried to impress the household audience At the Miss Franklins', she acquired some French, and, most important to her in after life, cultivated the latent charm of her voice, that speaking voice which not less than her perfect diction placed under her spell all who came within its gentle range

When Miss Rebecca Franklin died, May, 1873, George Eliot was deeply moved, saying, 'She was always particularly good and affectionate to me, and I had much happiness in her as my teacher'

From her various schools Mary Anne got the ability to read and speak, fear of unknown terrors, and a possibly weakened body, drill in composition, with practice sufficient to inform Miss Lewis and Miss Franklin of the plain girl's passion, power, and persistence, religious enthusiasm, joined to eagerness for serving humanity, history, French, and training in music that would give afterward solace to herself, pleasure to others Of her social nature about the time she was leaving school, one of the Perkins girls—that one who married the sculptor Sounes—has written that she was always interested in their childish games



and sports on the lawn, that she brought them as presents from across the way a doll's cradle, with a patchwork quilt, Mrs Evans's work, 'Pilgrim's Progress,' in two volumes, illustrated, and a set of doll's china tea-things. These, no doubt, were her own outgrown possessions. She was not pretty, says the future Mrs Sounes, but quiet, observing, and at that time glad always to play the piano for her young friends.

In January, 1836, Mary Anne went home to nurse her sick mother, who lingered till the following summer. The lifting, standing, and worrying of farm life had become too much for Christiana, whose health was never perfect, who belonged to an era when fainting and ladylike illness were too much the fashion for even her good sense to fight as today she would have fought her physical handicap. On the 6th of January, Mary Anne wrote to Miss Lewis. This letter, now in my possession, is the earliest that has been discovered and has not been published in full. Sealed with a black seal (the penny postage stamp and envelope had not been invented yet) and addressed on the fourth page, left blank for the purpose, the letter was delivered to Miss Lewis, in care of the Reverend L. Harper, Burton Latimer, Northamptonshire. The Coventry stamp is of January 7, 1836.

Griff, Wednesday  
Jan'y 6, 1836

My dear Miss Lewis

I am grieved and ashamed that we should have appeared so unmindful of your kindly expressed desire to hear from us respecting our dear Mother's health. I will not say that our silence was altogether unavoidable, for had we borne in mind our promise we had many opportunities of forwarding a note to you previous to your departure from Nuneaton, but I trust that the entire occupation of our minds on other and painful subjects will be a sufficient plea for our seeming neglect. Since we saw you at Griff, our dear Mother has suffered a great increase of pain, and though she has for the last few days been much relieved, we dare not hope that there will be a permanent improvement. Our anxieties on her account though great have been since Thursday almost lost sight of in the more sudden

Juff Wednesday  
Jan 6/36

My dear Miss Lowell

I am grieved  
& ashamed that we should have  
appeared so unremindful of your  
kindly expressed desire to hear  
from us respecting our dear  
Mother's health. I will not  
say that our silence was ab-  
solutely unavoidable, for had we  
borne in mind our promise  
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vious to your departure from  
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the entire occupation of our  
minds on other & painful sub-  
jects will be a sufficient  
plea for our seeming neglect.

and consequently more severe trial which we have been called to endure in the alarming illness of my dear Father For four days we had no cessation of our anxiety, but I am thankful to say that he is now considered out of danger, though very much reduced by ~~the~~ [sic] frequent bleeding and very powerful medicines

My Mother and Sister unite with me in love to you, and my brother begs me to present his kindest regards We all hope that your health is established by change of air and scene I need scarcely apologize for the disgraceful untidiness of my note, as you may well imagine that neither my hand nor my head is in a very favorable state for writing, but I must tell you that I am compelled to send you this paper that looks so poverty-stricken in consequence of Mr Bucknill's having drawn on my stock till it is quite exhausted

Again begging you to accept my love and best wishes, I remain,  
my dear Miss Lewis

Yours very affectionately

MARY ANNE EVANS

Appreciative Miss Lewis well knew that not one sixteen-year-old out of ten thousand could or would write such a note 'I'll keep Mary Anne's letters,' she said, 'the girl will bear watching' And today dozens of letters exist, tribute to that teacher's divination and affection From 1836 to 1842 they wrote to each other, the governess and her ex-pupil, the teacher treasuring despite the stiffness, the self-consciousness, the genius that was to be

When in 1837 Chrissey married her young surgeon, Edward Clarke, and went to live at Meriden, where he had a practice, Mary Anne succeeded—before the age of eighteen—as house-keeper at Griff She was now an ardent worker, a model young Puritan More important, she was a seeker after truth and eager to find it wherever it might lie, however far from the familiar and accustomed Never from her earliest years was she free from a sense of destiny

## HOUSEKEEPER AND STUDENT

HOUSEKEEPER for her father Mary Anne was, she wrote, lightly, 'the presiding Nymph' at Griff Robert Evans had prospered, he was now a man of years, local importance, and financial competence. Servants shouldered the heavy work. If his daughter helped to bake mince pies, 'with all the interesting sensations characterizing young enterprise or effort,' she did so because she was aware that, for best results, example improved precept and supervision. Ladies of the English middle-class brewed ale, fermented cowslip wine, and preserved fruit. Mary Anne possibly helped to brew and ferment, assuredly she presided over the kitchen oven. More than once she restlessly commented on 'malheurs de cuisine,' 'important trivialities,' and vexations or troubles in household business. She could have milked a cow, but there was no necessity for her milking, she could have churned, and perhaps did not churn, she never made a pound of butter in her life. Isaac is responsible for this last clause, delivered to his son, the Reverend Canon Frederic Rawlins Evans. Yet the legend persists that one of Mary Anne's hands was larger than the other, from over-development in squeezing butter-balls. All fiction. Isaac's word may be trusted.

Busy she was. Morning belonged to her household, evening to her father, to whom after twilight fell and shutters were drawn and candles lighted, she played the music they both loved. She was born with the golden age of music in Germany. When she was three or four years of age, Schubert, Meyerbeer, von Weber, and Mendelssohn were at their best. Preceded by Bach, Haydn, and Mozart, the greatest of all—Beethoven—had died in 1827,

followed by Schubert in 1828 Mendelssohn's 'St Paul' had been performed at Dusseldorf in 1836, Meyerbeer's 'Les Huguenots' in Paris the same year Chopin was in the flower of his vogue, and the Italians—Rossini, Spontini, Bellini, and Donizetti were at the peak of their fame Mary Anne's great passion for music probably led her first to study German and Italian, to tutor her in which Signor Brezzi came over two or three times a week from Coventry In May, 1840, she wrote to a friend that she had had four lessons in German which, she added, she liked extremely Six years later she was proving by a difficult work of translation, perfectly done, to what noble end she had applied her admiration of a language begun at the age of twenty-one and pursued far from those speaking the tongue

Spiritually, she began to be torn and worried She was conscious, she wrote at the time, in her desire to give up her heart to God daily and hourly that she had straitened herself by the adoption of a too varied and laborious set of studies, inasmuch as she had also many social duties In addition to these and her neighborhood relief work, she was well along on a chart of Ecclesiastical History, destined for publication, when she was forestalled by Seely and Burnside Her first published poem (Christian Observer, January, 1840), written in 1839, reveals the religious conviction of the day as well as of herself earth was but a preparatory stage for life after death 'Knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle,' II Peter 1 14, is the text on which she wrote her poem In after years, knowing that life on earth is the chief problem to be solved by those who live on earth, she threw off much of her melancholy, but, despite the dictates of her mind, she reverted to gloom, even pessimism, and exclaimed often before the end, 'Blessed are the dead!'

Yet, with all her charity and religious preoccupation, she was feeding her restless spirit 'Ambition,' she wrote then, was 'the center whence all my actions proceed, a desire insatiable for the esteem of my fellow creatures' And she was feeding on

hard, whole-wheat bread Largely unaided, she read history and poetry, studied Latin verbs, geometry, entomology, chemistry, and metaphysics At the age of thirteen she gathered from Bezoni, in Lytton's 'Devereux,' that orthodox Christianity is not necessary to nobility of character, even earlier she had profited by the large catholicity of Sir Walter Scott Lord Lytton and Scott planted the seed that sprang to vigorous life, tended to fruitage by the Brays and Hennells Slowly, she found her explanation of the universe, fixed her code of morals, grew to the stature demanded by her gifts not less than by Fate, the stature necessary for her high destiny.

The essential fact to bear in mind is that from 1835 to 1840 the girl was developing her brain To no woman, perhaps, have the gods given more acute power of observation, a more retentive memory, greater intelligence and acquisitiveness, a happier sense of logic, stronger feeling, nobler passion than they gave to Mary Anne Or, if they have done so, those upon whom they conferred these gifts have not thanked the gods, as she thanked them, by godlike use of the powers bestowed No girl, no woman, of her age could have achieved what she achieved as mere academician without rigorous discipline of a superb intellect And who would say that her environment was favorable to academic ascendancy? Dominated by that sense of being born for something different, she was, when not crushed by seeming impossibility of attainment, preparing herself consciously for an end that was different and, according to her adopted motto, 'certain,' *certum pete finem*

After more than a quarter of the nineteenth century, the world was, at last, leaving the ideas, manners, customs of the eighteenth, for the spirit of modern times

What new things were inaugurated by the spirit of the nineteenth century, novelties now old? To review some of them briefly is to understand better Mary Anne Evans

England had been engaged in war with Napoleon, and, though the Corsican had died at Longwood in 1821, the world

was yet under his spell and in the grip of depression, much as it was to be almost precisely one hundred years later. In 1825 the Bank of England averted disaster by restricting the circulation of £3,500,000, somewhat as President Roosevelt in 1933 averted disaster by closing for a week all banks. In commerce, the new spirit led to repeal of the Corn Laws, in politics, to the adoption—after a long struggle—of the Reform Bill, in religion, to the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act.

Of history in the making Mary Anne saw something, heard much, and read more. She had seen riots at Nuneaton, and on her infrequent visits to London was reminded, by the familiar figure of the Iron Duke, of Waterloo only a score of years back. She read of the first diplomatists of her age, Metternich and Talleyrand. Perhaps she heard faintly of dissension in the American Union, a Union then of twenty-four or twenty-five states—preliminary rumbling of the storm that in the sixties would shake the Union and the world. She had been aware that war between Turkey and Greece had drawn to death her young countryman, Byron, she knew Greece was engaged in war with Egypt. And the final note of Napoleon's amazing career she heard in the echo of taps attending his reburial in 1840, in the presence of a million witnesses, at the *Hôtel des Invalides*.

Not until the reign of Victoria had the English sovereign meant, for many years, much to the English people, much as a person. Royalty was popularized by Victoria, who set that example which has had no small part in preserving England's monarchical government while other crowns rolled in the dust, that example followed by the present rulers in sharing the pageantry of a royal wedding and a silver jubilee with the subjects of England over the face of the earth. Mary Anne probably reflected with interest upon the fact that she and the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Kent were born in the same year, as later she would consider that Kingsley, Ruskin, Lowell, Whitman, and Melville belonged also to 1819. Not without national concern she heard in 1837 that William IV had died,

and that Victoria had ascended the throne, that Hanover, held for one hundred and twenty-five years by occupants of the British throne under Salic Law, was now separate from England. Probably she lifted her eyes in greater pleasure on hearing that young Macaulay had been added to the Cabinet. In 1839 the Queen's announcement that she would marry Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha may have given cause to Mary Anne to think of matrimony for herself. Fragmentary suggestions point to an early romance. The ceremonies of 1840 with all the pageantry of English royal custom she saw, the girl from the province, on hand for the occasion. 'I remember,' she reminds one of her 'boys' before the marriage of the Prince of Wales on March 7, 1863, 'what London was when the Queen was married, and advise you to be home to avoid the deadlock of the mob.'

Inventions, meantime, were springing in numbers and ways to change the face of the land and everyday habits of living. Mary Anne had seen the stagecoach give way to the railroad, and in the year 1838 she may have read that the 'North Star' had developed the unbelievable speed of thirty-seven miles an hour. Before she was born the first steamboats were crossing from New York to Liverpool, in 1838, the 'Great Western' outbound from Bristol to New York required only fifteen days for the voyage, the 'Britannia,' incoming from Halifax to Liverpool, made the journey in ten days. McAdam had begun to build roads, scientists were tentatively suggesting gas for lighting, steam for heating. In the year of Mary Anne's birth, the Dane, Oersted, had experimented with the electric needle, six years later, Faraday had performed the seemingly simple but epoch-making feat of converting an electric current into mechanical motion. Electric lights were to flash the first time only a year before her death in 1880.

After 1830 came the manufacture of the common pin, steel pens, replacing largely the goose-quill, lucifer matches, aniline dyes, and, most significant to the housekeeper of a succeeding generation, the sewing-machine. In the Evans household, can-



dles were moulded, goose-quills plucked for writing, and dresses made by hand Dressmaking evoked from Mary Anne, 'Sewing is my staple article of commerce with the hard trader Time' Small marvel if a girl had only two or three 'best' dresses in a year or even several years

Second for a time, second only to music, Mary Anne's love was literature—religious and secular Orthodoxy she surrendered not without a gallant struggle Her letters of this period reveal her reading, for example, the 'Portrait of an English Churchman,' Milner's 'Church History,' Hannah More's 'Letters,' Doddridge, Young, Isaac Taylor, and the Oxford Tracts Her instinct, almost wholly for the greatest, led her to Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, Addison, Lamb, Cowper, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Tasso, Cervantes, Josephus, Schiller, Heine, French, Italian and German historians Only God knows what and how much she read, she had the run of the Newdigate Library, bought books for herself, and after the fashion of that day—and others—borrowed books

That decade of the thirties lay between two periods of prose and poetry No novelist of first rank was in full swing Scott died in 1832, the Brontës were to come, Captain Marryat began to publish only in 1834, Dickens, in 1837, with 'Sketches by Boz' Bulwer-Lytton, to be sure, had published 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' but only three or four volumes of his long series Those chiefly in full flower were G P R James, Harriet Martineau, and Harrison Ainsworth, Disraeli had published 'Vivian Grey' and 'Venetia' Walter Besant is right when he affirms that those who consider the men and women of the thirties have to deal, for the most part, with literature that is third-rate, it 'dates,' becoming flat and dreary fifty years later Fortunately for her own fiction, Mary Anne's taste was rooted not in the ephemera of the thirties but in Scott, whom she read throughout life

As with the novelists, so with the poets Wordsworth had finished his best work, his complete writings, complete for the

date, Mary Anne had bought by the time she was twenty. He, also, was one of her strong affections until the end, and in her own poetry his influence, particularly in mood and theme, is manifest. Keats was dead in 1821, Shelley in 1822. Neither had affected her, though she recognized the 'poetic metal' of 'The Cloud,' as had Wordsworth, whose hold upon her awakening intellect lay in his doctrine, his interpretation—chiefly in the 'Ode to Duty'—of Kant's Categorical Imperative, the ultimatum of nineteenth century philosophy. That was the sort of thing the Evans girl could understand and value best. When she grew to love beauty, or rather not to be afraid of beauty, she cared more for the young romanticists, but that time was not yet. Byron, though she admitted his poetical romances, she never admired, yet she dwelt with pleasure on the fact that his 'unhappy career was ennobled and purified towards its close by a high and sympathetic purpose,' and she 'lingered with compassion over the dying scene at Missolonghi.' Generous despite prejudice which made her write, 'Byron seems to me the most *vulgar-minded* genius that ever produced a great effect in literature.'

To this decade belong Browning's 'Paracelsus,' and the first of Tennyson's verses, with those of his brother Charles, their lights were dim, on the far horizon. But Mrs. Hemans, who was in full flower, Mary Anne thought 'exquisite,' and so betrayed herself as the child of her age. Her letters are decorated not infrequently with quotations from the author now forgotten but for 'Casabianca' and the 'Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.' That she thought Mrs. Hemans 'exquisite' might urge one to search out the reason rather than to condemn too precipitately her judgment, had she not modified that judgment. Besides Mrs. Hemans, there were Young and Hannah More, for whom she suffered also a sea-change.

To the older English poets, then, and the great classics in other languages she turned. Learning by rote poems while she dressed, reading poems while she went about household affairs.

Milton's 'Ode on the Nativity' hung above her dressing table, she memorized that while combing her straight, heavy hair. Books, acquired through all the ways mentioned, she read while waiting for jelly to thicken, or pies to brown. Dreaming, thinking, she walked in field and lane and through the Red Deeps and, on the road to the Newdigates, through the outskirts of the Forest of Arden, in whose range she found that proximity of shade loved by her not less than by Cowper.

What had Mary Anne, at twenty-two, on the credit side toward the making of literature? First, her concept of human existence. 'Those are happiest,' she wrote, 'who consider life a call to diligence, not for repose and amusement.' Already a high slave to diligence in her life of fair experience, rich observation, and advancing culture, her trained mind labored under that control which, by 1840, had made her the best English woman scholar of her day. Unlike her family or her neighbors, she lived not only in the domain of Griff, Nuneaton, and Coventry but in the world, past and present. Greatest asset, her passionate nature was schooled to mortal imaginings and immortal longings.

So far, in actual expression she had tried her hand only at letter-writing. Something has been said above of her correspondence with Miss Maria Lewis, in whom she confided from 1836 to 1842. Miss Lewis was, from October 1, 1840, 'Veronica,' or 'fidelity in friendship', Mary Anne was 'Clematis,' or 'mental beauty,' a pseudonym acquired from another series of letters (1840-1844), here designated as the Clematis-Ivy correspondence. It was rather humbling, she wrote Ivy—otherwise Dear Martha or Dear Patty—that they should both be called parasitic plants. All her letters of this period have been damned as pedantic or unpleasantly priggish, but to one alert for signs they point like arrows to the writer Mary Anne was to become, at the same time they are records of an incipiently magnificent mind. Thanks to accurate Miss Franklin, she permitted herself no sloppiness or looseness in expression, she was doing her best, this girl, to

attain the noble style of her literary companions. Is it cause for wonder that she overshot the mark of grace and ease, procuring stilted pompousness? In these letters, the personal woman is subordinate, though here and there a glimpse of Mary Anne looks out from the windows of her admirable sentence architecture. Some giant oak or elm of the forest, for example, has discovered that Ivy has just the qualifications to make wedded bliss more than a dream. 'I perfectly agree with his oakship—for what should a wife be if not faithful, devoted, clinging to the last, even when the rich boughs that made the oak's beauty in the eyes of all beside, are leafless and withered? And what, moreover, if not of vigorous and fibrous mental contexture, conjoined with apparent fragility, lightness, and elegance? Shall I not do to write your epithalamium?' Again, December, 1841, her spirit of devoutness speaks. 'Each little plant, the very lichens that clothe the dead boughs, are lovely and useful, and a link that would be missed in the chain of being. And so, dear Martha, we have our place of usefulness and fitness, and cannot fail if we are true to the indications of His will who has originated and sustains our existence to be harmonizing notes in the great chorus of praise ever ascending from every part of the universe.' Even so early, she was awake to the invisible choir, 'whose music is the gladness of the world,' celebrated long after in one of her noblest poems.

Later, in writing to Ivy, she offers a glimpse of herself. 'I am not one to forget that two of my friends pleased themselves in talking of me together, and I venture to say that if I had a person near me that knew and loved them as well as I, their ears (if our childish superstition be not defunct as all pretty superstitions are fast becoming) would be ever and anon crimson. I will not pretend to sit in so exalted a region of philosophy or Christian unearthliness as to wish that you should value me according to my bare worth, it would deprive you as well as me of pleasure to tear off the interesting masquerade dress that your imagination bedecks my commonplace self in, and I do not

know that we should be the wiser or better if I were to denude myself of the pearls and brilliants and purple you have given me '

On the 31st of October, 1844, Mary Anne writes apologetically and finally, 'If, dear Patty, you saw how much I do write and how I nauseate pen, ink, and paper, you would ask no further reason for my silence ' That nausea, from translating Strauss's 'Leben Jesu,' ended the Clematis-Ivy series

Though her style grew more direct, vivid, economical, its basis lay in those early letters composed according to the principles she later recommended to John Chapman \*

\* See p 111ff

COVENTRY DAYS BRAY  
AND THE HENNELLS

AFTER Isaac Evans and Sara Rawlins were married, early in 1841, Robert Evans, now sixty-eight years of age, leaving to the young couple the management of Griff, moved to Coventry. Mary Anne went with him, placed all unwittingly by her father among men and women she most needed for mental stimulation. In February, 1841, she writes that they have been occupied with the sale of furniture at their new house, it is possible they will 'migrate thither' in a month, and on the 8th of May they were going 'next week'. Soon they were in possession of what is now known as Bird Grove, on George Eliot Road, off Foleshill Road, in the town of three spires and of Godiva. The gray stone house, smaller than now, was then outside the city limits, and had for its neighbor only the domicile of Mr and Mrs Pears. Five minutes away were the Sibrees. These two families and the Brays, a mile off at Rosehill, were her chief friends of the eight Coventry years.

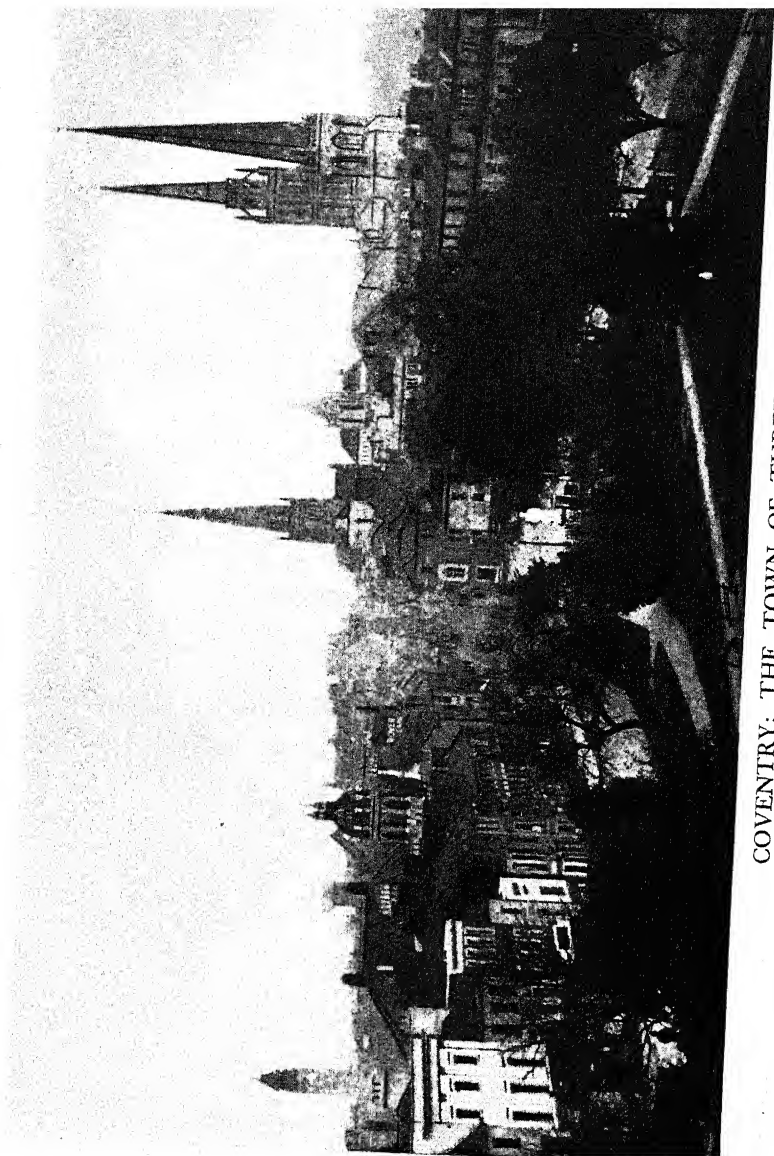
Despite alteration and addition, Bird Grove retains today many of the characteristics the Evanses found when they moved in a hundred years ago. Dining-room and reception-room have been thrown into one, in which woodwork, plaster, grate, and even the glass of the window-panes are as she knew them. And above, intact, is the chamber in which Robert Evans died, as it was is Mary Anne's room adjoining, and now as then is the small study—no more than an alcove—where she translated Strauss. From her windows she looked upon a stretch of country no longer there—Coventry has grown, and, immediately beneath,

her lawn and flower-garden, still dominated by a birch tree then but a sapling. A white-leaved holly, of her planting, reaches up past the drawing-room corner to her Coventry-way window. From her kitchen, on the right side of the house, she looked toward the Pears home, letting her eyes rest on the tree under which once sat Thackeray.

A small living-room, a dining-room, two bedrooms, and an alcove were the straitened quarters for which the wide freedom of Griff had been exchanged. But another freedom was about to compensate.

While yet at Griff, Mary Anne had read the Oxford 'Tracts for the Times,' and Isaac Taylor's 'Ancient Christianity,' and the 'Doctrines of the Oxford Tracts for the Times.' In the Tracts she discovered a Romish tendency, the authors appealing to early Christian Fathers for doctrinal justification. Taylor's examination found that errors of Rome had sprung up in the Early Church which the Tractarians exalted as infallible. Though firmly fixed in his own religion, in the principles of its faith resting for him not on evidence but on revelation, he did not satisfy the mind that demands evidence. He did not satisfy Mary Anne. She, also, could accept the spirit of Christianity and did accept the spirit until the end, she could not accept the historicalness of Christianity. When she read Taylor's 'Physical Theory of Another Life,' mentioned to Ivy, May 21, 1841, she fought cough and headache in the rapture caused by the 'precious book.' She recognized, throughout the beauty of style and rhythm, that it excited thought and led speculation further than Taylor intended or desired. She was on the verge of discovering the truth, the truth that would free her forever.

Mrs Pears, the Foleshill neighbor, was the sister of Charles Bray, of Coventry, who at the age of twenty-eight had succeeded, in 1837, to his father's profitable business of manufacturing ribbons. He had married, the year before, Caroline Hennell, sister of Mary (who died March 16, 1843), Sara, and Charles C. This group of remarkable persons, interdependent through fam-



COVENTRY: THE TOWN OF THREE SPIRES





ily ties, all interested in the spirit of scientific investigation, was in solidarity of opinion no less remarkable

Before the age of twelve, Charles Bray had formulated, he states in his fragmentary biography 'Phases of Opinion and Experience,' the fundamental principles of his philosophy and religion, summed up in his motto, 'Do your best and leave the rest to God' From seventeen to twenty, he was articled in a large London warehouse, where in his leisure he filled volumes of manuscripts with opinions from the Greek philosophers He published in 1837 and 1838, respectively, two now forgotten books 'The Education of the Body,' and 'The Education of the Feelings' This second volume Mary Anne read in the drawing-room at Foleshill and loaned to Chrissey, who pronounced it 'very sensible' It was not in Chrissey, however, to go far with her younger sister In 1841, Bray made something of a stir with his 'Philosophy of Necessity,' drawing Ralph Waldo Emerson, among others, to visit him Responsibility, predicated Bray, consists not in freedom but in obligation to accept consequences of acts intended for guiding the will, and a responsible person is one who has power to be governed by such consequences To this doctrine he had been influenced, he says, by Shelley, his work in a measure interpreting the poet's 'Queen Mab' Charles had, in short, gained early emancipation, and with it 'the whole beautiful world, instead of the very limited portion of it I considered myself entitled to use when I looked upon it as the mere preparation for another and better'

In 1840, Charles Bray bought Rosehill, now somewhat revised, standing in a large lawn shaded by giant trees, a wooded seclusion near enough to Coventry for the sound of the chimes of St Michael's To Rosehill came friends from the outside world, few in Coventry understood or sympathized with the doctrines of the heretical four For a time, Bray was stimulated by Robert Owen's Community at Queenswood and interested himself in cooperative movements, but he saw, as he said, all millenniums fail, and observed that Abram Combe killed him-

self in trying to bring about a more perfect state of things. He became fascinated by Mesmer's theory of animal magnetism, and through him Mary Anne fell under the influence of the Swiss-German. Bray was beguiled, further, by the possibilities of spiritualism, indulging in tentative experiments. On one occasion, at Rosehill, Mrs. Gerald Massey presumably read through a blindfold. Bray explains in words not without need of explanation that this feat was an 'exaltation of the natural sense of sight'. He finally rejected the spirits altogether, saying that universal mind is sufficient. Again, his conclusions were shared by Mary Anne who, to the end of her life, scorned such intercourse with spirits as might be provided by the medium and the séance.

When Bray heard of Andrew Combe's 'Physiology' he sent to London for it and received, through mistake, George Combe's 'Phrenology'. On the altar of this pseudo-science he offered up his own head of hair, though he soon discovered shaving to be unnecessary, and the heads of all friends who would be 'phrenologized'. Mary Anne was among these.

After owning and editing a Coventry newspaper, Bray turned, 1866, to writing about Force and its mental correlates, in 1871, he wrote on anthropology, basing his theories on modern research, and he published, still later, a number of pamphlets on psychology. In the renaissance of science and art many spirits floundered, turning from one phase of investigation to another. A Faraday or a Spencer kept to his province and left greater results than those who, like Charles Bray, took all knowledge to be their province and, enjoying while they lived, left nothing by which to be remembered. Bray's Philosophy marks a stage, however, and was not without influence on his contemporaries. To this man Mary Anne owed most in the Coventry years.

Of Caroline Hennell ('Cara,' in Mary Anne's letters), who married Charles Bray, her husband said she had what he lacked. She shared his unprejudiced spirit of investigation, his desire to make of their home a center for men and women foremost

in every field of art, science, and speculative thought. In her Commonplace Book, preserved in the Gulson Library, Coventry, she records social events—visits made and received, music festivals, lectures, diorama spectacles, anti-Corn-Law tea parties, deaths, and marriages. Mary Anne's name is frequently present from 1843 to June, 1854; the rest is silence. Cara wrote a number of books for children, her 'Duty to Animals' was used some time in the Midland schools, and was requested, 1873, in a spirit of kind thoughtfulness, by George Eliot for a school in Naples, there to be translated into Italian.

Sara Hennell, whose most important work was 'Thoughts in Aid of Faith,' was the foremost lifelong friend of George Eliot. From negative evidence, Cara never felt quite the same toward Mary Anne after her union with Lewes. Of this fact more hereafter. Sara, after the first shock, was firm in her friendship. Both she and Cara long survived George Eliot, and are best known today through the photograph made when they were old ladies, white-haired, wrinkled, distinguished, ladies who had journeyed a long distance from fifty years back when their world was young, and they brought out their paints to put down in line and light and shadow the face of Marian.<sup>1</sup>

Charles C. Hennell published in 1838 an 'Inquiry Concerning the Origin of Christianity.' Through this work, still admirable for truth-seeking spirit and sane conclusions, young Hennell appeals to those whose interest is already awakened upon the subject of the divine origin of Christianity, 'to those who feel the necessity of arriving at some certain conclusion more than they fear any possible result to which such inquiries may lead.' For that appeal Mary Anne's intelligence and investigatory spirit were ready.

Primarily, Hennell's research undertook to discover the credible portions of the Scriptural narratives, the character of each of the Gospel authors, and whether they wrote independently or copied from one another. Heretofore, the doctrine of divine inspiration had hindered for believers this spirit of free inquiry,

a doctrine that provoked unbelievers to cavil rather than to search for truth His discoveries led him through the centuries back to the early commentators—Porphyry, Aben Esra, Grotius—with whom he is in substantial agreement The Gospels are not confirmed by testimony of the Church, they are anonymous, their authorship is far from certain, they were written forty to seventy years after events they profess to record, writers do not tell how they were informed, the four are notably discrepant and contradictory, certain statements are at variance with histories of acknowledged authority, their tales of miracles cannot be distinguished from the fiction for which every Church finds supporters ready to vouch Though the account of the Crucifixion is clear and is confirmed by Tacitus, Suetonius, and the Jews, that of the Resurrection is confused and inconsistent

At the same time, Hennell wished his volume employed in the real service of Christianity, rather than used against it Most Christian doctrines accord with dictates of reason, the moral system connected with the name of Christ excels, the Scriptures have a beneficial influence Transition is easy from Christianity as a divine revelation to Christianity as the purest form yet existing of natural religion, transition from revelation to reason allows wider scope, for Christianity may expand with the advancement of man

One inevitable conclusion of rejecting the divine origin of Christianity is that a future state is rendered a matter of speculation, instead of certainty, though arguments on behalf of a future state will still remain But this conclusion, which withdraws into obscure remoteness the future eternal life, should convict men of the high privilege of earthly existence To live is to gain, he argues for prosperity as well as for adversity of which Christianity is preeminently the religion 'To have a place on this beautiful planet, on almost any terms, is an unspeakable privilege, virtue produces the highest happiness, and intelligence insures a provision for all the real interests of man

reason and piety bid us

use and enjoy fully our pres-

ent lot, and repose implicitly upon higher wisdom,' while hope looks to a time when cravings of heart and intellect will be satisfied, and the enigma of life will be solved

Hennell has been outdated, but not far surpassed in his conclusions. Today, mild enough, they were yesterday—for the early Victorians—bursting bombshells, outrageously iconoclastic, except for minds like Mary Anne's, not a few of which aligned themselves with the bombing side. Charles Darwin, then a young man of thirty, shortly would rout the old order and establish a new age of thinking.

Mary Anne read Hennell with avidity. After five years, when she re-read him, she praised the clever induction, the close reasoning, the clear, vigorous, and pointed style, and the candid animus. The 'Inquiry' gave her that exquisite laughter which comes from gratification of the reasoning faculties. On the Continent, Dr David Strauss, author of 'Leben Jesu,' caused Hennell's book to be translated into German, himself writing the Preface in which he comments on the remarkability that both in principle and in result Hennell was on the track followed by the Germans for several years. At certain periods, Strauss wrote, certain modes of thought lie as it were in the atmosphere and come to light in the most remote places without perceptible media of communication. Hennell's mode of thinking is directly traceable to Charles Bray. When Bray married Charles Hennell's sister, he married a lady committed to the current dogma that regarded the Bible as inspired, God's revelation to man. In attempting to bring her to his way of thinking, he overrode her arguments, she appealed to her brother, who was also worsted. Hennell went about his studies to confute Bray. The 'Inquiry' resulted. Cara and Sara, convinced, joined the emancipated. Sara devoted her life to the idea of constructing a unification of highest religion with highest philosophy. Though her life-work also is forgotten, its influence on Marian was scarcely less important than that of the two Charleses.

Sara's brother Charles suggested that Bishop Butler's 'Analogy'

was written to settle the author's own doubts. Thereupon Sara wrote 'The Sceptical Tendency of Butler's Analogy,' arguing that Butler is a legitimate precursor of the Positive Philosophers of the present day. It will be remembered that Gladstone defended Butler, though he recognized Sara's fairness in her concept that revelation is a matter of experience. The work on Butler was followed by 'The Need of Dogma in Religion,' wherein Sara showed that dogma is but the fixed, final stage of a long process that begins with spirit quickening, and is rule or principle directing mankind. Symbolical Christianity, she declared, is an advance upon literal Christianity. Unprejudicedly, she balanced Christian belief with anti-Christian belief, buttressing each side by well-known names and opinions, in 'Christianity and Infidelity,' which won the Baillie Prize Essay of 1855. 'Present Religion Owning Fellowship with Faith' followed, but fell short of the author's ambitious intentions.

'Thoughts in Aid of Faith,' finally, succeeded better from her point of view and from that of its reception. After the example of her brother Charles, she studied the New Testament to the conclusion that the grounds of Jesus's leadership were not spiritual, but lay in the hope of the kingdom to be restored to Israel. Feuerbach's view that God is henceforth the essence of the species of humanity affords a counter thesis to Butler and his adherents. Christianity is the true religion wherever feeling is predominant, feeling is the source of all our knowledge—so Tennyson was to conclude in 'In Memoriam'—and Christianity has made a current of feeling that has drawn into it the moral vitality of ages. Even though formally rejected, Christianity is in no sense an excrescence, or a product of fanaticism. The whole of previous existence is responsible for our sentiments, which constitute the inheritance of all life lived before ours, not one human being has failed to add his contribution. 'There is not a religious thought that we take to ourselves for secret comfort in our time of grief, that has not been distilled out of the multiplicity of the hallowed tears of mankind, not an ani-

inating idea is there for our fainting courage that has not gathered its inspiration from the bravery of the myriad armies of the world's heroes' This sentiment expresses the one-half of true human piety, wrote George Eliot in 1860 'That thought is one of my favourite altars where I oftenest go to contemplate, and to seek for invigorating motive'

By 1860, however, the influence of George Eliot on Sara Hennell was quite as great as that of Sara upon George Eliot Letters in the Gulson Library give her advice on 'Christianity and Infidelity' and on 'Thoughts in Aid of Faith,' even as Sara had given advice in criticizing Marian's 'Leben Jesu' translation The two women thought much alike about Christianity, and if the greater woman was able in later years to offer greater help, she was, in no small way, partly freed by the smaller woman, who helped to cut her restraining bonds, to move untrammelled Not wholly untrammelled To the end of her days, George Eliot suffered from those warring impulses within which led her—in rejecting the form of Christianity, the creed, the ritual, while accepting the spirit—to a division of herself Her logical nature rebelled, she had no peace except in unity She was rarely at peace



## TRANSLATOR OF 'LEBEN JESU'

So much for the personalities from whom Marian Evans was to draw socially, spiritually, emotionally, in the eight years to 1849, and in lesser degree for many years thereafter. Charles Bray and the two Hennells determined, almost solely, the direction of her literary activity through three or four years, years devoted to Strauss, Feuerbach, and Spinoza, and they determined the philosophy of her novels.

Despite the acquaintanceship that existed between the Brays and Evanses while Robert was still living at Griff, Charles and Cara apparently did not visit the house across the field from Rosehill. Mrs. Pears, not sympathizing with her brother Charles Bray's heterodoxy, hoped that Miss Evans's evangelism would bring the sinner back to the fold. She expected too much from the girl who, though learned, had learned from orthodox works and was no match for the man who had studied thoroughly both sides. Marian went with her to Rosehill. After forty years Bray recalled the modest appearance and demeanor of the girl seated on the low ottoman by the window, and her voice—unlike that of most young persons from the country—expressive of high cultivation. He believed at that first meeting that she was turning to greater freedom of thought, she had even bought Hennell's 'Inquiry'. Speedily he discovered that hers was the temperament of genius: she was depressed, provoking, quarrelsome, but agreeable in her provocation, quickly forgot her quarrels, nor afterward alluded to them. Since, according to Bray, she had little self-assertion at that time, but liked to show off her friends to advantage, giving full credit to those

whose witticisms she improved, Marian became the most delightful companion he ever knew. On all subjects debated between them, they usually agreed.

Before long, Marian accepted the chief bases of Bray's philosophy, bases on which she erected her own. Cause entails consequence. Corollary to this doctrine of consequences, one duty of life is unembittered resignation to the inevitable. In proportion as thoughts of men and women are removed from earth, diverted from mutual responsibilities, the more they neglect mutual duties and squander strength in vain speculation.

She also entered fully with Charles into the pseudo-science of phrenology, going with him, 1844, to London, where Deville, in the Strand, made a cast of her head. With Charles she took lessons in organology from one Mr. Donovan, who converted the leading man of Coventry to the science by his diagnoses of character. Her head was large, 22¼ inches round, George Combe thought on seeing the cast it must be that of a man. According to organology, her intellect predominated, a very large intellect. In feelings, the animal and moral regions were equal, the moral quite sufficient to hold the animal in order and subservience but not spontaneously active. Social feelings, particularly adhesiveness, were very active. Her temperament was nervous-lymphatic, Bray says in the jargon of the day, active without endurance, and he recalls that throughout her career her working hours were not more than from nine o'clock to one o'clock. Of an affectionate disposition, she always required some one to lean upon, preferring the stronger sex to the more impressible. She was not fitted to stand alone. Yet, again, her sense of character—of men and things—was preeminently intellectual, one with which the feelings had little to do, and, Bray says, the exceeding fairness for which she became noted, fairness toward all parties, sects, and denominations, was probably owing to her little feeling on the subject—at least not enough to interfere with her judgment. 'She saw all sides, and they are always many, clearly and without prejudice.'

In pre-Coventry years, Mary Anne, careless of appearance (poor ugly duckling, she had no need to be), wore a solemn cap, forswore oratorios, and read devout works that fortified her belief in revealed Christianity. Now, like Esther of 'Felix Holt,' she grew fond of pretty clothes, dainty in manner and preference, she saw—with Sara—her first opera, 'La Favorita,' and in the joy of freedom, bloomed. Walking over the Redford fields with Sara, she wrote years afterward, she felt youth in her limbs. Because she loved, best of all seasons, autumn—autumn when holly berries changed from orange to red against emerald leaves, when green beeches burned to gold, and oaks flamed in crimson—Sara gave her a water color of autumn, propping it up on her bedroom mantel at Foleshill. And most appropriately Sara wore, George Eliot recalled to her years afterward, a bronze-colored dress. Those were the sunniest years, the brightest autumns of Marian's life. Only one cloud darkened, for a time, her sky—strained relations with her father.

By November, 1841, Marian's loss of faith led her to announce she would go no more to church. Robert Evans was no fanatic, his diaries reveal that more than infrequently he did not go, himself. But disbelief in the religion to which he was born and had committed his heart was another thing. Like Adam Bede, he had 'a large fund of reverence in his nature, which inclined him to admit all established claims unless he saw very clear grounds for questioning them.' The two had words, Marian remained inflexible. Robert put the Foleshill home into the hands of an agent, declaring he would live at Packington. Marian was ready to take lodgings at Leamington, where she would teach school, Mrs. Pears would accompany her. Much too fond of her father to bear equably the idea of being separated from him, she knew also that he needed her. By the end of February, after cooled glances and 'exhortations to the suppression of self-conceit,' she went to stay with Isaac and his wife, Sara, at Griff. Robert decided to retain the Foleshill home but began alterations at Packington, at the same time

heeding his son Isaac's advice not to be in a hurry At last toward the end of March, 1842, through Isaac's mediation, with the help of Rebecca Franklin and the Brays, Marian agreed to continue church attendance, and Robert, for his part, was glad to have her at home again This temporary disagreement Marian regretted throughout her days More tact, she said later, would have prevented humiliation and suffering, but in the first fresh enthusiasm a convert may be over-crude in trumpeting his change of heart Truth of feeling, she accepted finally as the only universal bond of union

After Sara Hennell came, 1842, to live at Rosehill, Marian was there more than ever By 1843 she is mentioned frequently in Mrs Bray's Commonplace Book as having joined the family on visits or outings They rode to Stratford, a long drive in those days now covered in a half hour by motor-car, in May, they continued to Malvern, where Marian looked upon Piers Plowman's Hills In July, they traveled to Bristol, and went on to Tenby With them at Tenby was the daughter of Dr Brabant, of Devizes, Rufa Brabant, who shortly afterward became engaged to Charles C Hennell This Dr Brabant, a friend of Dr Strauss, was a German scholar, and so was Rufa According to Charles Bray's record, she had translated two chapters of the 'Leben Jesu' before her marriage to Hennell, whose 'Inquiry,' it will be recalled, had been translated into German, with a preface by Strauss Hennell begged Marian to take up the work begun by Rufa, busy with household affairs, and Marian, also busy with household affairs, accepted the challenge

On the first day of November, 1843, Charles C and Rufa were married in London Marian, one of the bridesmaids, went home with Dr Brabant to cheer him on the occasion of losing his daughter Apparently, the visit was not very successful and, if one suspects Harriet Martineau's opinion of the clergyman was just, the fault probably lay in him His way of thinking would, in any event, have failed to satisfy her Shortly she returned home, to begin the three years' task of translation, over which

a group headed by Mr Joseph Parkes of Birmingham had been so enthusiastic as to offer defrayal of expense

Translating Strauss, at the rate of six pages a day, toughened the fiber of the girl's ability to work hard and steadily After those three formidable volumes, she could write a 'Middlemarch,' a 'Deronda,' which without that endurance test in her younger days probably never would have been written

Vexatious the translator found the failure of enthusiasm by sponsors for the English version 'It is the very triviality of the thing that makes delays so provoking,' she wrote, June, 1845, to Sara 'The difficulties that attend a really grand undertaking are to be borne, but things should run smoothly and fast when they are not important enough to demand the sacrifice of one's soul' Charles C, probably feeling qualms at having engaged her interest, and Mr Parkes at last got together £300 to carry on publication Pens, ink, and paper Marian herself provided Her reward was £20, with twenty-five copies of the volume Small wonder she was sick of the sight of her script and wrote the Brays, who held it for her until 1854, 'Pray consider the Strauss MSS waste paper I shall never want them again'

Into proof-correcting Sara entered with zest, 'entered into the meaning of every sentence,' Marian gratefully acknowledged, and wrote comment, helpful to the translator

Though Marian did not always agree with Strauss, she kept herself thoroughly in the background Gracefully she conceded that every man must be wrong 'in working out into detail an idea which has general truth, but is only one element in a perfect theory' Among scores of footnotes, demanding knowledge of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, and French—in translating all these tongues Marian had acquired by this time no mean skill—among scores of notes only one or two are signed 'Tr' (Translator)

To keep her up to the heavy work of the third volume, Marian required encouragement In February, 1846, nervous, anxious about her sick father, she suffered from constant headache 'I

am miserably in want of you,' she wrote Sara, 'to stir up my soul and make it shake its wings, and begin some kind of flight after something good and noble' Finally, April, 1846, the tremendous labor was over, and June 15 was published 'The Life of Jesus Critically Examined, by Dr David Friedrich Strauss, Translated from the Fourth German Edition, in Three Volumes, London, Chapman Brothers, MDCCCXLVI' The name of the translator did not appear Strauss had sent, dated at Heilbronn, 'Med Mens April a 1846,' a Latin Preface, containing the commendation that the work, so far as he had examined it, was both accurate and clear Marian, who had been perturbed that Strauss knew a 'young lady, that most contemptible specimen of human being,' was translating the book, felt her greatest reward in those words, *et accurata et perspicua*

'The Life of Jesus,' in translation, deserves highest praise All reviewers assumed the translator to be a learned man, a theologian, but it is doubtful whether any learned English theologian would have found the time or have taken the time to prepare a text so faithful and scholarly Marian did a thing peculiarly difficult to do, the kind of thing that spikes the critic's guns once for all She not only rendered word for word, thought for thought, sentence for sentence, but rendered them into beautiful, harmonious English, bearing the spirit and tone of the original As translator alone, Marian Evans attained a high place in English literature, but because she did not wish to be known or remembered as translator, and because she deserves to be known by greater work, this first large activity of her life may be dismissed briefly here

Perhaps more than coincidence lies in the fact that on the day the translation of Strauss was published, Charles Bray bought the Coventry Herald Assuredly, his ownership of the paper is connected with his wish to publish a translation of Spinoza, a translation on which Marian was engaged in 1849 Writing to Bray from Geneva, she says, 'If you are anxious to publish the translation in question [the 'Ethics'], I could, after a few months,

finish the "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus" to keep it company' She advises him, however, that what of Spinoza is most needed is a true estimate of his life and system After one has rendered his Latin into English there is a 'yet more difficult process of translation to effect the only mode of making Spinoza accessible to a large number is to study his books, shut them, and make an analysis' Joined to this feeling, lack of health persuaded her to relinquish the 'Tractatus' In January, 1856, she returned to translating the 'Ethics,' which she finished by February 19 It was never published, doubtless because Bray gave up business and retired on only £400 a year

In 1854, meantime, in the July number of Chapman's Quarterly Series, appeared 'The Essence of Christianity, by Ludwig Feuerbach, Translated from the Second German Edition, by Marian Evans, Translator of Strauss's Life of Jesus, London, John Chapman, 8, King William Street, Strand, MDCCCLIV' This book, the only one carrying the name of Marian Evans on the title-page, would have been a comparatively easy task but for the manifold duties and worries of that significant year, 1854 Marian's reviewer in the Spectator pronounced her translation of the work as readable as its nature would permit and showing her thorough comprehension of the subject The Coventry Herald declared her unrivaled in her power of dealing with the tough, metaphysical German, and charming its dreary lengths of knotted obscurity into a smooth flow of beautifully perspicuous English, at the same time she remained scrupulously faithful to the meaning of her author

Dead works today, dead translations testimony chiefly to the skill, industry, and learning of the Westminster's assistant editor

## EARLY LITERARY EFFORTS FATHER'S DEATH

AFTER the publication of Strauss, Marian enjoyed three years of comparative rest and relaxation, a semi-fallow time that brought opportunity for reading and writing. Her letters grow richer in thought. Still under the spell of the life of Christ, she declared, 'The soul learns that crucifixion is the true way to conquest and glory'. Of pride, she thinks there is a beautiful kind at which no one need frown—a thrill of exaltation at all that is good and lovely and joyous as a possession of our human nature. 'We are all teachers, 'for good or evil, and if we use our inward light as the Quaker tells us, always taking care to feed and trim it well, our teaching must in the end be for good'. Conscientious of the faults in her own nature, she writes, 'When the tones of our voice have betrayed peevishness or harshness, we seem to be doubly haunted by the ghost of our sin—we are doubly conscious that we have been untrue to our part in the great Handel chorus'. Again, 'The poetry of girlhood goes—the poetry of love and marriage—the poetry of maternity—and at last the very poetry of duty forsakes us for a season, and we see ourselves and all about us, as nothing more than miserable agglomerations of atoms—This is the state of prostration—the self-abnegation through which the soul must go, and to which perhaps it must again and again return, that its poetry or religion, which is the same thing, may be a real ever-flowing river, fresh from the windows of heaven and the fountains of the great deep'.

Her dual nature she felt to be in conflict with itself, if she



was pious one day, she wrote Sara, she was very wicked the day before and would be again the next. If she fertilized her mind with French novels—she quotes Disraeli's figure, 'guanoing'—she also thought of a subject she would like to develop: the consolations of philosophy superior to those of so-called religion. If her passions and vain fancies were symbolized by the beast of the horn that waxed rebellious and stamped on the stars, she knew those passions and fancies must be subdued by the spirit of love. She was wrong, regarding herself, in one conclusion: love should determine people's fate while they are young, 'it is so impossible to admire as one gets older.' Then short of thirty, she considered herself ancient, and Lewes, whom she was to love with passionate devotion, was three years in the future.

Now, in 1846, she first attempted fiction, in tentative efforts unpublished before 1919.<sup>1</sup> These papers given in script to Major Redway, just after George Eliot's death, he printed as a contribution to her centennial. They were unnoticed by Cross, who omitted everything irrelevant to his purpose, though he included a sentence of a letter from Cara to Sara, 'Miss Evans looks very brilliant just now. We fancy she must be writing her novel.' That novel may have been, or may not have been, the one to which she refers in her Journal, 1856, 'I never went further towards the actual writing of the novel than an introductory chapter describing a Staffordshire village and the life of the neighboring farm-houses.'

Written when she was twenty-seven, the papers published by Major Redway reveal mild ability in fiction, best illustrated in the reflectively philosophic 'Little Fable with a Great Moral.' In the first paper, 'From the Note Book of an Eccentric,' she creates a character, Macarthy, about whom she might have written a novel. In Macarthy, Marian's intention, expressed through the 'I' narrator, presumably a man (significantly, even then, she was throwing off the disadvantages of the early nineteenth-century female), was to create a character whose soul was an exquisite lyre, a man whose childhood and youth promised a bril-

liant career, placed out of the sphere of his fellow-men through a morbid sensitiveness in his feeling for the beautiful. The author was transferring to Macarthy her own heritage, as she was drawing upon her experience in stating that dreary ignorance, absence of artistic harmony and beauty in the details of outward existence were positively painful elements. Macarthy laughed at the follies of men and wept over their sorrows, his wit lashed them, the depths of his soul murmured, 'Would that I could die for thee, thou poor humanity!' Nature-lover, he might have been witness of an earthquake or a volcano and been torn between compassion for the sufferers and ecstasy at the triumphant forces of nature. Again, here speaks Marian's own duality. A native interest in the sciences, fostered by Lewes later, expresses itself in all her subsequent books. Among the first examples of that interest, the new science of electricity prompts a metaphor more remarkable then than now 'any who were capable of a more discriminating estimate and refined analysis of his character, must have a foreboding that it contained elements which would too probably operate as non-conductors, interposed between his highly charged mind and the negatively electrified souls around him.' The cadence and gentle melancholy testify to Carlyle's influence, to the young author's admiration of a man who poorly returned that admiration.

Macarthy died in poverty at the age of forty, leaving a large trunk of manuscripts, to be used as the friend wished. In characterizing these, the narrator forecasts Marian's fiction. 'I have found the results of profound thought and widely extended research—productions, some of which have been carefully meditated, others apparently thrown off with the rapidity of inspiration, but in all of them there is a strange mixture of wisdom and whimsicality, of sublime conception and stinging caricature, of deep melancholy and wild merriment.' From three thick little volumes, in which Macarthy had noted down 'casual thoughts, sketches of character, and scenes out of the common,'

the narrator promised now and then to give a selection in some unpretending journal. Only four of these papers were offered, if the remaining contents of 'Early Essays' were from Macarthy's notebooks.

In 'How to Avoid Disappointment,' she reflects that 'the kind of purpose which makes life resemble a work of art in its isolated majesty or loveliness is not the attempt to satisfy a troop of wants, not to live for our friends, wives, and children, but for the good, the true, the beautiful, which outlive every generation and are all-pervading as the light which vibrates from the remotest nebula to our own sun. The spirit which has ascertained its true relation to these can never be an orphan, it has its home in the eternal mind, from which neither things present nor to come can separate it. You may infallibly discern the man who lives thus. His eye has not that restless, irresolute glance which tells of no purpose beyond the present hour. It looks as you might imagine the eye of Numa to have looked after an interview with Egeria, the earnest attention and veneration with which it gazed on the divine instructress still lingering in its expression.'

In 'The Wisdom of the Child,' she declares that self-renunciation, submission to law, trust, benignity, ingenuousness, rectitude, are the qualities we most delight to witness in the child (only angelic specimens possess most of these qualities), and they are, also, those which most dignify the man.

Possessing small dramatic value, little objectification—her figures are scarcely even in low relief—these fragments are of pure style, and noteworthy for Marian's thoughts about art. She was still making notes on art, an absorbing passion, a score of years later. Every sketch is marked by something tentative, the author was feeling her way. She could not but have been dissatisfied with what she had written, the matter was inconclusive, tangential to what she would have said.

Still experimenting in prose, she wrote John Sibree, brother of Mary to whom she had been for a short time a tutor, 'I have

tired myself with trying to write cleverly, *invita Minerva* ' She began, more promisingly, to find men and women precious as they unfolded to her their intimate selves, reading with pleasure a journal that a few years earlier would have bored her Only by removal of outer trappings, she was recognizing, can man reveal himself to man, find possible kinship of soul

And her external life? At home, she watched over her father's failing health, across the fields she walked to visit the Brays, sometimes she went on 'larks,' her favorite word for jaunts or short trips, occasionally, she was in London In April, 1847, she writes of having been full of Mendelssohn oratorios and Italian operas in Exeter Hall, she had seen Mendelssohn himself conduct 'Elijah' In September of the same year, she went with her father to the Isle of Wight, an enchanted land where the earth is of more refined materials, the strata of which might be formed by compressed pollen of flowers, or powder from bright insects 'You can think of nothing but Calypsos or Prosperos and Ariels'

When not about something else, she was always reading Sara she thanks for a copy of *Heliados*, for putting her on to read 'Sir Charles Grandison,' which she had no idea 'was worth so much' George Sand she devoured with admiration, commenting upon the great power of God manifest in the French novelist 'Jane Eyre' she did not like 'All self-sacrifice is good,' she wrote June, 1848, 'but one would like it to be in a somewhat nobler cause than that of a diabolical law which chains a man soul and body to a putrefying carcase However, the book is interesting, only I wish the characters would talk a little less like the heroes and heroines of police reports' She quotes Hegel, comments upon Lavater's physiognomies, and on the electric thrill shot through her frame by the rushing wind of Rousseau's inspiration About this time, she met Emerson, who was visiting the Brays, 'the first *man* I have ever seen' Was that a shot at Bray? In his turn, the Sage of Concord thought the young woman had a clear, calm spirit, a spirit that

shared with him admiration for Rousseau's 'Confessions' A little later, she reviewed briefly for the *Coventry Herald*, Froude's 'Nemesis of Faith,' a review that brought a word of appreciation from Froude, asking her to reveal herself Evidently, Marian was being pitied in those days 'Poor girl,' Cara wrote Sara, 'I am so pleased she should have this little episode in her dull life' She continued to read in 1849, she acquired a delightful 'De Imitatione Christi,' with quaint wood-cuts Two years later she gave to Sara this copy, now in the Gulson Library

Busy as she was, she thought of herself as utterly idle, chiefly a nurse for her rapidly declining father, of herself as a miserable wretch, with aching limbs and sinking spirits Her egotism and mental idleness, she wrote, induced sensitive fits, she could not pour out breakfast with that enthusiasm she felt to be necessary for the rite At the same time she knew where thought and love—the formative and the vitalizing—are present, there can be no sadness She is wrought into fury over hypocrisy, giving as little as possible for as much as possible in a society training for hell Immediately afterward, she is enjoying repose, strength, and ardor, a trifle later she is in sackcloth and ashes over the sins of her unruly tongue Then, triumphing in spirit, she is disgraced by headache and backache, life a nightmare haunted by something to be done Or she is bitter because a friend has shown a frigid eye, uttered hard, indifferent tones She craved loving words, not deeds alone 'What is anything worth until it is uttered' Every true Pentecost is a gift of utterance'

In May, 1848, she took her father to St Leonard's, in the hope of his restoration to health His illness proved incurable, and henceforth, for a year, she was at his bedside, constant nurse and companion Those were trying days for Marian, watching him painfully reduced, so reduced she dreaded to think what his frame might become before life gave way Yet in showing her a thousand little proofs that he understood her affection and responded to it, he blessed her chair by his side Never was a

patient more admirably cared for, Dr Bury told his daughter Maria—afterward Mrs Congreve and one of the closest of George Eliot's friends—never one to whom devotion was more unselfishly given. Translating Spinoza was the only recreation Marian permitted herself until her father died, on the last day of May, 1849

## LIFE ON THE CONTINENT

FREE at the age of thirty, though she would not have preferred the solitude now hers, Marian stood at no immediate crossroads. The path lay straight ahead. Exhausted, first she must recuperate her body to meet the demands of her mind, next, with only a hundred pounds or so by way of annuity, a semi-competence, unwilling to rely upon relatives or friends, she must work. The idea of teaching she put aside forever. Already brought into connection with John Chapman, through his publication of her *Strauss*, she had discussed with him ways and means open to a young woman in London, already she hoped, half planned, to be a literary reviewer. Now she would rest, see something of Continental life, and would visit the place where Rousseau first drew the breath that made him wretched. Marian did not admire Byron, but with him she had a common admiration for the author of the 'Confessions,' who wrung eloquence from woe, made madness beautiful, and threw enchantment over passion. Lover of ideal beauty, Rousseau, from whose mouth poured 'oracles which set the world in flame.' She would live awhile at Geneva.

On June 11, 1849, says Cara in her *Commonplace Book*, Marian came. This advent, only from Foleshill Road, was preliminary to the exodus next day of all three for Folkestone and Calais. Cara also observes that Froude and Chapman were to accompany them to the French port, but her husband says, in his *Autobiography*, after suggesting that his sympathy with Froude on the publication of 'The Nemesis of Faith' led to some

little visiting acquaintance, that Froude had arranged to travel with them abroad 'He was to have joined us at the station, but instead of himself came a letter to say he was going to be married, which we thought a sufficient excuse, and we have seen nothing of him since' Whatever the actual state of things, one cannot but speculate on the suggested drama Froude, interested in the Brays and prospectively in Marian, a proposed trip together on the Continent, a young lady who marries Mr Froude, and keeps him at home

The route taken by the travelers, who remained three, was—Mrs Bray recorded—to Lille, Paris, Bourg, whence by rail and diligence they arrived at Lyons Down the Rhone to Avignon, and by rail to Marseilles After five days in Nice and two at Genoa, they left on the 1st of July for Milan, Lakes Como and Maggiore, Martigny, Chamounix, Geneva, Ouchy, Vevey, and back to Ouchy, where Cara remained while Charles saw Marian settled on the 25th of June, at Geneva There, Marian shortly wrote, she was wretched, utterly peevish, and morbid, but she hoped the motto of Geneva might become her own, 'Light after darkness' *Post tenebras lux* By July 3rd, the Brays were at Rosehill Marian was alone in a foreign land

In Geneva she lived first at the Campagne Plongeon, a white house among trees with a meadow that sloped to the blue lake, clear, placid Leman, the fragrance of whose shore she breathed, the drip of whose oar came to her in the hush of night On the other side of the house she had a fine view of the Jura Mountains, vivid by day, precipitously steep, and she too heard thunder leaping from peak to peak among the rattling crags, the big rain dancing to the earth Here, she thought, one might live and forget there was want or labor or sorrow New manifestations of beauty in her surroundings daily charmed her with Geneva 'Coventry is a fool to it,' she wrote Following Rousseau, not so consciously as through her own kinship of soul, she became like him a describer If the author of 'The New Heloise' may be characterized in a phrase, he described natural beauties



and human passions. If she followed him later in depicting passion, she followed him now, in worshipping beauty.

Though not startlingly prophetic, Marian's pictures of people and places worthily precede her mature achievement. Writing of a Fête of Navigation, she reproduces the effect of the brightly lighted boats on the rippled lake under the stars, the music, the fireworks, and over Mont Blanc, in his white ermine robe, the pale moon looking at it all with a sort of grave surprise. Of lodgers at the Campagne Plongeon, one would like to know who was the American lady who embroidered slippers while Mama looked on and did nothing, who the whist-playing Marquis with his Marquise. There were old ladies who sewed, a Mrs. Locke, from England, who said kind things in a waspish tone and helped Miss Evans do her shopping. There was the gray-headed gentleman with whom she enjoyed talking philosophy, but alas! he and a very agreeable young man left shortly for Aix. There was the Baroness de Ludwigsdorff, whose maid waited on Marian, and who suggested that they spend together a winter at Paris. This Baroness said Marian had more intellect than morale, though just what she meant by morale is not perfectly clear. Mrs. A— was a very ugly but ladylike little woman, who always wore bright rose-color or intensest blue caps, with a complexion like a dirty primrose glove. Discerningly Marian writes of Madame of the Pension, 'obliged to talk to all, she says things so true that they are insufferable.' But in comparison with the Brays nobody at the Pension had 'solidity of mind or expansion of feeling.'

Ill, suffering from headaches, the girl was treated kindly by all the residents. After a little, she began to think more of clothes, hoping that when her box of books was sent from Coventry room might be found for the black velvet—'people dress and think about dressing more even than in England.' The Marquise took Marian's hair in hand. 'She has abolished all my curls, and made two things stick out on each side of my head like those on the head of the Sphinx', but despite her friends'

approval, she herself thought that if possible she was uglier than ever

She grew into a dual contentment, glad to live in two worlds at once—significant expression from her who was to live long between everyday life and the creations of her fancy. Now, her dearest friends and old environment are in her thoughts, another world of novelty and beauty is that in which she dwells, and the world that lives in her thoughts is the dearer of the two, the one in which she more truly dwells. Between *Hemmweb* and *Wanderlust* she was forever torn. Years later, after indulging her longing for home and family, and the dead days that never could be again, in 'Adam Bede' or 'The Mill on the Floss,' she fled for rest and recreation to places yet unvisited. Now, at Geneva, she did not forget the living members of her family, letters to her sister Fannie, Mrs Houghton, reveal a lively interest in them all, and she was grieved over the death of Chrissey's little girl, 'who promised to pay so well for any care spent on her'

The boxes came, at a shocking cost of transportation. Watching pennies, a habit growing from necessity, developed in Marian Evans an astute business woman. Now the shock was particularly annoying, she had just discovered she could not longer bear the climate by the lake, in the house 'like a bird cage set down in a garden'. She would have to pay more for food and lodging in town, and she needed money. If she needed money, she would not do without, she would get it. Would anybody, she inquired of Sara Hennell, buy her globes and her 'Encyclopædia Britannica' at half-price?

Sara, uneasy, feared Marian needed checking. Her letter of warning one must imagine, for Marian Evans early formed the custom of destroying everything epistolary from the other end of the line, but to it went the retort, 'I believe I am so constituted that I shall never be cured of my faults except by God's discipline. I am not, however,' she adds, 'an absolute fool and weakling'

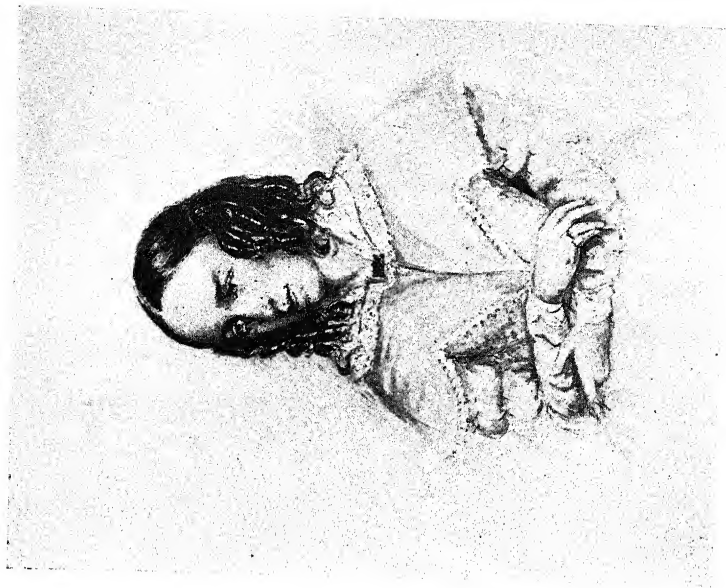
On October 9th she moved to the home of M d'Albert Du-rade, 'an artist of great respectability,' and his wife With them Marian felt she was rightly placed, with their two boys, whose possibilities she quickly discerned, with Madame, a kindly soul who spoiled her, and with M d'Albert, 'perfectly in harmony with an exquisite moral refinement,' people who exhibited no meannesses, no worldlinesses Soon all were calling her 'Minie,' and making her one of the family Out of reach of intruders, undiverted by externals, she wrote to Sara, 'One feels in a downy nest high up in a good old tree' She began to think with a shudder of returning to England, 'land of gloom, of *ennui*, of platitude, but it is the land of duty and affection, and the only ardent hope I have for my future life is to have given to me some woman's duty—some possibility of devoting myself where I may see a daily result of pure calm blessedness in the life of another' Because her life seemed of little worth and purpose, she was never wholly happy in Switzerland

She continued to love the mountains Jura standing in relief against a pure blue sky, Jura covered in snow revealing forest, ravine, and precipice She went to church, feeding on orthodox sermons her own heterodoxy, though discovering in clerical vesture one or two good souls She took a course of lectures in experimental physics She sat to M d'Albert for her portrait<sup>1</sup> She enjoyed the company of musical friends which assembled at the d'Alberts every Monday, much as her friends gathered in later days at the Priory She saw some good acting, professional as well as amateurish But the winter, unusually severe, retarded her gain in strength, she was a reprobate, she declared, who could never enter into heaven, dependent as she was on carpets and easy-chairs and coal fires Brothers and sisters eagerly awaited her home-coming, friends at Rosehill wanted her When, about the middle of March, 1850, the weather promised safety in crossing the Jura by sledges, she set out with M d'Albert as companion They suffered from cold until they struck the railway to Paris, whence they continued to London March 25th,



MARIAN EVANS ("MINIE")

The original, a canvas (1849) by M. d'Albert Durade, was presented to the Gulson Library, Coventry, by Miss Elsie Druce, niece of John W. Cross. The reproduction is from a copy, purchased 1905, in the National Portrait Gallery.



MARY ANN EVANS

Painted by Mrs. Charles Bray (Caroline Bray, "Cara"), 1842. The original, 7" X 5 1/2", was presented by the artist, 1899, to the National Portrait Gallery, by whose permission it is here reproduced.



Cara recorded in her Commonplace Book, came Marian, who remained a few days at Rosehill before going on to visit Isaac at Griff, and Chrissey at Meriden

If those eight months on the Continent crystallized many things for the young woman, some of them were her dependence upon love and sympathy, even to a degree of 'petting,' loyalty to old ties, and receptivity for all in nature, institutions, or among people that her intellect told her was good

## JOHN CHAPMAN AND THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW

ANTICIPATION of a happy home-coming ended in dull skies with the prospect of shivering in a wintry flat. Before the end of March, Marian wrote Sara, she was idle and naughty and sinking into selfish ignorance and woman's frivolity. Restlessness, increased by change of scene, tempted her to sell all her goods except a carpetbag of necessities and become a wanderer. Life among relatives with whom she no longer had intellectual or spiritual sympathy grew, despite their kindness, intolerable. By April she was inquiring from Sara, then living in London, about boarding houses, in particular about Mr Chapman's price for lodgers. She asked for an invitation, meantime, to Rosehill for herself and M d'Albert, who apparently had divided his time between London and her family, and to whom at Rosehill on the 10th of May she said goodbye. He returned to Geneva, not to be seen again by her until after many years. Except for dashes to Griff and Meriden, Marian settled down, readjusting herself to the Bray household. There, while she and others were still grieving over the death (September 2, 1850) of Charles C Hennell, they were visited by John Chapman and his assistant editor, Robert W Mackay.

John Chapman (1822-1894), who had published in 1846 the translation of 'Leben Jesu,' was a man with a history, an adventurer. He began his career by running away from Worksop, England, where he was an apprenticed watchmaker, to Adelaide, Australia. Not satisfied with business there, he returned to

England, married, and in the same year (1843) studied medicine in Paris and at St George's Hospital, London. For a number of years he gave up practice, to publish advanced liberal or free-thought books, and now, in this phase of his life, Marian and he already had been associated. Shortly before she returned from Geneva, Chapman took a house in the Strand—still standing, the number, 142, is the same—commodious enough for a limited household of paying guests above, as well as for offices below. He had the felicitous ability of assembling interesting men and women, many of whom had great respect for his powers, some of whom were glad to work with him. Harriet Martineau's repeated instances of belief in him, for example, as expressed in her unpublished letters<sup>1</sup> would fill a volume, and she was one of his early contributors. Strikingly handsome, he made love with more or less success to every woman offering the slightest provocation. Now, 1850, he was negotiating for the purchase of the *Westminster Review*, which, because it had failed financially, he finally got for the absurdly low price of £350. Founded by Jeremy Bentham as organ for the radicals, 1824, the *Review* struggled along until in 1835 it incorporated with the *London Review*. In its best days, the proprietor-editor was Colonel Perronet Thompson, former Governor of Sierra Leone and later devoted to the cause of the People's International League. Colonel Thompson, according to W. J. Linton, reputedly spent over £30,000 in advocacy of liberalism. One year's amalgamation with the *London Review* ended in failure, again, it became the *Westminster Review*, edited by William Edward Hickson, educational writer, forerunner of Bright and Cobden. John Stuart Mill's 'Autobiography' states that he, Mill, was proprietor of the *Review* until the spring of 1840<sup>2</sup>. He then made over the magazine to Hickson, who conducted it as 'The Westminster' until Chapman bought it, 1851.

Persistent in her wish for a career in philosophical book reviewing, Marian heard what Chapman, to whom she had already talked on the subject, and Mackay had to say. Would



Miss Evans review Mackay's 'Progress of the Intellect,' just published by Chapman? She would and did, with pronounced success, for the *Westminster*, January, 1851

Editor and author were delighted. Would the reviewer come up to town and collaborate on the Prospectus of the new series of the periodical? Miss Evans said she would venture to London, in experimental mood. On the 18th of November she went for a fortnight and, satisfied with preliminary arrangements, planned to return at the beginning of the new year. Accordingly she took up her room above and her place in the office below, on the 8th of January, 1851

What immediately followed has been the subject of research, gossip, sentimentalizing. Easy to construct in general the affair, dangerous to construct in detail. Always, Marian Evans should have credit for being, in her own words, 'not an absolute fool.' Charmed to meet literary men and women of first and second rank, she began to feel part of the life long coveted and to be happy in working with Chapman, in talking to him, in loving him. 'Suddenly there surged up in her,' says Elizabeth Haldane, 'those human and wayward impulses, so long repressed by her early training.' 'That early Puritan training,' thinks Anne Fremantle, 'and her tremendous belief in the inexorable law of consequences prevented her from going "too far".' Yet a former owner of Chapman's diary for 1851 told me he believed the worst of Marian. He added, in a spirit of semi-fair-mindedness, that he never did like her, anyway. A passage of the diary to which he referred as possibly incriminating, a passage under date March 24th, is quoted by Mrs Fremantle. 'M departed today. I accompanied her to the railway. She was very sad and made me feel so. She pressed me for some intimation of the state of my feelings. [Here two lines are scratched out in black ink.] At this avowal she burst into tears. I tried to comfort her, etc.' That black-ink erasure had to do, it would seem from implication in 'avowal,' with Marian's assertion of her love for Chapman. He, beset by a tyrannical and jealous wife, comforted

Marian at the same time he showed her how far from reality were her possessing, obsessing dreams

In her 'Silhouette of Mary Anne,' J E Buckrose, drawing upon imagination, probably approximates the truth 'There was nothing physical whatever,' he says, 'in the delight he took in her, but his ways with women were so a matter of habit that he instinctively behaved in a fashion which might have misled a woman far more experienced than his present companion She was carried along, helpless, she was enchanted And he was enchanted also' With him she was at ease, to him she talked with heightened power on those pre-breakfast walks along the Thames below the Strand, to him she gave her brightest scintillation 'I have so often pictured a friendship,' he sighed, 'which should transcend the physical and let the mind go free' And Mrs Chapman, termagant bad-housekeeper, burst the bubble by making a scene, from which Marian fled to Rosehill, disturbed and hurt and angry Soon she was to emerge victor—if not with colors flying, at least with what poor honors the sorry crisis might confer

Chapman, who knew a good thing, hastened to propitiate the young woman whose help he sadly needed on the Prospectus and on a Catalogue of his publications Even in those days, Marian was not to be treated lightly or contemptuously He begged her to go on with the work, to come back to London She refused He begged again And Miss Evans wrote briefly, dignifiedly

Rosehill, April 4 [1851]

Dear Mr Chapman

I send you in another envelope a note written under my first impression on reading your packet of letters [Not one letter, observe, but a packet]

On further consideration I consent to continue the Catalogue, since I am ashamed of perpetual vacillations, on condition that you state or rather, I should hope, restate to Mrs Chapman the fact that I am doing it not because I "like," but in compliance with your request

You are aware that I never had the slightest wish to undertake the thing on my own account. If I continue it, it will be with the utmost repugnance and only on the understanding that I shall accept no remuneration

Yours &c  
 MARIAN EVANS

Roschek  
 Apr 4 -

Dear Mr Chapman

I send you  
 in another envelope a  
 note written under my  
 first impression on  
 reading your packet of  
 letters. On further con-  
 sideration I consent  
 to continue the Cata-  
 logue, save I am  
 ashamed of perpetual

Chapman writes and writes again. Marian is behaving pettishly, he declares, she is not sending him enough letters, he would like to hear from her more often. Will she contribute

an article on Greg to the Westminster, which—by the way—he has finally acquired? When is she coming up to the Great Exhibition at the Crystal Palace? He, beside himself with work, has no time for anything

Read Marian's reply

Rosehill

May 9 [1851]

Dear Mr Chapman

I often seem to write pettishly when I only mean to write emphatically, so your canons of interpretation must be liberal

I agree to write the article on Greg, &c, though I am rather indisposed to do anything in a hurry just now I suppose it is highly desirable to have it ready for the next number, otherwise I should be glad to defer it until the next but one Fine May days may come and tempt me to be idle

I congratulate you on the acquisition of the Westminster You do not tell me the terms on which you have obtained it—whether other parties besides yourself have been concerned in the matter

There is some uncertainty about the arrangements for my seeing the exhibition Of course, I wish to be in London at the same time with Mrs Bray, but she and Mr Bray are invited to stay with Miss Marshall, who has not accommodation for me—at least she has not asked me to accompany them However, Mrs Bray will manage for me somehow, and in the meantime I do not trouble myself

I do not see that my letters bear so poor a proportion to yours I generally answer you very promptly, and should do so if you wrote more frequently Rosehill furnishes no chronicles worth sending to you—unless you care to know that a nightingale has fallen in love with our Paradise and sings to us night and day

I make use of the stamp to send you my notice of the "Rationale," which I hope you will approve Pray be candid—that is the first, second and third thing I require, though I am a woman and seem pettish You know you must allow me to criticize your criticism

I am astonished that your house is not yet full, but it must surely soon be so It will be vexatious if you have not some compensations for extra turmoil

I should think you are right glad to have Mrs Chapman again to enliven you all

When you have Mr Hogg, I hope you will begin to enjoy the exhibition and everything else better than you lately have been able to do

Yours truly

MARIAN EVANS

I am pretty well now

Not writing so often? She scores by her straightforward answer she is prompt, she gives him letter for letter Write an article? Well, perhaps, if she is not too lazy Congratulatory over the acquisition of the Westminster, she shows justifiable curtness, she who was to have part in the editing had not been told the terms of purchase Oh, yes, she will be coming to the Crystal Palace, Mrs Bray will look out for her And, best of all, Mrs Chapman is back to enliven the household at 142 Strand That, Marian, was a mean thrust, with a dagger tipped in salt

If this letter does not defend her reputation even at this late day, I am no judge of character and do not know how to read the signs Its definiteness and imperiousness accord more nearly with Chapman's comment of a few weeks earlier that though agreeable, she was sometimes rude 'Spice of bitterness and flavor of rudeness was altogether characteristic of Theresa [Marian Evans],' says Mark Rutherford, in his 'Autobiography' And Mark Rutherford, who was William Hale White, knew her when she was with the Chapmans

By June 15th amicable relations were restored and Marian once more was committed to helping Chapman edit the new Westminster The following letter of frank criticism offers advice in the tone of a friend and co-worker

Rosehill, June 15 [1851]

My dear Friend

If, as I suppose, you intend to write the letter to Mill, would it not be better if the first paragraph read thus—"joint aims, so as best to further the main purpose of the future proprietor, which is, to make the Review the organ of the ablest and most liberal thinkers

of the time " (For "organ" in the second paragraph read "medium") I wish, too, you would leave out the dashes, which weaken instead of strengthening the impression on the reader In the 3rd paragraph for "I am convinced *that*" read "that, I am convinced," for "gratefully received," which sounds too much like a craving for alms, read "duly valued " "Securing air" is an absurd expression and is of course a slip of the pen I should like the 4th paragraph better if it began thus—"In the sketch submitted to you there is perhaps an unnecessary air of conservatism " I think Mr Lombe is a capital man, who knows what he means and will not pay for what he does not mean I do not see that he wants "smoothing down," or that he is a person on whom the process should be tried Hickson's method with him seems not to have answered, since according to Mr Lombe's account there had been letters of remonstrance from him, threatening to remove his support unless his views were more fully represented Why should you shirk the direct fulfilment of his proposition?—the obtaining as good articles as possible on his chosen subjects—since he seems to choose well I thoroughly agree with him about the "hereditary legislators—" I suppose when he wrote this letter he had not received your last

I was disappointed not to have fuller details in your letter about your conversations with Johnson, Spencer, and the rest, but do not forget that you have told me nothing Combe's letter is pleasant and gentlemanly—Dr Hodgson's friendly, but surprisingly uncritical for him He is right about the clause on the suffrage—it is as vague as "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's"—what things are Caesar's being left undetermined

Good Mrs Hunt has left behind a very pleasant impression I think she is the most thoroughly unaffected being I ever saw I am afraid the Leader is not prospering The names of Thornton Hunt, Lewes, Linton and several more were specified last week in the papers as withdrawing from partnership in the concern—which seems to imply a presentiment of failure We are all amused at Thornton Hunt's illustration in yesterday's Leader of "boiled mutton chops"—that must be a peculiarly Hammersmith dish

Mr Noel has written to say he is just coming to England He is invited here with his three children and servant, so we shall probably soon have a house full again He speaks of returning to Greece

I shall be awfully poor this half year, more than £12 legacy duty being subtracted from my interest

Have you fixed on "Independent Section" as a title?

I am sorry to hear of your having headache—but it is something to find that you do not complain of a recurrence of toothache I am dreadfully afraid of those fangs left behind Mrs Bray was talking of them sympathetically yesterday

I want to get out into the air, so goodbye

Yours faithfully,

MARIAN EVANS

Chapman had come to Rosehill in May and, again, in June At his visit of June 10th, he and Marian had determined upon the Prospectus of the new series of the Review The criticism in the letter just quoted is of correspondence Chapman was carrying on with John Stuart Mill, and the references to Chapman's composition all clearly indicate a drive for rehabilitation of the new quarterly

The Prospectus was published in the first issue of the volume for 1852 The newly appointed editors promised they would endeavor to confirm and extend the influence of the Review as an instrument for the development and guidance of earnest thought in politics, social philosophy, religion, and general literature, and to this end they would seek to render it the organ of the most able and independent minds of the day The fundamental principle of the work would be the recognition of the law of progress

Marian's hand and mind dominate this Prospectus Chapman never attained felicity in writing, whereas Marian crystallized in print nothing that did not at least satisfy her sense of English—nothing of anybody's Her thinking and expression are obvious in the following 'In the treatment of religious questions the Review will unite the spirit of reverential sympathy for the cherished association of pure and elevating minds with the uncompromising pursuit of truth The elements of ecclesiastical authority and dogma will be fearlessly examined, and the results of the most advanced Biblical criticism will be discussed without reservation, under the conviction that re-

ligion has its foundation in man's nature, and will only discard an old form to assume and vitalize one more expressive of its essence' Again, 'In the Department of General Literature, the criticism will be animated by desire to elevate the standard of public taste in relation both to artistic perfection and moral purity'

Noble statements, and for a time the Westminster flourished This is not the occasion for inquiring into its failure, but, illuminatingly, the year of failure, 1854, was the year in which Marian left England with Lewes Loss of her editorship, prospective or past, could not but cripple Chapman, without funds, he could find nobody to take her place

Harriet Martineau, though she looked 'like a sour apple crushed by a hobnail shoe,' was sympathetic, she advanced Chapman £500, hoping his affairs would be speedily settled, but with a 'cruelty unequaled in all their experience,' certain business men said, 'two absent discontented creditors pursued their debtor' In the long run he was saved, he continued to edit the magazine after proceeding to his degree at St Andrews, 1857, and even after joining the English colony in Paris, where he resumed his practice of medicine

To return to 1852 The July-October number has a notice of the 'Analytical Catalogue of Mr Chapman's Publications' 'Some of the papers are carefully elaborated expositions', those of Hennell's 'Inquiry,' Strauss's 'Life of Jesus,' Atkinson and Martineau's 'Letters,' and Chapman's 'Cotton and Commerce of India' are especially detailed This 'Analytical Catalogue,' written almost wholly by Marian Evans, at least should be listed among George Eliot's works Yet it is never so listed I have seen only one copy, that in the British Museum, from which I draw the following summary of the number and nature of the works Chapman was publishing or had published, and, more particularly, to suggest Marian's reading at this period and earlier

The table of contents includes twenty-two works of Theology and Biblical Criticism, in which are those of W R Greg,



C C Hennell, F W Newman, D F Strauss, J H Thom, and T Wilson, nineteen works of Speculative, Moral, and Social Philosophy, for example, a number of Fichte's books, Spencer's 'Social Statics,' and the 'Letters' of Atkinson and Martineau, fifteen works of History, Biography, and Fiction, among which are Froude's 'Nemesis,' 'The Life of Richter,' Schefer's 'The Artist's Married Life,' and Thom's 'The Life of the Rev Joseph Blanco White' In both these last-named Marian had pronounced interest Among the Miscellanea are Humboldt's 'Letters to a Female Friend,' and Chapman's 'Cotton and Commerce of India'

After the reconciliation with Chapman, in June, 1851, Marian went with the Brays to visit the Edward Noels in Devonshire From Bishop Steignton she writes Sara they are about to go to Teignmouth to sit by the waves, and that, shortly, they will visit the Exposition in London Around the middle of August they at length saw—under those halls of glass conceived by the Prince Consort—ivory, if not apes and peacocks, locomotives, Persian carpets and Kidderminster rugs, porcelains and wax flowers, glass paper-weights, bedsteads and blankets, saw everything that might serve to draw nations closer through industry, art, and science Back at Rosehill, they were visited by Chapman and later in the month by Combe and his charming wife Priscilla, daughter of Sarah Siddons

On the last day of September, after repeated visits from both the Chapmans and the Combes, Marian accompanied by Bray went, assistant editor of the Westminster Review, to live with the Chapmans at 142 Strand The venture was to be tried again Soon, she wrote, she was among people and very much occupied with egotistic thoughts and feelings

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW  
HERBERT SPENCER

At the age of thirty-two, Marian was in the right place for her wishes and endowments. Eagerly she plunged into work, from which her first only change was the companionship of Mackay, who walked with her. Then came the weekly gatherings at Chapman's house. From the tip of her pen, names and phrases rushed to the Brays and Sara. There were Frederick Foxton, who could be trying, a Mr Herbert Spencer, who had just brought out 'Social Statics', Carlyle, impatient over the Exhibition and the bores who presented themselves in his study, Sir David Brewster and his daughter, the Hodgsons, Mr Atkinson and Harriet Martineau, Mrs Follen, who called in extreme horror at Miss Martineau's book, W R Greg, a short man with a large brain, under a head of black curly hair, Forster of Rawdon, 'who appeared to think people should be glad to make his acquaintance', the Ellises, Louis Blanc, Francis Newman, and Fredrika Bremer. Marian at first found Miss Bremer, among the Chapmans' house-guests, unprepossessing both to ear and to eye, and unappealing to one's veneration, but after the Swedish novelist had played on the piano, she repented of her repugnance and was soon chronicling that the world was doing its devoirs to the authoress.

The assistant editor's routine work was heavy: sixteen hours a day or more of manuscript reading, copy reading, editing, and gathering contributions, besides scrap jobs of all sorts. In reality, she conducted the Review. Fox would write on suffrage, Professor Forbes on science, Carlyle had just recommended

Robert Browning, Marian had been using her powers of eloquence and flattery on Mackay, who should begin his article on the 'Development of Protestantism', later, Dr Brown, the Edinburgh chemist, would contribute the 'New Protestantism'

Her table groans with books, for which she cannot find time, but she trusts in her star to do all she has engaged Eager to get on with her own writing, she refers to vain attempts upon the Edinburgh, also to the quashing of her article on Greg, which Chapman earlier had requested Before long she discovered, what many another overworked girl has discovered, that under such hard conditions her head would never produce anything '*But I am patient*' Patient with the patience of young genius that can wait, she read and reviewed

In Carlyle's 'Life of Sterling,' she recognized a balance and completion of Archdeacon Hare's biography, in it, moreover, an exemplification of the right kind of Life, which sets forth briefly and vividly a man's inner and outer struggles, aims, and achievements, so as to make clear the meaning his experience holds for his fellows This and more she concluded, in her brief notice for the Westminster, of what Emery Neff in his 'Carlyle' (1932) calls the mellowest of all Carlyle's books She was amused over J H Newman's 'Lectures on the Position of Catholics,' and recommends James Martineau's article in the Prospective

In her busy life frivolities were limited, but she enjoyed theater and opera with Chapman and Spencer and, soon, with Spencer alone She was invited to a gay party at the Mackays', she was, early in February, 1852, at the home of Joseph Parkes, promoter of her 'Leben Jesu' translation, and there she met again his daughter, a 'dear, delightful, honest creature' From that time forward, Bessie Parkes, later to become Madame Belloc, was one of her true friends Through Bessie she met in July, of the same year, Barbara Leigh Smith, daughter of Benjamin Smith, M P from Norwich, and formed another friendship, which lasted after Barbara married Dr Bodichon and moved

to Algeria About the middle of February, Marian and Sara dined, at Sydenham, with Mrs Peter Taylor, third of the women she met at this time who stood by her later throughout the hardest, dreariest days, giving her that tender sympathy for lack of which not even Lewes's love could have compensated They would not have taken the step she took, but they understood her and kept her in spiritual health

Sara, meantime, felt she was losing Marian to new friends On the 21st of April, 1852, Marian dispelled, or should have dispelled, forever her doubts 'Your whole conduct to me, from the first day I knew you, has been so generous and sympathetic, that if I did not heartily love you, I should feel deep gratitude—but love excludes gratitude It is impossible that I should ever love two women better than I love you and Cara' Long after, she recorded her love and loyalty by leaving to Cara an annuity of one hundred pounds, free of legacy duty

For one who marvels at the dislike Mrs Lynn Linton later expressed for George Eliot, here is instance that the dislike was mutual and began early Just before Christmas, 1851, Marian writes the Brays she hears Miss Lynn is to visit them at Christmas 'I hope that is a mistake, as it would deprive me of my hoped-for rest amongst you' Kind Cara 'arranged,' for Marian—though Chapman overwhelmed by work begged her to stay in town up to the last moment—got off to Rosehill for the holidays, whereas, according to Mrs Bray's *Commonplace Book*, 'Miss Lynn came,' January 30, 1852, and stayed until the 13th of February

Overworked, sensitive, Marian began to be, again, emotionally disturbed From one who feels sad 'when a great procession has swept by, and the last notes of its music have died away, leaving one alone with fields and sky,' one who is filled with the poetry of life and who sympathizes with the pulse-beat of humanity, one who has infinite longings—from such a one, love or passion can never be far distant or long absent After the Chapman episode, Miss Evans agrees with Ward, 'Life is a bad busi-

ness but we must make the best of it', and she finds in the 'Memoirs' of Margaret Fuller Ossoli peculiarly touching the paragraph 'I shall always reign through the intellect, but the life! the life! O my God! Shall that never be sweet?' She was thankful as if for herself that Margaret's was sweet at last, happy to write in her notice of the 'Memoirs' that Margaret, after marriage, 'evinced a greatness of soul and heroism of character so grand and subduing that we feel disposed to extend to her whole career the admiration and sympathy inspired by the closing scenes'

Margaret Fuller might have been speaking for Marian Evans as for herself when she said that very early in life she 'perceived that the great object of life was to grow' And Marian might have been writing of herself when she wrote of Margaret 'In conversation she was as copious and oracular as Coleridge, brilliant as Sterling, pungent and paradoxical as Carlyle, gifted with the inspired powers of a pythoness, she saw into the hearts and over the heads of all who came near her, and, but for a sympathy as boundless as her self-esteem, she would have despised the whole human race!' Like Margaret's feelings, Marian's feelings were easily stirred and deeply stirred In response to a request from Bray, July, 1852, she retorted 'If you insist on my writing about "Emotions," why, I must get up some expressly for the purpose But I must own I would rather not, for it is the grand wish and object of my life to get rid of them as far as possible, seeing they have already had more than their share of my nervous energy'

By this time her disappointment over Herbert Spencer was over, she was at the beginning of her friendship with George Henry Lewes

Herbert Spencer, destined to earcaps and priggishness, nearly deserves the epithet 'cad' in relation to Marian Evans, nearly deserves, also, that of 'good angel' After meeting her, October, 1851, he was attentive enough to suggest to even a less susceptible woman that he hoped to marry her He admired her intel-

lect, he found her a pleasant companion, and he often walked with her along the Thames near 142 Strand and Somerset House, entering the gardens with Chapman's key, and he escorted her to opera and theater. They were nearly of an age, he a year younger, with common interests, and they had a delightful comradeship. Spencer went so far as to bring his father to see Marian, whom the elder Spencer immediately liked, so there was no parental objection, but the wary bachelor had no intention of getting caught. By April 22, 1852, Marian writes, 'We have agreed we are not in love with each other and that there is no reason why we should not have as much of each other's society as we like. He is a good, delightful creature, and I always feel better for being with him.'

Why was Herbert Spencer so perturbed after her death over the report that he had been in love with George Eliot? Possibly he feared that a wrong construction of 'love' would be built by possibly existent critics. He took immoderate pains to deny the allegation. Writing to E. L. Youmans, February 4, 1885, he said of 'George Eliot's Life,' 'It is unsatisfactory in that respect about which I wrote you some years ago—the report that I had been in love with her.' He told the chief facts of the case in strict confidence to Huxley, Tyndall, and Potter, who advised him to ask Cross to deny the report. After assenting, Cross differed from Spencer on the wording of the note. Spencer wished straight denial, Cross wished another framing, Spencer objected. Finally, a vague wording, repudiating circulated reports, was agreed upon, but when the book was in press, Lord Acton and Sir Charles Bowen saw the proofs and objected to the passage as one that might cause gossip. The note was finally abandoned. So on, and so on. Mr. Potter, thanks to his sense of fitness, told Spencer that if he published a statement of the facts in the case, he would be eternally damned. The story is current that Spencer said, 'I did not propose to her, she proposed to me.' Already Spencer had been judged and damned, perhaps unconsciously, perhaps half-maliciously, by

Marian To Sara she wrote July 10, 1854, 'The Life of this philosopher [she assumedly quotes from Biographical Dictionaries of 1954] offers little material for the narrator Born in the year 1820, etc'

Spencer's annoyance is the more astonishing in that he was a friend to the Leweses throughout and, after Lewes's death, to Marian up to the end of her life He was among the last to receive from her a letter, and he saw her only a few days before the end He was the first to suggest to her the vocation of novelist, and it will be remembered that he would have had no fiction in the House of Commons Library except the works of George Eliot He introduced her to Comte's philosophy, he presented George Henry Lewes to her, later, he presented Lewes to John W Cross's mother, so entailing, as he put it, remoter issues A friend from 1851 to 1880, yet pettily and persistently annoyed by the report, after her death, that he had been in love with her

May 2, 1852, Marian writes the Brays an account of an epochal meeting of authors, publishers, and booksellers, a meeting at which Dickens presided, 'preserving a courteous neutrality of eyebrows,' and at which Tom Taylor, Professor Owen, 'the greatest celebrity of the evening,' George Dawson, Dr Lankester, Professor Newman, Robert Bell, Charles Knight, 'a beautiful elderly man,' and the great authority Babbage all were present She and Spencer took notes, and after everybody else had departed they hailed Chapman, Marian at the piano, as the conquering hero Spencer, later commenting on this occasion, said she wrote faster than he, he also spoke of her script as being at that time larger, more masculine That is at best a matter of opinion, though never losing the feminine characteristics of those Westminster Review days, it became—graphologists would say—at once more finished and more masculine in later years

Reading between the lines of Marian's letters, one gathers that after April 22nd, when they had agreed they might see as

much of each other as they liked, she and Spencer came closer to each other, or at least so in the woman's mind, and that whatever the crisis it occurred between June 21 and June 25, 1852. On the former date, she wrote about meeting the elder Spencer, on the 25th, she had been overworking and overgoing 'At five o'clock I felt sure that life was unendurable. This morning, however, the weather and I are better, having cried ourselves out and used up all our clouds, and I even contemplate living six months longer. Was there ever anything more dreary than this June?' In July she got off to Broadstairs, where she writes Sara she has had a note from Florence Nightingale, and deplores that Lewes has not half done the latest number of the *Westminster* justice in the *Leader* criticism. The *Westminster* now was flourishing, thanks largely to Marian Evans. George Combe told her that under her management it was the most important means of enlightenment of a literary nature in existence.

Put two and two together and assemble a meaning for that Broadstairs period. Marian had been disappointed in Spencer, she had begun her long struggle over Lewes. Here are details not hitherto gathered into conjunction. Throughout July, Chapman was much at the Brays'. He came on the 7th, leaving on the 9th, came again on the 13th, and once again on the 31st. Within this period the Brays expressed to Marian their anxiety on her account. Clearly, Chapman talked. She protests there is no cause, but she is reading Aristotle to find out what is the chief good and, characteristically, her sense of the practical urges her to eat mutton chops that she may have strength to pursue it. Again, on the 2nd of August, Chapman, Charles Bray, and Cara all went from Rosehill to London, next day descending in a body upon Marian at Broadstairs. Significantly, Mrs Bray remained until the 12th of August, and on the 14th Chapman was again at Rosehill. Cara gets an apology from Marian later. 'I was irritable and out of sorts. I am very well and "plucky"—a word which I propose to substitute for happy, as more truth-



ful' There it is clearly ordered for anybody who has at command the sequence of larger events Finally, Marian wrote her sister Fannie, from Broadstairs, reaffirming her constancy of old affections, and adding, 'All is well with me so far as my individuality is concerned—*but I have plenty of friends' troubles to sorrow over*\* I hope you have none to add to the number' At the end of the month she was back in London, and on the 2nd of September she was upholding Lewes 'Harriet Martineau (in a private letter shown to me), with incomprehensible ignorance, jeers at Lewes for introducing *psychology* as a science in his Comte papers Why, Comte himself holds psychology to be a necessary link in the chain of science' She also observes that ever since she came back from Broadstairs she had felt something like the madness which imagines the four walls are contracting and going to crush one They were the walls of the impasse at which she had arrived

\* The italics are mine

## GEORGE HENRY LEWES

THIS volume begins with the statement that the genius of George Eliot resulted from the union between Marian Evans and George Henry Lewes. It now becomes necessary to summarize the facts of Lewes's life up to the time they met, 1851.

Charles Lee Lewes, a comic actor, born in London, 1740, had a son John Lee Lewes, 'Dandy' Lewes, also an actor, once manager of the Theatre Royal in Liverpool, and author of several inconsiderable books. Most significant of these, in the light of later events, is 'Memoirs' of his father. This John Lee was the father of George Henry Lewes, born April 18, 1817. John Lee died before 1825, when his widow married one Captain Willim for her second husband, she survived until December, 1870, within eight years of the death of George Henry. She had two boys older than he, Edgar James—who seems to have died about the age of twenty—and Edward, whose wife Susannah and son Vivian frequently are mentioned by the two Georges. With their help, Vivian became a doctor, distinguishing himself in chemical science and publishing many books on the subject, all of which are duly listed in the British Museum Catalogue.

George Henry's earlier days are known only in glimpses. His biographer, Anna T. Kitchel, relies upon his friend Francis Espinasse's 'Literary Recollections,' as every one must rely, though one may garner a few details from his books. In 'Seaside Studies,' for example, he states that when a child on the coast he had visions of being a sailor, to be a tar seemed the culmination of all earthly ambition. Espinasse says he was at school in London, Jersey, and Brittany before going to Dr. Burney's

Seminary at Greenwich and, later, to Dulwich. The most valuable acquisition of his younger school days was a command of French, learned after he was ten years of age—if a footnote to his *'Life and Works of Goethe'*<sup>1</sup> may be trusted. A born polyglot, he mastered, afterward, German, Latin, Italian, Spanish, and Greek. Espinasse says Lewes told him he read Greek three hours daily, and from a folio volume in that language, a volume he once owned<sup>2</sup> the statement may not be extravagant. The heavy treatise on mathematics, but one of many he studied, is annotated by him in Greek, with a facility possible only to the expert both in the science and in the tongue.

After serving as notary clerk and working in a merchant's counting-room, determined upon medicine as a vocation, he walked for a time the London hospitals. When about nineteen, he was member of a club of students that met in Red Lion Square, having for their common object the discussion of questions that perplex and stimulate all reflecting minds. There Cohen, the little Jew journeyman watchmaker, a man 'of astonishing subtlety and logical force, no less than of great personal worth,' talked about Spinoza, inspiring Lewes to know the philosopher, who was at once mystic and scientist, and there the same Cohen etched himself so deeply on Lewes's brain that George Eliot was later to draw fine impressions of him for the character of Mordecai, in *'Daniel Deronda'*.

Lewes had given up creeds, by 1836, much as the young woman out Coventry way, two years his junior, gave them up four or five years later. He began to translate Spinoza's *'Ethics'* but did not complete the work—a fact interesting in connection with Marian Evans's finishing her translation yet never committing it to print. In 1843, when he published his article on Spinoza's *'Tractatus Theologico-Politicus,'* comparing its ideas on church and state with those of Dr. Arnold, he antedated six years Marian Evans's translation.

At twenty, influenced as was many another young man by Leigh Hunt, Lewes became a friend of Thornton, Leigh's oldest

son Through the Hunts, he met William Bell Scott, who illuminatingly refers to him in 'Autobiographical Notes' At this age, according to the designer-poet, Lewes combined the boy with the man of the world, he had dropped the study of anatomy, to which he was to return later, and was waking to his inheritance in the ambition to write plays He went, however, to Germany (1838), there teaching English, learning German, studying philosophy, and finding in Goethe a subject of life-long interest Conceivably, the many-sided genius of the great German was, for Lewes, a parallel to his own varied talents By 1840 he was back in London, where for ten years he figured largely in journalism His affinity for the German language and literature was, again, singularly like that of Marian Evans The separate streams of their lives, flowing in the same direction, would merge easily in a common channel If two persons ever complemented each other, with sufficient likenesses for mutual understanding, those two were Marian and George Henry, yet some friends marveled and many writers yet marvel their union was so successful But this statement is anticipatory

In 1841, when twenty-four years old, George Henry married Agnes, daughter of Swynfen Jervise, a banker, M P for Bridport Agnes, nineteen, beautiful, charming, appears to have had a most remarkable complexion, which inspired Lewes's name for her—Rose \* Thornton Hunt, who had married Kate Gliddon, was living in Kensington where presently the Leweses came to visit, George Henry playing and singing and adding to the general merriment of the unconventional, united household This household consisted of the Thornton Hunts, John Gliddon and his wife (who had been Jacinta Hunt, Leigh's daughter), and Anastasia Hunt, with her husband Samuel Lawrence, artist This is the Samuel who in 1860 painted George Eliot's portrait, which hung so long in the Blackwood's offices, Edinburgh, and a copy of which is reproduced herein \* This communal household preceded the Phalanstery, Queen's Road,

\* Facing p 186

where Lewes and his wife—if not residents—were in 1842 frequent visitors. Presumably the experiment in cooperative house-keeping went further than the original purpose intended it to go. Lewes and Hunt, hedonists, free-thinkers on moral and social matters, including marriage, had not quite foreseen where their beliefs would lead them, surely not to Lewes's wife preferring Hunt, who left Kate for the beautiful Agnes.

For some years after his marriage, George Henry while working industriously to support his family was finding at the same time the meaning of love and pleasure. But even to stern Eliza Lynn, who at this epoch knew him and did not approve him, wherever he went, 'there was a patch of intellectual sunshine in the room.' His versatility was great, vitally concerned about many phases of life and literature, gifted in expression, he could write and did write acceptable articles for any editor he wished to please, articles contributing to the literature of knowledge rather than of power. Ten years earlier than Marian Evans he established connection with the *Westminster Review*, in fact, Miss Kitchel affirms that the earliest published work definitely attributable to Lewes is the article therein, September, 1840, dealing with the French drama. In this first essay, he shows a new spirit of criticism, wholly independent of old judicial standards, emphasizing the right of any work of art to be judged as it is, not in relation to something else that has given origin to fixed critical canons. Subsequently, for the *Westminster*, he writes on 'Authors and Managers', and for the *Edinburgh Review*, noteworthy beginning with the Blackwood publication his long connection, on 'Dramatic Reform.' In the 'Spanish Drama,' *Foreign Quarterly*, July, 1843, he praises Lope de Vega and Calderón, and insists that the Spanish drama should be studied not for comparison with Shakespeare, but for itself. This pronouncement he emphasized a year later, in his discussion of Alfieri. The following year, 1845, he declared that the drama has decayed, there is no drama, the theater offers only entertainment.

After the theater, he plunged into 'The Character and Works of Goethe,' pursuing the study with 'The Three Fausts,' 1844, both of which appeared in the *British and Foreign Review*. Here are the first fruits of his cultivation of the great German which was to produce a ripe harvest in his 'Life of Goethe.'

In addition to these two subjects he began to publish contributions to philosophical thought and expression. 'Modern Metaphysics and Moral Philosophy of France,' 1843, was the initial paper on the topic pursued to a climax in his biographical 'History of Philosophy,' 1845-1846. Early through the enthusiasm of John Stuart Mill who, it will be recalled, was editor-proprietor of the *Westminster Review* until 1840, Lewes studied Comte, and next to Alexander Bain was responsible for the spread of Comte in England. The 'Cours de Philosophie positive,' viewing the connection between philosophy and science, pleased him as Spinoza's ideas on the same relations had pleased, he thought it about the grandest work of the age. Again, his biographical 'History of Philosophy' was written to show that the scientific view of life, positivism, should be the object and aim of philosophy. This work is not profound, but it is original in plan, readable, and vital, quite logically, it ran into four editions in the author's lifetime, with two (1880, 1891) following his death. Frederic Harrison, greatest of Comtists in England, declared that it influenced the thought of the generation almost more than any single book except Mill's 'Logic.'

Theater, Goethe, philosophy. Then novel-writing. 'Ranthorpe,' written in 1842, was published not until 1847. Obviously autobiographical to a degree, the book recounts the experiences of Ranthorpe, a journalist, a literary lion, and a playwright—so reflecting Lewes's actual work and the substance of things for which he hoped. Despite revision after criticism from two of the author's friends, and reduction from three volumes to two, the novel could hardly have been worse in original form and length. Today the story sounds thin and the style antiquated, more particularly in the narrative parts, but passages

such as the following, in essay manner, are still worth reading. This passage is drawn from the chapter on the Aristocracy of Intellect, a phrase apparently originating with Lewes and popular long after, as was also his 'emergent evolution'

Whatever future changes may produce, there are at the present day two potent aristocracies, both swarming with presumptuous parvenus, despicable and despised, parvenus (let it never be forgotten) of intelligence as well as of station, men who aspire to qualities they have no claim to 'eunuchs of ambition'

Society is brimful of absurdities, which no ridicule will *rewither*, and of this kind is the absurdity of *one* aristocracy consenting to become parvenus in the *other* authors degrading themselves into parvenus of station, and lords descending into parvenus of intelligence—this indeed is a misconception sometimes fatal, always ludicrous. Lords, consent to be lords, and before attempting to be authors, rigidly scrutinize your claims and title deeds! You are proud of your own blazonry, and ridicule the pretensions of the parvenu, but you become equally ridiculous when aiming after the blazonry of mental aristocracy—the titles of books, unless, indeed, you have the gift of genius to secure your position

Authors, consent to be authors, and before attempting to 'move in the first circles,' unless your position call you there, rigidly scrutinise *what* it is you want—what is your aim, and whether this society and its demands be compatible with the mission of your lives. Do not degrade yourselves by abdication of a rightful throne for a baffled attempt at usurpation of a foreign one

Either there is dignity in intellectual rank, or there is not, if there is, no other rank is needed, if there is not, no other rank can give it, for dignity is not an accident, but a quality \*

With all its faults the book is, in the words of Espinasse, probably the first picture of modern literary life in London, and in portraying his own day Lewes adhered to a thesis to which he was committed, fiction should suggest the real, a thesis to which Marian Evans also was committed

'Rose, Blanche, and Violet,' published 1848, shows no gain in fictional power, though the three volumes might have had at

\* 'Ranthorpe,' pp 110-111

least the emphasis of weight. Reason for lack of force lies perhaps in the too rapid construction, which made for superficiality. Writing on themes suited to exposition, Lewes accepted the understructure provided by his material, ready to hand, he did not divine that he needed in fiction to erect more carefully than he did erect. The novels are 'jerry-built'. He could have constructed better. And, surely, if George Eliot had given him her criticism, as he gave to her his own and if he had persevered in fiction, he might have become a successful novelist. Yet not for one moment is to be considered the persistently floating rumor that he wrote her books for her. Sympathy, help, criticism—always, writing for her—never.

'The Apprenticeship of Life,' a fragment published in the *Leader*, owes its existence to Lewes's appreciation of 'Wilhelm Meister'. It was to consist of three parts, 'The Initiation of Faith' and 'The Initiation of Love' were completed. 'The Initiation of Work' was, presumably, never written. In this unfinished story, is broached a theory of wedlock the laxity of which, says Espinasse, 'perhaps indirectly elucidates the catastrophe in Lewes's domestic life not long after this fragment was published'. He refers, of course, to 'The Initiation of Love,' in which Hortense, believing that love is the only bond of marriage, surrenders to Armand, later giving him up when she no longer satisfies him to Adrienne, the younger woman. Armand is of the artistic temperament, and a strong moral code, nature and code come into conflict, he accepts Adrienne, while Hortense pretending to be dead becomes in fact a Sister of Charity. The fragment may 'elucidate,' but the elucidation is itself only an embodiment of the principles for which Lewes and his friends long had stood.

After writing, the lecturer seized his opportunity, not less eagerly than his successor grasps it today. On philosophy Lewes lectured, early in 1849, to enthusiastic audiences in Manchester, and while there he also played the part of Shylock in 'The Merchant of Venice'. He had acted, 1841, in Garrick's 'The



Guardian,' and as late as 1851 was still ambitious to be an actor. He was, however, too full of his own personality to sink it in that of another character longer than for moments, he was a capital mimic, but his person was inadequate—George Eliot often spoke of him as her Little Man—his voice, besides, lacked power and range. 'The Noble Heart,' his one outstanding venture in original drama, was acted, April 16, 1849, in Manchester, though written years back when he was under the sway of Lope de Vega and Calderón. The play did not last, the critics condemned justly the play in blank verse with Elizabethan touches.

In addition to all these instances of versatility, Lewes was literary editor of the *Leader* under the management of G. J. Holyoake, Thornton Hunt being chief editor. W. J. Linton, editor for foreign matters, gave up his post shortly, saying that Hunt's and Lewes's sympathies with the Republican party were not to be depended on. This critical weekly paper, whose need had been foreseen by the younger journalists, probably owed its inception to Lewes's lifelong friend, E. F. S. Pigott. Fearlessly standing for progress, it was a forerunner of the new quarterly *Westminster Review*, the Prospectus of which has been noticed above. Here again the paths of Marian and Lewes run parallel, he assuming his editorship in 1850 within two years of the time she would be assuming responsibility for the real work of the *Westminster*. This is not the place to discuss the organ which lived up to its principles, brilliantly but unsuccessfully, and became a medium of expression for advanced thought. Editors and others wrote on education, criticizing the public schools of England, on religion, attacking straitened conventions and recommending greater freedom, on philosophy, propagandizing for Comte. Lewes assaulted clairvoyance and mesmerism, spirit-rapping and similar fads, and rejected phrenology as a science. Charles Bray, champion of phrenology in England, replied sensibly to Lewes's strictures, and, January, 1854, Lewes replied to the reply. Before that date, however, he and Marian long had been friends.



GEORGE HENRY LEWES AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE

Drawing by Anne Gliddon Reproduced by special permission of the  
National Portrait Gallery



In March, 1851, the *Leader* listed as taxes on knowledge, the duty on foreign books, paper, advertisements, and the penny stamp on newspapers. This protest is emphasized by Lewes's presence at Chapman's house, May, 1851, where he doubtless took part in the discussion on trade restriction, freedom of the press, and international copyright. In criticizing foreign and English literature he is nearly always correct, condemning the false, praising the genuine.

Under the pseudonym 'Vivian,' Lewes conducted a *Leader* column, which treated lightly contemporary literature, music, acting, actors, and the drama. As 'Slingsby Lawrence,' he translated and adapted plays which, though unimportant, helped his pot to boil. His own criticism of these, in Vivian's column, was singularly unbiased. He had too much honesty and good sense to profit by the relationship between Vivian and Slingsby Lawrence.

One of the chief journalistic figures of the forties he was, said his friend Anthony Trollope, the acutest critic and the severest. He was nobody's mouthpiece, he was himself, developed by languages, literature, and philosophy. He had no use for ritualism, or for cant. He did not grow bitter over the deadness of formula, but he did find refuge in a spirit of levity which made him, for many people, flippant. Even Marian at first gave him a 'good deal of vituperation' before discovering him to have a heart and conscience, and Margaret Fuller disliked him extremely. 'Peggy couldn't abide me,' he referred facetiously to that dislike, in one of his Vivian notes.

And what was he like, this future companion of George Eliot? When a boy, Lewes was a slight, thin creature, his shaggy head of red hair waving, in the wind, over bright, sunken cheeks, sparkling eyes, and an ugly mouth. Many have said of him, as many have said of George Eliot, his smile glorified his countenance. When Marian Evans was introduced to him, September, 1851, in Jeff's bookshop—appropriate place for their meeting—she found him a sort of miniature Mirabeau. Usually, com-

parisons were less complimentary. He was declared to be uglier than Douglas Jerrold, from whom children ran away, and Jerrold once said the chimpanzee in the zoological gardens died from jealousy because there existed in George Henry Lewes a creature more hideous than itself. Though the Sage of Chelsea overcoming prejudice called him prince of journalists, irrepressible Jane continued to dub him the Ape. Anne Gliddon's pencil drawing of him in 1840, preserved in the National Portrait Gallery,\* probably flatters, as did the representation by Mr Bryan Oulton in Arthur Sanger's play, 'The Brontes,' London, 1933. He was a smoker of cigars as well as of the long pipe represented in Anne's drawing. As he grew older he grew, again like George Eliot, better-looking. Buchanan gives a portrait of him between the ages of forty and fifty: small, narrow-shouldered, of retreating chin above which protruding teeth were partly covered by a bristling mustache, but of magnificent forehead, dark brilliant eyes, an alert manner and intellectual grace. That is perhaps the best description of him in the years of George Eliot's rising and growing fame †

\* See p. 92

† See the portrait of 1867, facing p. 230

MARIAN EVANS AND  
GEORGE HENRY LEWES

SOMETIME after 1850, Lewes knew his wife had left him, finally, for Hunt. Of three sons, Charles Lee, Thornton Arnott, and Herbert Arthur, the first was rightly named Lewes. About the paternity of Thornton and Herbert, opinions differ, they were acknowledged and remembered as his own in Lewes's will, and there were two younger boys who were Thornton Hunt's. Lewes, with the help of George Eliot, supported, educated, and established in life the first three, their home was Thornton's home when he came back from Africa to die.

Now, in 1852, Lewes was drawn to Marian for comfort and companionship. Shortly after she returned from Broadstairs, where she had gone apparently to recover from the blow of losing Spencer and to consider her friendship for Lewes, she was taking up cudgels for the Comtist who had introduced psychology as a science. Her letters are filled with references to him. Mr. Lewes has told her that Owen believes the cerebellum to be the organ of the mind, in November, Mr. Lewes sits talking till the second bell rings, in January, 1853, she begs Sara not to lay the sins of the article on the atomic theory to poor Lewes's charge—it is remote from his style, both in thinking and in writing. Again, she has had a pleasant Wednesday evening, Lewes, as always, has been genial and amusing. By March, she writes the Brays, he has quite won her liking, in spite of herself.

Emilie and Georges Romieu, in their 'Life of George Eliot,' leave fact for fancy in their enlivening account of Marian's and Lewes's growing mutual love, she knew, of course, about his

household affairs, yet the French biographers would have it otherwise. Despite too great freedom of treatment, they reconstruct admirably the approach to an inevitable climax. In the beginning, they assert (through Brian W. Downs's translation) there was not the least question of love—'though there might be of friendship, sympathy, mutual affection. What was certain was that

Marian had never met a physiognomy so taking as that of this mercurial little man with the leonine head and the heart of a turtle-dove.' But after a time their pleasure in each other turned into 'an imperious need. At first they were two uneasy lonelinesses come together in the way that opposite poles are attracted. Then they became conscious of their mutual pleasure and analysed it.

Neither of them could any longer do without their intimate talks. Each meant a mutual enrichment and fecundating of the spirit.

Each meeting brought a higher appreciation: they admired one another and felt satisfaction in discovering one another's superiority. Love alone, that Godhead in the world of men, is wont to work such miracles.'

So it was. And even if Marian had not called upon Agnes Lewes, living with Hunt, to ask, 'Will you ever go back to Mr. Lewes?' even if she had feared the errant wife might wish one day to return to her husband, or if Agnes had replied, 'No telling—I may need him some day,' none the less Marian would have joined Lewes. Inevitable union, inevitable as the common channel of two streams rushing to meet each other down the mountain slope.

Lewes, clever in his love-making, set her to thinking, first, by remarks such as he made on Charlotte Brontë: 'A little, plain, provincial, sickly-looking old maid, yet what passion, what fire in her!' That parallelism would give Marian cause for thought. Next, he took her into his confidence and his life, chiefly the life of the theater, because therein they found amusement. April 16th, Marian writes Sara she is going to hear 'William Tell', and she has been going to the French opera. June 17th, she saw Rachel

and sat on the stage between the scenes, afterward visiting the greenroom. Who other than Lewes could have introduced her to the greenroom? Mr Lewes, she repeats, has been particularly kind and attentive. From St Leonard's she writes in August, she is full of a purely animal *bien-être*, of the blue Channel and the fair weather, despite one rainy day, life is glorious. Her tone is vastly different from that of the Broadstairs period the preceding year. She is happy. October 1, 1853, she is about to move to 21 Cambridge Street, Hyde Park Square—a significant removal, which in the minds of some contemporaries meant she then joined her fortunes to those of Lewes. Probably not, but the step was toward greater freedom. In November she records that she had vexed Harriet Martineau by introducing Mr Lewes as a desirable bit of peacemaking.

At this point a word must be said about her relations with the redoubtable Harriet. Back in 1848 Marian had praised 'The Crofton Boys' as an exquisite little thing. In January, 1852, she honors Miss Martineau for her powers and industry and would be glad to think highly of her. She doubtless knew by that time the older woman was on excellent terms with Chapman, and was not above a slight feeling of jealousy, though, so far as letters indicate, the Chapman-Martineau friendship was purely Platonic. From unpublished letters in my possession, Harriet was eager to know Miss Evans and, Marian's letters confirm, at length invited her to Ambleside. After staying with the George Combes, in Edinburgh, October, 1852, Marian got off to the Lake region, and spent three days with 'charming and handsome Miss Martineau' who kissed her in the prettiest way possible and was glad she had got Marian there. At this visit she told the younger woman in her silvery voice a number of the stories subsequently appearing in her autobiography, so Marian wrote, 1877. In 1853, Harriet turned face about and, so far as unearthed records show, gave Marian strict justice but no personal liking.

Now, Miss Martineau was a self-proclaimed free-thinker, an



avowed atheist, that a woman of her emancipation should have taken the conventional point of view over Marian's union with Lewes is untenable. Either Marian definitely, though unwittingly, antagonized her, or Miss Martineau's dislike for Lewes included his life partner. April, 1852, she mentioned to Chapman that Miss Evans's behavior had been 'most kind and courteous'. In 1853, while working on her translation and condensation of Comte's '*Philosophie positive*,' she learned that Lewes was writing a book that might interfere with hers. 'Whom can Lewes find to publish him?' she inquires. A trifle later, the same month, 'If it were possible for me to have a more disagreeable notion of him than I had before, it would be now. And I have recently heard facts of his dishonorable pilferings from his friends' minds, and plagiarisms from their doings that make me believe him utterly untrustworthy.' Lewes published through George Bell and Sons his '*Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences*,' wherein for adduced reasons he included Psychology as a science. The inclusion provoked her to unwonted expression and a sort of contemptuous jealousy. And, of course, by this time Marian was all ears and all resentment toward anybody who disliked Lewes. June, 1853, Chapman wrote Miss Martineau about Miss Evans and Herbert Spencer, she replies, June 22nd, 'Your account of Miss E— and Mr H S seems to me likely to be precisely true'. An interested reader of the reply must be incurious not to wonder what account Chapman wrote. 'About Mr Lewes,' Harriet goes on, 'I don't know. I never saw him, and the universality of disrespect with which he seems to be spoken of must be striking to a stranger—as you will agree'.

Miss Martineau's '*Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte*, freely translated and condensed,' came out almost simultaneously with the work of Lewes. As late as November she was still kind to Marian. In December, under the doubly underscored word '*Private*,' Marian writes Chapman \* from 21 Cambridge Street.

\* Letter in my possession, heretofore unpublished

December, 1853

Dear Friend

May I beg that you will not send Mr Huxley's MS to the printer until you have seen me again? I have found out that he is in the wrong in his remarks on the embryological doctrine at p 33 of Mr Lewes's book, and also that the evidence he throws on the remark about the *gallionella ferruginea* is not well-founded. At all events, I think you will wish for the sake of the Review as well as from your own sense of justice that such a purely contemptuous notice should not be admitted unless it be well-warranted. The case is the more delicate as the criticism of Mr Lewes comes after the unmitigated praise of Miss Martineau. I hope to see you tomorrow afternoon. How came you to mention to Miss Martineau that you saw the proof of Mr Lewes's book, "in Miss Evans's room"? I think you must admit that your mention of my name was quite gratuitous. So far you were naughty—but never mind.

Yours faithfully

MARIAN EVANS

A small tempest is revealed by these few lines. Huxley in reviewing Lewes's book has dismissed it unflatteringly. Marian, in arms for Lewes, tells him what Huxley has said. Lewes finds substantiation of his statement regarding the *gallionella ferruginea*, and Marian begs that the Huxley review be withheld from the printer. She is further annoyed that the adverse comment on Lewes's book comes after unmitigated praise of Miss Martineau. Tricks, tricks, then as now. Chapman had published the lady's work and he was editor of the Westminster, another imprimatur was on Lewes's work. And, again, Chapman and Miss Martineau had been gossiping, he had remarked, 'I saw the proof of Lewes's book in her room.' One would like to know just what Harriet said to Marian about that revelatory sign.

The alienation became complete. In October, 1859, when the authorship of 'Adam Bede' was, shamefully enough, in dispute, Harriet spoke in the interest of justice, not further. 'I do not

like the little I know of Miss Evans [passage obliterated by former owner of letter] But this makes me the more not the less anxious that she should not be wronged in the best department of her life and character' Lewes, meantime, praised Miss Martineau's

Your mention of my  
name was, quite  
gratuitous

So far you were  
naughty - but  
never unkind

Yours faithfully,  
Marion Evans

work on Comte as admirably done At this late date, to whom will sympathy more easily flow? And very different from Harriet's 'I do not like Miss Evans,' are Marian's words of February 25, 1856 'I feel for her terrible bodily suffering, and think of her with deep respect and admiration Whatever may have been her mistakes and weaknesses, the great and good things she has done far outweigh them'

While Marian helped Lewes with his proof-reading, bestowing upon him her sympathy, at length her love, she was grinding away at innumerable tasks imposed by the Westminster, and working on her translation of Feuerbach. On the day before her thirty-fourth birthday (1853) she told Chapman she wished to give up the assistant editorship. Probably knowing her state of mind and heart, he begged her to continue until April, 1854. She agreed to remain. Family troubles increased her worries. In December, Chrissey's husband, Edward Clarke, died, Marian went to Meriden, saw that financial help was needed, and thereafter gave it as generously as her small income allowed. 'A constant motive,' she wrote of this new drain, 'for work and economy.' To the end, she remembered the children of her sister, who turned away from her in her need, and made the first bequest in her will (1880) to Emily Clarke, five thousand pounds, free of legacy duty.

Walking, in May, with Bessie Parkes, in Park Lane, she confided to the younger woman her intention to go to Germany with Lewes. 'That conversation seems after a lapse of nearly forty years,' wrote Madame Belloc, 'to be printed on the very stones of Park Lane.' And she wrote also that George Eliot idealized and finally almost worshiped Lewes.

Lewes was openly about to prevail. On May 23rd, Marian told the Brays she was thinking of going to the Continent, on the 28th of June, she had been to see Slingsby Lawrence's (Lewes's) adaptation of Madame de Girardin's 'La joie fait peur,' produced under the title, 'Sunshine Through the Clouds.' In July, Feuerbach was published. On the 10th of July she packed a box to leave with Sara, she was preparing to go abroad. And on the 20th of July, 1854, the often-quoted letter to the Brays and Sara, who had gone on July 15th to live, again, with them. 'Dear Friends—all three—I have only time to say goodbye, and God bless you. *Poste restante*, Weimar, for the next six weeks, and afterwards Berlin. Ever your loving and grateful Marian.'

Brave and pathetic pair, the monkey and the Apocalyptic horse. The homeliest man in London, deserted by his wife, had joined hands with the homeliest woman in literary circles, a woman so far unsuccessful in love. His fortune was at low ebb—he earned in 1854 only £328—hers even lower. The most versatile man had engaged to have and to hold the most learned woman, he, who needed sympathy, was to have thereafter hers, with all her heart. The most brilliant of journalists had recognized, in the hard-worked quarterly editor, appreciation of languages, literature, and philosophy, all those things for which his mind most cared, and she had reciprocally recognized in him similar appreciation. ‘The secret of our emotions,’ she says in ‘Adam Bede,’ ‘never lives in the bare object, but in its subtle relations to our own past, no wonder the secret escapes the unsympathizing observer.’ Emotionally, they had much in kinship, emerging from a past in which, though apart and unknowing each other, they had in reality walked side by side.

At thirty-seven, Lewes had been betrayed by his wife and his best friend, at thirty-five, Marian had seen almost no fulfilment of those early ambitions that tormented her soul, she was tired, disappointed, and she—even more than most women want it—wanted love. But from no mean person. A man’s woman in her earliest days, when she adored father and brother, a man’s woman when she accepted Lewes, discerning in him the good too often undiscerned, a man’s woman when she committed her final days to her adorer, John W. Cross. Now, she was entering into what the Victorians called an unhallowed union, out of which would spring George Eliot, effacing the work and even the name of the journalist—then the better-known of the two—compelling respect for the woman who had been Marian Evans, the woman who, for a quarter-century, was to sign herself M. E. Lewes.

The reason for lack of formal ceremony is well-known. Not until they had lived together two or three years was it possible by English law, without much money and an Act of Parlia-

ment, to get a divorce. Then, the fact that Lewes, as well as the Rose herself, had been false to earlier marriage vows, would have prevented his being freed. By that time, moreover, divorce did not matter, formal ceremony did not matter. Whatever of suffering there was came before 1857. They had formed a union which, in a paraphrase of Lewes's own words on Goethe's half-marriage with Christiane, 'gave them both peace,' peace which hitherto they had sought in vain, peace on which they would build lasting monuments. The union was to give also intense happiness derived, Marian wrote Sara six years later, from the perfect freedom with which each of them followed and declared independence of thought.

Marian was serious, she wrote Cara, September, 1855, in her relation to Lewes. Cara had misunderstood her and, obviously, had not seen Marian since the flight to Germany, 1854. 'We cannot set each other quite right in this matter in letters, but one thing I can tell you in few words. Light and easily broken ties are what I neither desire theoretically nor could live for practically. Women who are satisfied with such ties do *not* act as I have done—they obtain what they desire and are still invited to dinner. That any unworldly, unsuperstitious person who is sufficiently acquainted with the realities of life can pronounce my relation to Mr. Lewes immoral, I can only understand by remembering how subtle and complex are the influences that mould opinion. But if we should never be very near each other again, dear Cara, do bear this faith in mind, that I was not insensible or ungrateful to all your goodness, and that I am one among the many for whom you have not lived in vain.'

## FLIGHT TO GERMANY

To the land of philosophy, the land of Goethe They sailed to Antwerp, July 20, 1854, meeting dawn as they passed up the Scheldt and greeting the sun on the shores of Belgium On to Cologne, where they met Dr Brabant, who was visiting Strauss and brought him to meet the translator of his 'Leben Jesu' To Coblenz, and to their first goal—Weimar In this town, rich in Goethe associations, they spent August, September, and October, happy in each other, enthusiastic over the scenery, which they reconstructed for Goethe's day, visiting castles, art galleries, Schiller's and Goethe's homes, and making expeditions to Ettersburg and Ilmenau Arthur Helps, who had just returned from Spain, accompanied them on their second trip to Ettersburg, and then may have recommended they call themselves husband and wife

At Ilmenau they visited the Kückelhahn, and the little wooden house occupied by Goethe Both were impressed by the lines he had written near the window frame

*Ueber allen Gipfeln  
Ist Ruh,  
In allen Wipfeln  
Spürest du  
Kaum einen Hauch,  
Die Vögelchen schweigen im Walde  
Warte nur, balde  
Ruhest du auch*

Marian reproduces these in her Journal, and closes with them her 'Three Months in Weimar'<sup>1</sup>—'perhaps,' she says, 'the finest ex-

pression yet given to the sense of resignation inspired by the sublime calm of nature' Lewes quotes 'the exquisite little poem' in his 'Life of Goethe' on two occasions, the second time when he refers to the aged poet's coming (1832) for the final visit to the wooden house, and reading it with tears. These lines a friend has translated for this volume

*Through the forest all is peace,  
In the branches whispers cease,  
Drowsy birds the silence keep,  
Only wait—soon,  
You, too, will sleep*

They met in Weimar German scholars, from whom Lewes got facts for his 'Goethe', met the French ambassador, and heard Liszt conduct 'Ernani'. Liszt called upon them several times, providing, unaware to all, the portrait of Klesmer, in 'Daniel Deronda,' written a double decade later. On visits to his home, they met the Princess Marie, the Prince Eugene, the poet Hoffmann—who read with spirit a bacchanalian poem—and heard Liszt play. That playing was what Marian had longed for most. Never until then, she wrote, had she beheld real inspiration, never heard the true tones of the piano until she heard them under Liszt's quiet and easy manipulation. She studied him, admired him, in all literature about the composer nothing better reveals his illustrious genius, his endearing personality, and his artistic theory than the portrait of him under the guise of Klesmer.

All in all, in their three months' stay, they made a pleasant group of friends—men and women of rank and power who recognized them as of the same intellectual order.

They lost no time, each must meet demands upon a sorely strained purse. Lewes, at intervals of work on 'Goethe,' contributed to the Leader, earning £40 in August and September. A day or so after their arrival, Marian began 'Woman in France Madame de Sablé,' a review of M. Cousin's book wherein she



adopts Macaulay's method, using Cousin as a springboard for her own plunge into criticism. Through her early love for Pascal, Marian was incited to read the seventeenth century *précieuse*, who stimulated writers, who 'seconded a man's wit with understanding,' who may have enriched the *Pensées*, who surely made possible Rochefoucauld's *Maxims*. Soul of a society interested in belles lettres, Madame de Sablé fascinated Marian, a woman whom men made friend and confidante, who retired to Port-Royal and between the ages of fifty and sixty had 'philosophers, wits, beauties, and saints clustering around her.' Prototype of the lady of the Priory who within the decade would preside at Sunday gatherings, over the best talent and genius in contemporary literature and philosophy. This essay has little significance except a predilection for scientific figures and for its thesis, stated at the beginning, emphasized at the close. In France alone woman has had a vital influence on the development of literature, and the reason is that she is admitted to a common fund of ideas, common objects of interest, with man.

In 'Three Months in Weimar,' Marian records pleasantly enough their arrival on a fine August morning, their search for lodgings, the chief attractions—Park, Schloss, Library—amusements, festivals, pleasures, indulging here and there in a phrase or sentence of conscious experimentation. In picturing the Ilm and its shores, for example, she says of a seat placed under the rock, there 'you may sit and chat away the sunny hours, or listen to those delicate sounds which one might fancy came from tiny bells worn on the garment of Silence to make us aware of her invisible presence.' For this figure she had evident affection, it recurs several times in her later works. In 'Weimar and Its Celebrities,' she considers Dr. Vehse's 'Court of Weimar'—from Duke William and the mad necromancer, John Frederic, to the Duchess Louise, Goethe, and Schiller. Fragmentary, lumpy, the article wisely was omitted from the volume of essays selected by her for republication.

Lewes, meantime, had exhausted Weimar as a source for

Goethe material Accordingly they moved along to Berlin, arriving early in November There, the first person they met was Varnhagen von Ense, escorting his niece in 'smiles and a pink bonnet'—Varnhagen, husband of Rachel, Varnhagen of whom Marian often had heard George speak He placed at their disposal his excellent library, and invited them to meet his friends, among whom was Professor Stahr, to whom Lewes was to become indebted for knowledge of Goethe, and whose 'Prussian Revolution' Marian reviewed for the Westminster under the general title 'Prussia and Prussian Policy' After Stahr's marriage to Fanny Lewald, they spent an evening at his home, meeting there Fraulein Solmar, celebrated for her open salons held six evenings in the week, herself a 'true type of the mistress of the salon—cheerful and intelligent' They went many times to her house, and many times to the dwelling of Professor Gruppe, 'up endless flights of stairs in the Leipziger Platz,' where they usually found him, cap on head, in a moth-eaten gray coat Marian never had seen a combination like that which formed his character, he had talent, fertility, and versatility—represented, for example, in his translation of the Homeric Aphrodite, his 'Cosmic System of the Greeks,' and his work on Reinhold Lenz (1861), which helped Lewes in later editions of 'Goethe' Not scintillant in manner, but particularly kind in lending books to the English visitors

They met others Waagen, intelligent and amusing, Edward Magnus, who called to show his portraits of which he gave them lithograph souvenirs, the brother of Edward, who invited them to a party where they were introduced to pretty, well-dressed women and a remarkable assemblage of celebrated men—including Johannes Muller, Du Bois-Reymond, Rose, Ehrenberg The most distinguished looking man they saw in Berlin, second only to Liszt in all Germany, was Rauch the sculptor, of beautiful person and benignant conversation Over seventy-six, stately, of harmonious features, he had a 'delicately fresh complexion, silky white hair and benevolent eyes' He talked of Goethe, as

everybody they met talked of Goethe, making more vital for Lewes the genius with whom he was preoccupied. They saw Eckermann, blind, surrounded by birds, and Dessoir, the actor, whose art was his religion, who had no god but Shakespeare. They heard Johanna Wagner in 'Orpheus,' Roger in the 'Erlking', and at that concert they saw the new princess, and in his 'toothlessness and blinkingness'—the king. All these facts, pictures, and impressions, Marian jotted down in her Journal or wrote to Sara. Sara Hennell, who had been big enough not to surrender her friendship, kept Marian informed of what was going on in their home circle and in London. Occasionally Marian heard from Bessie, Barbara, and Mrs. Peter Taylor, all of whom remained loyal.

In January when cold weather came on they went to dinner at the Hôtel de l'Europe, battling their way against snow and wind. In the delightful long evenings, they enjoyed that *tête-à-tête*, George Eliot's favorite expression for their companionship, they were to enjoy many years. They read aloud from Shakespeare, Macaulay, Goethe, Heine, Marian usually reading, in her low-toned, beautifully modulated voice. Tired or hungry, they refreshed themselves with German cakes, oppressed by the stove-heated room, they left it for a walk along the gas-lighted Linden, under the trees, as far as Fritz's monument.

One evening in discussing future essays in writing, Marian read to George that introductory chapter describing a village and the adjoining farmhouses. He thought, she records in her journal, she possibly might write a novel, though disbelieving in her possession of dramatic power. More than a year would pass before she found time to follow his advice, 'Try and write a story,' encouragement depending directly upon that fateful evening in Berlin. Out of the work, the happiness of these evenings, Lewes wrote<sup>2</sup> of Goethe's Frederika period. 'He knew little of the exquisite companionship of two souls striving in emulous spirit of loving rivalry, to become better, to become wiser, teaching each other to soar.'

All along, while Lewes was working on 'Goethe,' Marian was translating Spinoza's 'Ethics,' and interpreting 'Prussia and Prussian Policy' in a review of three books on the subject Stahr's 'Prussian Revolution,' von Unruh's 'Developments of Last Three Years,' and Foerster's 'Prussia's Place in War and Peace' If, as critics have said, the two Georges were not greatly concerned about states and governments and wars and rumors of war, here is one of many instances in which they were politically informed In the same volume of the *Westminster Review*<sup>3</sup> containing 'Prussia and Prussian Policy' is a review of Vehse's 'Court of Austria,' which Chapman made the leading article Vehse's ponderously scholarly work appeared in eleven volumes, all of which were loaned the reviewer there in Berlin by the author, Varnhagen serving as mediator in the loan Marian chose well from the author's illustrations of the life and personnel of the Austrian court during three centuries, beginning with the first Maximilian who was elected Emperor of Germany in 1493, on through the Charleses and Ferdinands and Josephs and Leopolds to Francis Joseph I, Emperor of Austria in 1848 A thorough and conscientious piece of work, in which as in the 'Prussian Policy' article she appears to have been interested, but knowing she contributed to the ephemeral, she was writing chiefly for bread and butter

March 11, 1855, they left Berlin, forgetting George's rug which would have kept his feet warm on the sleety journey, for Cologne where they spent the night and saw again the melancholy Cathedral By supper time they were in Brussels, where they sat at the same table with the composer Berlioz, and next morning from Calais they sailed across the Channel to Dover They had spent eight happy months in Germany, happy as any regularly married couple could have been, now they were about to become sensible of what Marian called the bigotry of exclusiveness

## LONDON AGAIN THE ESSAYIST

AT Dover, leaving the too expensive Lord Warden Hotel, they took lodgings where Marian wrote, read, and translated Spinoza while George went up to London to find living quarters. Glad as she had been to resign her assistant editorship on the Westminster, she had contributed to it eagerly and now recorded with satisfaction that Chapman asked her to undertake part of the section on contemporary literature. April 18th they moved to Bayswater, then after two weeks to East Sheen. Silent at first were the Brays, but Sara stood firm and Barbara Smith, a friend of the right sort, 'manifested her strong, noble nature'. Marian did not tell Isaac and Chrissey of her step until 1857,<sup>1</sup> but doubtless they got the news through the Brays. They were silent. Marian said she was calmly happy, and since she had no traffic with the useless vehicle of lying she was happy, but she felt not the less keenly relaxation of old ties.

Now established domestically and turned free lance, she focused all her power, skill, and energy on reviewing. Before the end of May she had delivered to the Westminster her belles lettres section, written several articles for the Leader, and on the 21st of June 'castigated' Brougham for his 'Lives of Men of Letters'. In the same month she criticized for Chapman his script of an article on 'The Position of Woman in Barbarism and Among the Ancients'. The following letters<sup>2</sup> recently brought to light and here first published not only reveal the immediate nature of her help but suggest strongly her past services to the Westminster. Chapman, who must have missed sorely her editorial

expertness, profited by these letters, his unsigned article in the Review for October, 1855, testifies

East Sheen, June 25, 1855

Dear Friend

I have just finished an attentive reading of your article, and I write down the remarks that occur to me while they are fresh in my mind. You seem to have a decided faculty for digesting facts as evidence. I was particularly struck with this in your account of the Martineau and Hodgson affair. In that part of your article which consists of digested narrative, your style is on the whole clear, easy, and forcible, but whenever you pass from narrative to dissertation, certain old faults reappear—inexactness of expression, triads and duads of verbs and adjectives, mixed metaphors and a sort of watery volume that requires to be reduced by evaporation. Passages with these characteristics chiefly occur in the manuscript sheets and I have marked most of them with a pencil line by the side, but by and by I wish to specify one or two.

I have a logical objection to the phrases “it would seem,” “it would appear,” “we would remark.” Would—under what condition? The real meaning is—it *does* seem, it *does* appear, we *do* remark. These phrases are rarely found in good writers, and ought never to be found.

“Suffice it to say” is the peculiar property of hack writers. Don’t infringe on their domain.

“On the one hand” and “on the other hand” are rather too frequent. They should never be used except when they are necessary for the sake of clearness, and this necessity is often produced purely by the awkward and heavy structure of the sentence.

*As* cannot properly correspond to *equally*.

Such sentences as, “Wishing to connect himself with, and consequently to secure the countenance of, some of the most influential,” &c are only admissible under inexorable necessity. They make a style seem operose and unwieldy. Ease is the grand desideratum, next to clearness.

You cannot properly say that a *law obtains*—but only that a custom or practice obtains. In general, “obtain” in this sense is not elegant.

So much for little points of style which I commend to your attention. (2nd page of MS.) “Progressive improvement” is a ques-

tionable phrase You mean *gradual* improvement To "emerge from a catalepsy" is also questionable The sentence on the same page which I have marked with a pencil line and star is bad Pray rewrite it "Stepping stones" cannot be "forged into fetters"

Your sentences would often be improved by being broken up That plan of linking propositions together into unvarying, long sentences gives your style a tough, gutta percha sort of consistence It should be more brittle—as most clear and bright things are The sentence on page g is an example of this The main proposition of this sentence is, that the practice of confining women prevailed in Greece, but by your mode of weaving the sentence you make this a subordinate proposition The principal statement in your sentence is, that the confinement of woman is a usual attendant on polygamy in an early stage of civilization, and your statements about Greece are dragged after this in clauses beginning with 'which,' 'while,' and 'so that'

The repetition of a phrase is frequently necessary in order to give force and clearness to a sentence You seem to shun this repetition as if it were a vice For example, on page h your sentence is limping and feeble for want of such repetition It would be greatly strengthened if you were to say 'how much the male population were wanting in,' &c—and *how much* the legislators were *wanting in* wisdom 'Affectionate enlightenment' is a questionable phrase

There seems to be a chronological confusion on the last page of your manuscript Feudalism did not rise, but began to decay, with the Revival of Learning Do you mean by this phrase what is generally meant by it—the revival of learning in the 15th century—or the grand culture of the Middle Ages which had its commencement with the Crusades? In either case, there remains a confusion

The account of Greece is, as you say, rather meagre I think it would be desirable to notice that in Greece, as in England, the position of woman was *practically* ameliorated and her power practically increased without any corresponding advance in legislation Under the Macedonian rule, wives were powerful enough to make their husbands groan out terrible complaints in their *épanchement* to confidential friends—as the fragments of comic writers show

The article is very interesting and able The manuscript portion, with the exception of what relates to Rome, seems to me very inferior to the slips, and I think it is quite worth your while to revise it thoroughly, with a view to force, point, and clearness

I have written as unceremoniously as I used to do in the old days, believing that you will like that best

Ever yours truly

MARIAN EVANS

John Chapman's reply can be inferred, partly, from Marian's letter

East Sheen

June 27, 1855

Dear Friend

Assuredly your article is worth publishing I think it very valuable and interesting, indeed I thought I had said so in my letter It is for that very reason that I dwelt on certain defects of style which you can remedy by giving a little more trouble The opening of the article would be really beautiful if the sentences were pruned a little

As to the matter the only parts that struck me as defective were the *conclusion* where, as I think I mentioned, there is some historical confusion, and the account of Greece which is certainly very ['defective' crossed out] inferior to the rest When I mentioned this to Mr Lewes, he suggested that perhaps it would be better for you to dismiss Greece in a sentence This suggestion is ['perhaps' crossed out] worth entertaining, since the points in which Greece is exceptional with regard to the treatment of women—though they are points of immense interest in themselves—are not immediately important to any argument you wish to enforce There was an expression about Sparta which I meant to commend to your reconsideration I think you say that in the laws of Lycurgus there was an attempt, as far as possible, to *eradicate modesty* Surely this is not a philosophical view of the laws, as to their *spirit*

There is no reason for you to be despondent about your writing You have made immense progress during the last few years, and you have so much force of mind and sincerity of purpose that you may work your way to a style which is free from vices, though you perhaps will never attain felicity—indeed, that is a free gift of nature rather than a reward of labour You have plenty of *thoughts*, and what you have to aim at is the simple, clear expression of those thoughts, dismissing from your mind all efforts after any other



qualities than precision and force—any other result than *complete presentation* of your idea. It would be the best possible symptom in you if your sentences became rather rugged. It would prove that you no longer introduced words for the sake of being *flowing*.

I am sure you will not attribute these observations to any concerted assumption on my part, but to their real motive—personal and intellectual sympathy.

If in writing hastily I have said anything at all impertinent, it is the vice of my expression and not of my feeling.

When you send again will you lend me De Motte's Commentary on the Old Testament? I want it for a reference apropos of Westminster work.

Ever yours truly

MARIAN E

These letters are the only ones I have seen in which, after the alliance with Lewes, she signs herself Marian Evans. They justify Combe's praise of the Review as the most important means of enlightenment under her management, if correct English and discerning, impartial criticism mean anything. All those numbers of the Westminster appearing before she resigned the assistant editorship owe to her most of their distinction. More than once she had torn her hair over editing contributions, raging over articles that gave her no end of trouble, and more than once she had felt she would like to stick red-hot skewers through a writer whose style was as sprawling as his handwriting.

Lewes, meanwhile, was tormented by toothache and faceache. On the 1st of August, he took the boys Charles Lee, Thornton, and Herbert, now aged thirteen, eleven, and nine, to Ramsgate for a week's holiday. He could afford the jaunt. He had just drawn from the Leader his July salary, and forty-four pounds for articles published elsewhere. Marian staid at home, wishing the four to have the pleasure of one another's society, her place with them wisely delayed. Alone, she worked more easily—the other scratching pen was not there to fray her nerves—and prepared two contributions to the Leader, her entrance into which came through Lewes and her own well-known service to the

Westminster More important, her 'Evangelical Teaching Dr Cumming,' written at this juncture and published in the October (1855) Westminster, shows the talons of her genius, as she herself wrote of Heine, thrusting out from her velvet, swift-footed leopard's paw She was free, able to say with her whole soul what she thought and believed, to damn if damnation was needed

In this article, published anonymously, to which could be attached the name of no woman—surely not the name of Marian Evans or Marian Lewes—lest its power for good be canceled, in this article, sharply clear as glass needles, she flays the popular evangelist The critic had finished reading carefully eight of his works, and she charges that he either uses language without the slightest appreciation of its real meaning or makes assertions on one page that are directly contradicted by the arguments he uses on another, adducing copious illustrations to substantiate her charge One instant she impales the doctor on the sharp horns of dilemma, the next she cuts away his standing ground, again stabs him mercilessly, though prefacing her punishment with the safeguarding statement that he may be out of the pulpit a model of justice, truthfulness, and love, in short, she makes mincemeat of his numerous publications, from 'The Church Before the Flood' to 'Prophetic Studies,' and does so because criticism of such clerical teaching, so rarely assailed, is desirable for the public good He is driveling, has perverted moral judgment, his doctrine is noxious, and he is moved not by love in stigmatizing Roman Catholics, Puseyites, and infidels, but by hatred

These condemnations substantiated from the doctor's works, she concludes triumphantly by contrasting human action for 'love of God' with human action moved by benevolence, sympathy, pity—God-given attributes of man 'The idea of God is really moral in its influence only when God is contemplated as sympathizing with the pure elements of human feeling, as possessing infinitely all those attributes which we recognize to be moral in humanity' Here speaks the Comtist

The article convinced Lewes of her genius, so far he had been sure only of her talent. It made a strong impression on the public, and one enthusiastic reader requested a separate reprint for the general good of mankind. This is one of the seven essays published prior to 1857 which, sometime before her death, George Eliot revised and sanctioned for republication.

On the 19th of September, they went to Worthing, to profit from the sea air, then moved, October 3, 1855, to Park Shot, Richmond\*. Here the two, removed from busy London, refreshed by breezes from the Thames blowing over Richmond Park, supported themselves and the boys, helped Chrissey's family, and helped Agnes. Thornton Hunt had been unable to meet obligations for his several dependents, Marian and Lewes had no intention of letting Agnes suffer, spendthrift though she was. And here at 8 Park Shot they began to prosper. In October, Lewes received £250 for the first thousand copies of his 'Life and Works of Goethe,' published the first day of November, 'the best product of a mind,' wrote his companion, 'which I have every day more reason to admire and love.' The book, dedicated to Carlyle, 'who first taught England to appreciate Goethe,' remains the foremost English Life, has been translated into many other tongues, and from time to time is yet reprinted. A stream in full spate, its interest and vitality sweep past and through the reader entertainingly, leaving a rich alluvium of information. Representing years of study, research, and gathering of facts at first hand, inspired by one of the great objects of the author's life, written largely under the spell of his love for Marian and his gratitude to her, the work could have been scarcely other than successful.

For preparation of the belles lettres section of the Westminster,

\* The site of the house they occupied is now covered by the Public Health Department Buildings. On the door of the guardian's office is a tablet inscribed 'On the site on which these offices are erected formerly stood No. 8 Park Shot where GEORGE ELIOT lived from 3rd October, 1855, to 5th February, 1859, and where she created and largely wrote "SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE" and "ADAM BEDE"'. For a drawing of the house as it was when occupied by the Leweses, see illustration opposite.



No. 8, Parkshot,  
Richmond, Surrey



Marian was reading voluminously. In the issue for January (1856) she comments on twenty-seven books: books in English, French, German, books new, books reprinted, books of fiction, books of poetry, books translated from Latin and Greek. Today a dozen reviewers might be requisitioned to do for one number the work she accomplished. Capably she dealt with Blew's translation of the 'Agamemnon,' Ruffini's tale of 'Doctor Antonio,' Longfellow's 'Hiawatha,' Thoreau's 'Walden,' Charlotte Brontë's 'Villette,' with 'The Poetical Works of Augustine Duganne,' Rio's 'Léonard de Vinci,' König's 'Aus der Gegenwart,' and all the others. She was masterful in her review of 'Men and Women,' and Browning's friendship probably dates from his reading of that article which begins with the suggestion that his works are characterized by a majestic obscurity repelling the ignorant.

In the same number of the Westminster appears 'German Wit: Heinrich Heine,' finished November, 1855. Probably no brief treatise has differentiated wit and humor better than her introduction: wit is reasoning to a high power, whereas humor in its higher forms, and in proportion as it associates itself with the sympathetic emotions, usually passes into poetry. She pronounces Heine one of the most remarkable men of his age: genuine, a lyric poet, a humorist, 'who touches leaden folly with the magic wand of his fancy, and transmutes it into the fine gold of art—a wit, who holds in his mighty hand the most scorching lightnings of satire,' an artist in prose literature, and a lover of freedom.

About the time she was composing this article, Marian wrote Sara: their lives had no incidents except such as took place in their own brains and the occasional arrival of a letter longer than usual. They were busy and the days were all too short. For the Christmas holidays, Lewes went to Helps's home, Vernon Hill, Hampshire, throughout his life a retreat for rest and companionship. Marian went to Chrissey, who had recognized somewhat tardily that she must become more charitably inclined toward a

sister from whom she accepted financial aid, and remained until the last two days of 1855. She returned to London in time to read and review before the New Year a book called 'The Shaving of Shagpat,' over which she was enthusiastic. It was by a young author named George Meredith.

## THE ESSAYIST CONTINUES

IN the early months of 1856, Marian worked up her belles lettres material for the April Westminster, reading on the first day of the year von Bohlen's 'Genesis' and Kingsley's 'Heroes' and, a trifle later, Griswold's 'American Poets' Besides continuing to translate Spinoza, she wrote two articles for the Leader and two for the Saturday Review As early as September, 1853, Harriet Martineau wrote Chapman, 'I shall see the Leader no more

I can't keep such a thing in the house They must be mad to admit that diseased and offensive stuff' Since Harriet did not like Lewes and thought he made a poor showing because he sneered at séances and table tipping, her view might be discounted if the Leader obviously had not been falling off The first of the year 1856 found all the talents, as Marian put it, engaged on the new Saturday Review, which after a time displaced the earlier publication Lewes continued mildly his services to the Leader, receiving his last check in March, 1857 Here were two sources of income, meanwhile, which he and Marian used as far as possible She was now also entering with him into his study of science, and but for her mind being essentially the greater, she might have become assistant to him, who was ineluctably to help her

Early in the year came a letter from Barbara Smith with a petition to Parliament that women have a right to their earnings Sheets for affixing names Marian forwarded to Sara, who had taken up the cause of women's advancement, herself, though believing it to be 'one round of a long ladder stretching far beyond our lives,' did not join actively then or ever She was too



busy earning her bread and proving by her work that women should be advanced, and in her most pessimistic moments she felt that women got from men about all they deserved

Just now she was more concerned over the education and advancement of Lewes's children. In looking for a tutor, she recalled her old friend John Sibree, but he was otherwise engaged. Sara Hennell, who had heard of a highly recommended *pensionnat* at Hofwyl, Switzerland, got pamphlets and catalogues, which she sent along to the Leweses. The school was expensive and, Marian reflected rather bitterly, since they were neither philanthropists nor swindlers, they could afford it doubtfully, but believing it the right school they nerved themselves to meet obligations, and ultimately sent there all three boys. Marian assumed equal responsibility for their education, she kept the family purse from which, she declared, she doled out sovereigns with the pangs of a miser. In a spirit of her old playfulness with Bray, she wrote him he would probably find her bump of acquisitiveness in a state of inflammation.

In April, Herbert Spencer turned up, came to visit them, and on the 18th, bore them off to Sydenham. On returning to Park Shot, Marian began her article on 'Worldliness and Other Worldliness the Poet Young,' finished at Ilfracombe where they went, in May, for three months. This leading article for the Westminster, January, 1857, reveals George Eliot emergent. If the paper on Cumming indicated to Lewes that she was teeming with fiction, this work should have demonstrated to the world of critics that she was pretty far advanced toward delivery. Like the article on Cumming in its whip-lashing, it embodies ideas on art consistent with the author's immediate practice. One of the soundest theorists, George Eliot, strengthened and applauded by a mind whose views were not less admirable than her own, seized every opportunity to state explicitly canons soon to be illustrated in her novels.

Young, then, who took orders 'with the prospect of a good living and an advantageous matrimonial connection,' whose clay

was compounded of worldling and rhetorician, in which there is a spark of Promethean fire, whose verse is feeble and tasteless, despite an occasional flash of genius or touch of simple grandeur—Young she damns because he is deficient in human sympathy, his religion is egoism turned heavenward, his God is Young himself writ large. She instances vulgar pomp, crawling adulation, and hard selfishness in his poetry as of the man himself, the man who truckled to George I and through his lunatic flattery got a pension, and who in his furious bombast found in George II the same transcendent merits as in the first George. A considerable ingredient in Young's gratitude 'was a lively sense of anticipated favours'. His muse never stood face to face with a genuine, living human being, and this statement affirms the alpha of her artistic theory—real life is the source of material for fiction, real life is the material. Art that conceals art is an absolute requisite, the reader should not discern the process but should be pleased with the result. 'The individual and particular in art may become universal and immortal. Humour should own loving fellowship with the poor human nature it laughs at. When the poet ceases to sing and begins to insist on opinion, we become cool and critical.'

Radical insincerity, of which she accuses Young, serves as a cause for her distinguishing between grandiloquence and imaginativeness. The poet (artist, she might have said) must be true to his inward vision, his criterion is the truth of his own mental state. Place Young in a breezy common, she suggests, 'where the furze is in its golden bloom, where children are playing, and horses are standing in the sunshine with fondling necks, and he would have nothing to say'. His adherence to abstractions is closely allied in Young to the want of genuine emotion, by implication, she is saying, art must touch the emotions. 'We never find him dwelling on virtue or religion as it really exists in the emotions of a man dressed in an ordinary coat, and seated by his fireside of an evening, with his hand resting on the head of his little daughter. The products of poetic art are great in

proportion as they result from the immediate prompting of innate power, and not from laboured obedience to a theory or rule' The essayist is even further advanced in Comtism, she has proved an eager learner under Lewes's tuition, two pages of what the man who denies his soul is immortal might reply to Young sum up the beliefs and ideals of the new French philosophy

For the same number of the *Westminster*, January, 1857, she wrote, in her *belles lettres* section, admiringly of Mrs Browning's 'Aurora Leigh,' 'which exhibits all the peculiar powers without the negations of her sex, which superadds to masculine vigour, breadth, and culture, feminine subtlety of perception, feminine quickness of sensibility, and feminine tenderness' No partisan of George Eliot can but regard less highly the conventionally united woman who wrote, if only in private letters, somewhat lightly and top-loftily of the two 'affinities' A little active kindness from her possibly would have meant more to Marian than the lifelong friendship of Robert Browning

For a readable account of work and play at Ilfracombe and Tenby, the student of George Eliot or of George Lewes is referred to his 'Seaside Studies,' which hints of both pleasurable study and recreation They found an 'elegant villa' having a large and airy drawing-room, where the scientist kept his specimens in bowls, pans, and jars, carefully inspected every morning while the urn hissed and the coffee percolated He and Marian shouted with laughter at a combat between two hermit crabs, they studied life under the microscope, Marian strolled out to view the landscape and seascape, calling to George that he must come to look at a vivid rainbow hanging over the Tors They walked to the Baths, watched the waves run up the faces of the cliffs, over which the gulls wheeled in flight—wheeled then as now they wheel—walked the lanes of Ilfracombe or to Giltar Point, they found a sleeping child and placed a penny in her hand, they made comments on a 'snooty' who reciprocated, they did not often take the Tor walk because they needed to save the few pence tax

Barbara Smith, looking older and sadder, joined them for a few days, making pictures—she was one of Corot's specially prized pupils—of the rocks they loved. She went home, Piggott, yachting with his brother, came. The three make expeditions for wooing the mermaids, they voyage to discover marine life in enchanted pools. One of the loveliest sea charmers is caught by Marian's quick fingers. They rest on the boulders, they gaze upon the grandeur and loveliness of the sea. Piggott leaves them, happy in and for each other, they feel all the more a quickening sense of the vastness and complexity of life, the sadness of life, its ineffectual transitoriness, the calm pitilessness of nature.

Though Lewes's investigations are outdated, they were then fresh and new, performed in the true scientific spirit years before every man, woman, and child of the 'simple life' era gone mad, had armed themselves with pans and buckets and nets and become mildly or wildly inoculated with the amusement to be found in pools. Those adventures at Ilfracombe and Tenby were transmuted into a popular education for Blackwood subscribers of 1856, later to the public that enjoyed the 'Studies' in book form, and they were acclaimed by foremost scientists of the age. Lewes himself had got a new grip on life, not by chance his extant diary begins with an entry for July 24, 1856.

Apart from a few trifles, Marian records in her Journal, she had done little visible work. The middle of June she got off to the Westminster her belles lettres section and her article on Riehl. More important, she remarks 'I never before longed so much to know the names of things. The desire is part of the tendency that is now constantly growing in me to escape from all vagueness and inaccuracy into the daylight of distinct vivid ideas. I am anxious to begin my fiction writing.' Work with Lewes had educated her further, turned her mind in a new direction. His bright eye alert for minute differentiations visioned for her the concrete and particular, opposed to the abstract and general. Essay writing and reviewing had strengthened her power

to analyze and generalize, novel writing would draw upon her storehouse of memory and her gift of imagination for structures lighted by universal truth

They went home on August 9th, with a status changed somewhat for the better. Herbert Spencer had been at Rosehill part of June and July where, it is pleasant to suspect, his influence may have brought Cara to more charitable views. In any event Marian was writing to the two Brays on the 6th of June about molluscs, zoophytes, and annelids, and two days later, she was replying graciously to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 'It is never too late to write generous words.' Friends had watched throughout the months and had discovered a few simple facts. Lewes and Marian were working hard, supporting members of three or four families, they were inoffensive, they did not flaunt their irregular relationship.

Marian's behavior, both in the cold-shoulder days and in these of happier glances, brings applause. She begged no love, no sympathy, when it was conferred, after two hard years, she did not need it, she was quick, even over-sensitive, in pointing out her status, but with a dignity as glacial as profound. She tells Mrs. Taylor, for example, that she has suffered much from misunderstanding created by letters and never writes on private personal matters unless from rigorous duty or necessity. 'Life is too precious to be spent in this weaving and unweaving of false impressions, and it is better to live quietly on under some degree of misrepresentation than to attempt to remove it by the uncertain process of letter-writing.' The furore gradually died, there were those who accepted the two, there were those who rejected them, and Marian continued to invite nobody to dinner who did not expressly ask to be invited.

Her article on 'The Natural History of German Life' (Riehl), which had appeared while they were on the coast, brought a kind letter from Bray. Marian's reply is characteristic of her self-depreciation up to the end. 'I never think what I write is good for anything until other people tell me so, and even then

it always seems to me as if I should never write anything *else* worth reading' On the 18th of August they walked in Kew Park, where for the first time Marian talked to George about her novel A week later he was off with the boys to Hofwyl, near Berne, and while he was away she prepared her belles lettres for October, including a review of Harriet Beecher Stowe's 'Dred,' a review that brought her into occasional correspondence with the American author the rest of her life "Dred" will be devoured by millions who carry no critical talisman against the enchantments of genius we confess ourselves to be among the millions' The Jewish struggle in 'Deronda' probably goes back to her enthusiasm over the race conflict in this book In the October number of the Westminster also appeared her 'Silly Novels by Lady Novelists'

In her damnation of the genus silly novels, in which the species is determined by the frothy, the prosy, the pious, or the pedantic, the review first sums up the plot of a representative specimen of the *mind-and-millinery* species Absurd in itself, the summary implies just what the reviewer would demand in a good plot, and so proclaims her own constructive ability Scoring lady novelists who rarely introduce us into other than lofty and fashionable society, she points out their improbable peers and peeresses, their impossible cottagers, and quotes, to hilarious effect, the long-winded, adult speech of a child under five years Lady novelists apparently think woman's mind should not only be at home in Greek and Hebrew but should air these languages in the drawing-room and at picnics, they know nothing of the adjective 'well-bred' She rails at their poverty of diction, the lover has a manly breast, minds are redolent of various things, hearts are hollow, events are utilized, while 'angry young gentlemen exclaim, "'Tis ever thus, methinks!'"

Most pitiable of silly novels are the *oracular* species, intended to expound religious or philosophical theories Men who are inclined to see their daughters educated are likely to say after a few hours' reading of the oracular books, 'No—the average

nature of woman is too shallow and feeble a soil to bear much tillage, it is only fit for the very lightest crops' A more numerous class of silly novels is the *white neckcloth* species, portraying thought and feeling in the Evangelical party, a genteel tract, a sort of medicinal sweetmeat for Low Church young ladies, whose Orlando is the young curate But the least readable of these silly novels are the *modern-antique* species After tearing to pieces 'Laura Gay,' 'Rank and Beauty,' 'Compensation,' 'The Enigma,' 'The Old Gray Church,' and 'Adonijah, a Tale of the Jewish Dispersion,' she strikes other reviewers for saying of authors of such books, in 'the choicest phraseology of puffery, that their pictures of life are brilliant, their characters well-drawn, and their sentiments lofty' She strikes them, too, for not giving the same praise to writers whose works are on the way to becoming classics—such as those of Harriet Martineau, Currer Bell, and Mrs Gaskell, who are treated as cavalierly as if they were men Prophetic of her own fiction, she asks why we cannot have pictures of religious life among the industrial classes in England as interesting as Mrs Stowe's pictures of religious life among the negroes

The greatest deficiencies of feminine literature, she affirms, are due 'hardly more to the want of intellectual power than to the want of those moral qualities that contribute to literary excellence—patient diligence, a sense of the responsibility involved in publication, and an appreciation of the sacredness of the writer's art In the majority of women's books you see that kind of facility which springs from the absence of any high standard, that fertility in imbecile combination of feeble imitation which a little self-criticism would check and reduce to barrenness' But it is woman's fault if she does not write good novels 'No educational restrictions can shut women out from the materials of fiction, and there is no species of art which is so free from rigid requirements Like crystalline masses, it may take any form, and yet be beautiful, we have only to pour in the right elements—genuine observation, humour, and passion' On

this tripod basis, Marian would rest her own fiction. Marian Evans, Marian Lewes, essayist, was about to die in the pangs that brought forth George Eliot, novelist.

These reviews, noticed somewhat fully above, too frequently are dismissed as unimportant, and unimportant they are in that their subjects were of the contemporary ephemeral, but important in revealing the author's growth. Her mind, which made a tremendous bound in the Cumming article, was about to leave off exploring the tracts of others, to set out with a sympathetic partner on discoveries in its own domain.



THE FICTION WRITER  
'SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE'

AFTER the articles on Cumming and Heine and Young had surpassed his expectation, Lewes said, 'You must write a story' While they were at Tenby, he said, 'You must begin that story' His encouragement set Marian to work There, she says in her Journal, her thoughts one morning merged themselves into a dreamy doze, and she imagined herself—these two words say much—writing 'The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton' Lewes's approval of the title determined for her that it should be the first of a series drawn from her observation of the clergy She began 'Amos' September 22nd, at Park Shot, and read the first part, including the scene at Mrs Patten's fireside, to Lewes, who by the conversation of Hackit, Mrs Hackit, Pilgrim, and their friends was convinced she could write dialogue Had she pathos? That question was answered in the scene of Milly Barton's death, over which they both cried Then George kissed her, saying her pathos was better than her fun

Lewes at once became Marian's agent Long a contributor to Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, familiarly known as *Maga*, which had just published the first of his 'Seaside Studies' in the September (1856) issue, he now wrote enthusiastically about a manuscript he was enclosing for editorial consideration He intimated that the author was a man—he and Marian had agreed that anonymity was the most advantageous way for her to appear as a writer of fiction—who proposed a series illustrative of country clergy a quarter-century ago, the life of the clergy in *human*, not *theological* aspects, and who would do what had never been done

in English literature, though suggesting kinship with 'The Vicar of Wakefield' and Miss Austen's works John Blackwood found 'Amos' pleasant reading, and it is still pleasant reading, particularly true and universally true In less than 30,000 words the author relates how the Reverend Amos, whose pretty wife Milly schemed and slaved to make his eighty-pound 'living' clothe and feed the family of six children, 'and another coming,' was adroitly flattered by the Countess Czerlaski (who 'loved herself too well to think of entangling herself in an unprofitable vice') who, driven by indignation at her half-brother Bridmain's marriage to the servant-girl, had selfishly insinuated herself into the vicarage, a sort of parlor-boarder who did not pay for the privilege, and cost Milly more work The simple folk of the neighborhood and the members of the Clerical Meeting were at one in condemnation of Amos, suspected of carrying on an intrigue with the Countess, when Milly's death, preceded by the Countess's exit, ended their criticism and restored to all that human sympathy they had forgotten Amos, relieved of his 'living,' was transferred to a scene better suited to his lack of ability

In essence, the tale was drawn from life, one with which residents of Nuneaton were familiar twenty-five years earlier Shepperton Church is Chilvers Coton Church, the Oldinports are the Newdigates, Knebley Church is Astley Church—a kind of family temple to the Newdigates, Milby is Nuneaton, the 'College' or workhouse is that which Marian saw in childhood days from the windows of Griff, and so on The prototype of Barton was that Rev Mr Gwyther mentioned in Robert Evans's diaries, whose wife Emma becomes in the story the lovely Milly Unforgettable is the portrait of Amos, 'quintessential extract of mediocrity,' who had gone through the mysteries of a university education, yet said 'going for to do,' and wrote 'Dear Mads' for 'Dear Madams,' 'preambulate,' and 'happily' instead of 'haply' His maize-colored dressing gown showed the 'same knack of hitting on the wrong thing in garb as well as in gram-

mar', but he was 'more apt to fall into blunder than into sin' he was 'a tallow-dip stuck into the silver candlestick of the drawing-room' Sincere of purpose, feeble of achievement, one whom only the largest souls, his creator wrote, would appreciate and pity His selfishness and vanity were but the usual masculine qualities which draw women and which drew from Milly her final gasp, 'You—have—made—me—very—happy!' Her death brought him to see what his conceited stupidity had eclipsed for him, 'I didn't love thee enough' In our deeds lie our rewards and punishments this philosophy emerges in her first story, it was to emerge in all that followed

In universality of theme and appeal, in snap-shot pictures of the workhouse folk and the dialogues of Mrs Hackit and her friends, in simplicity, pathos, humor, and sense of contrast—Barton and Milly and their children set against the Countess and Bridman, for example, in all that said 'Here is something good,' the tale could not but have impressed editors who took daily doses of nauseating stuff, the twaddle Marian had just condemned in her 'Silly Novels' Here was an author who wished to stir her reader's sympathy with commonplace troubles, to win his heart for real sorrow Sincerity of intention, pathos, and passion had been adequate She was right, throughout, even to naming every one of the Barton children, though John Blackwood at first disagreed with her He was enthusiastic over the announcement of this new advocate of democracy in fiction 'These commonplace people—many of them—bear a conscience, and have felt the sublime prompting to do the painful right, they have their unspoken sorrows and their sacred joys, their hearts have perhaps gone out to their first-born, and they have mourned over the irreclaimable dead Nay, is there not a pathos in their very insignificance—in our comparison of their dim and narrow existence with the glorious possibilities of that human nature which they share?'

Blackwood said the story would do, the new writer was worthy of print and pay, but he would like to see more of the stories be-

fore committing himself to begin a series that might prove disappointing. He decided, after further correspondence with Lewes, to accept 'Amos,' and to use it in his January and February numbers of 1857. On the 29th of December (1856) he wrote in Lewes's care to the author of 'Amos Barton,' sending a copy of the January magazine, proofs for the conclusion of the story, and a check for fifty guineas. On Christmas Day, Marian had already begun the second of the series, 'Mr Gilfil's Love-Story,' while Lewes at Vernon Hill was reading 'Amos' delightedly to Helps and other friends, who confidently pronounced the author to be a clergyman and a Cambridge man. Lewes hugged to himself his secret and returned home joyously, to cheer Marian.

From the appearance of that January, 1857, Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, no doubt existed among the discerning that a new star had cleared the horizon. 'The death of that sweet Milly Barton' made Albert Smith of the Garrick Club 'blubber like a boy.' 'Thack's eyes sparkled,' Smith added, 'as he spoke of it yesterday.' Charles Dickens commended Blackwood's good sense in appreciating immediately the admirable and charming writer who, Dickens was sure, was a woman.

One reader said shortly after the appearance of the second part that the scientific illustrations were disagreeable. Marian declared her knowledge of science to be superficial, as if that answered the objection—which need have been no objection—but her denial does not deny that she drew largely upon science for enriching her narrative, as she was to draw throughout her career. She gladly accepted the adverse editorial comment that a sprinkling of French phrases was out of harmony with the material and deleted them, but, she wrote of 'Mr Gilfil,' she would not change anything in delineation or development of character, based on her psychological concept of character.

In submitting 'Mr Gilfil's Love Story,' she refused to give her real name, offering 'George Eliot' as 'a tub to throw to the whale in case of serious inquiries.' 'George' she borrowed from Lewes.

'To L— I owe it' gave her 'Eliot,' which, however, was explained simply as 'a good mouth filling word'

This successful venture into fiction came when money was needed and to be needed increasingly. The boys, at Hofwyl, required some £200 a year. Then, early in December (1856), Lewes was agitated and distressed to find Agnes £150 in debt, and Thornton Hunt behind in contributions to her and the household. Angry correspondence followed between Lewes and his old friend, in which Lewes used an 'offensive expression,' as a result of which Hunt promptly challenged him to a duel. Lewes declined to name a second, but offered instead some gentlemen to act as Court of Honour, who would hear charge and explanation. Hunt declined, but suggested that Piggott see Redford on his behalf. Piggott, Redford, and Lewes met, had a 'grand' conversation, and agreed that Lewes could not withdraw the expression. Redford declined to go on, and Hunt dropped the challenge.

Lewes records in his diary at the end of the year that he has opened his first Bank Account. Heretofore, according to his book of Literary Receipts, he had invested whatever extra money he had occasionally on hand. Shortly after the beginning of 1857 Marian, doubtless urged on by him, gave thought to the financial side of her work in fiction. Not the least remarkable combination in her manifold personality was that of the artist and the woman of affairs. Lewes helped to develop both the artist and the business woman. Evidently she wrote to Chapman asking an increase for further contributions to the Westminster, in an unpublished letter of January 15, 1857, Chapman states that although he could not adopt a scale of remuneration by which he would reward his authors according to their merit, still he could break his rules of payment for exceptional cases. He therefore advanced her twelve guineas per sheet, and sent her an extra check on a preceding article, with the hope that she would let the Westminster be the medium of publication for whatever reviews she might be able to offer. She had, of course, intimated

that she was doing other writing, but she and her partner were far too cautious to drop a certainty for an uncertainty

Only a little longer was Lewes the chief contributor to their income. After his death in 1878, George Eliot made memoranda<sup>1</sup> 'to show that the property extant is far below the results of my work, and is therefore justly to be pronounced as placed out in trust for me.' She writes this note in connection with the probation of Lewes's will. Neatly drawn up in her script is a record of his annual income for twenty-three years they were together, 1855 to 1877, inclusive. He paid annually in those twenty-three years a minimum of £250 to others, leaving £140 or so for his own average annual maintenance. 'I put down £250 as the minimum,' explains George Eliot, 'but I find him writing that the boys alone (during education) cost £200. Besides this were the sums sent to South Africa, and the payments of relatives' debts. In his letter to Agnes he declares that the boys cost £200, herself (apart from her debts) £100, and nurses £50. Afterwards came Susanna and her debts and Vivian's education. According to this his whole earnings were absorbed in his expenses for his family.'

'Already,' she continues, 'by the end of 1863 the interest on money invested from my earnings was £700 a year. By the beginning of 1867 it had become at least £1000 or £1100, and by the beginning of 1875, £1500.'

The inference is plain. Either George Eliot helped to support the Lewes relations, or if Lewes spent all his money on them, she was supporting him. No matter. They did not worry over mine and thine, and he was helping her wisely to invest as well as advising her on her novels. At the end, most of her fortune went—since John W. Cross was amply independent—to the descendants of Lewes. She did not, however, forget members of her own family who needed money. Mention has been made of her legacy to Emily Clarke, and only a few years ago through provisions regarding reversals, Isaac's descendants shared in the ultimate distribution of her not inconsiderable fortune. Now,

here in April after receiving her first substantial check, fifty guineas, for 'Amos,' she writes Isaac that she wishes £15 of her half-year's income, due at the beginning of June, to be sent to Chrissey, 'to spend in taking a change of air'

In March, 1857, Lewes received £150 for the Library Edition of his biographical 'History of Philosophy' and, like a lion that has eaten a man, felt the scent of blood thrill along his fiber—the urge to visit the wealthy shores of some secluded spot and while enjoying the iodine of sea-breezes to capture more specimens, he had grown tired of London, where men appeared like molluscs. On the 15th they set out, undaunted by snow and hail freely falling, to Penzance, bound for the Scilly Islands, country so untraveled that when after arrival he went into a shop the keeper asked whether he had been driven by contrary winds to those shores. From Penzance they were on the ocean, seasick for hours—no tea, no coffee, only a dry biscuit to munch in resignation. Rain drove them to their berths, and there they suffered, finally coming up with green countenance and glazed eye to look upon golden furze and to feel the enthusiasm of Linnaeus who, on seeing England, dropped to his knees and thanked God for having made anything so beautiful.

They suffered pangs of hunger, there in the Scillies, where meat was to be had for neither love nor money, and Lewes facetiously thought of cooking his Actiniae, a sort of mild cannibalism had he indulged his ferocious desire. At length, he prevailed upon his landlady to lend him a chop or steak, from a piece of beef killed eight days back. Rambling by day, collecting, the two spent happy hours, the labors of the day over, the 'microscope is put up, the work-table is quitted, and the delicious calm of candlelight invites us to quiet intercourse with one of the great spirits of the past'

After seven weeks they felt even the rocks had seen enough of them. 'The Granite Beauties turned a cold boulder on me,' puns Lewes, 'and I resolved to worry them no longer.' To Jersey they went, drawn by Lewes's desire to revisit St. Heliers, where he had

been at school when a boy of ten or twelve. At one corner he remembered there they had tossed for epicurean slices of pudding, at another, there the boys had upset a fat comrade into an old woman's egg-basket. And memory of that boy, covered in squashed yolks, made him roar and Polly smile, as memory of criminals whipped through the public streets made them thank God those brutalities were of the past. They settled themselves at Gorey, where among their captured specimens they were soon deep in gemmation, generation, and nerve study, trying to trace the revelation of the Divine in Nature.

Though George Eliot, as she was about to be known, entered fully into Lewes's enthusiasm over his seaside studies, she was getting on with her fiction. The Epilogue to 'Mr Gilfil's Love-Story,' finished on Fortification Hill, Scilly Isles, May, 1857, was sent to Blackwood with the preceding parts, from Jersey. There she had a letter from Blackwood, written May 2nd, approving the close of the story, which he had just read.

This second of the series, approaching in its 45,000 words to novel length, antedates 'Amos,' as a chronicle, Mr Gilfil had preached at Shepperton and Knebley ten or fifteen years earlier than Mr Barton. The setting is chiefly Cheverel Manor of the late eighteenth century, when Sir Christopher Cheverel was completing its transformation into a Gothic structure, in common with many other followers of Strawberry Hill precedent. His nephew and heir, Captain Anthony Wybrow, his ward, Maynard Gilfil, and Caterina Sarti, under the protection of Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel, are the chief characters, with Beatrice Assher as Captain Wybrow's fiancée, and her tiresome Dame Quickly mother in subsidiary rôles. The Hackits appear again, and others of their class for the first time, Dorcas and William Knott, Mr Bates, and Miss Sharp.

Caterina, committed by her dying Milanese father, at two or three years of age to Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel, is in 1788 a dark-eyed, passionate girl of seventeen or eighteen, possessed of one great charm—a beautiful singing voice. The



Reverend Maynard, a big-souled, sturdy Englishman, is in love with her, but she is infatuated with Anthony, a languishing young man who suffers from a weak heart and who, too selfish to care much about any woman, has acquiesced in his uncle's desire that he marry Beatrice. Caterina suffers from the knowledge that she must lose him. No better evidence exists as proof of George Eliot's passionate nature, her capacity for spiritual agony than in the many changes she rings upon the pain endured by Caterina. The Asshershams come for a preliminary visit. Caterina's suffering and jealousy, egged on by the behavior of Anthony and Beatrice, reach a climax in her decision to kill him. She goes, with a dagger, for a final rendezvous he has requested in the Rookery, and finds his dead body. The shock unbalances her mind, and while the household is grieving over Anthony's death, she steals away to the home of her old friend, Dorcas. There Mr. Gilfil finds her and slowly succeeds in restoring her to health. She gives him her love but lives only a short time after their marriage. 'The delicate plant had been too deeply bruised, and in the struggle to put forth a blossom it died. Tina died, and Maynard Gilfil's love went with her into deep silence for evermore.'

The Epilogue sharpens the point of Mr. Gilfil's story: 'it is with men as with trees: if you lop off their finest branches the wounds will be healed over with some rough boss, some odd excrescence, and what might have been a grand tree expanding into liberal shade is but a whimsical misshapen trunk.' Without love, the grain may still be fine, but the tree is not what it should have been.

The characters are all recognizable, the Cheverels are that Sir Roger Newdigate who established the Newdigate Prize at Oxford, and his second wife, about whom Marian had learned through the housekeeper at Arbury Hall long ago, visited with her father, or, Lady Newdigate-Newdegate supposes, through her father's first wife, Harriet Poynton, friend and servant of the family of Arbury who probably might have handed down the story to the Evans family. Caterina was in real life Sally Shilton,

the daughter of a collier on the estate, to whom Lady Newdigate was attracted by her singing on the cottage doorstep. Much as George Eliot records, she was the protégée of Lady Newdigate, but there was no Italian descent, nor was she so great a singer as was Caterina, her career was cut off by lack of physical ability or inclination, though she is reputed to have been much esteemed for her virtuosity, and she was trained by Lady Newdigate's tutor, Motta. After Lady Newdigate's death in 1800, Sally married happily the Reverend Bernard Gilpin Ebdell, of Chilvers Coton, and went to live at the vicarage for many years.

'Mr Gilfil' was in reality George Eliot's first original work, for whereas she knew the characters in 'Amos,' she could have known Mr Gilfil, if at all, only an old man, when she was a child. Even then she may have looked at him, sipping his gin and water, with thoughts of what he was like when he was young, as in the story she revealed his beauty of soul despite defeat which had made grotesque the outer man. Arbury Manor, faithfully presented as Cheverel Manor, will be, so long as its magnificent stone pile stands, a part of English literature, inspiring that eager interest which urges visitors to look from the park gates upon its imposing façade, or to drive along the road winding through the estate of tree and meadow, on to South Farm, and the monument to George Eliot, 'Lest We Forget.'

In June, from Jersey, George Eliot sent to Blackwood the first part of 'Janet's Repentance,' which she finished October 9th, at Park Shot. Artistic temperament, lack of faith in her work, assumed temporary control. She had been driving herself at no mean speed in accomplishing the best, now the old headaches returned, with a loss of vitality. She had longed to tell the story of the Clerical Tutor, a tale probably based on one of the gentlemen who taught her in the old Griff days, but Blackwood's initial want of sympathy in the first part of 'Janet' determined her to close the series and, at his suggestion, to republish the three tales in two volumes. She accepted £120 for the first edition, and

her memoranda state that in the year 1857 her earnings from 'Clerical Life' (apart from 'Amos,' in 1856) were £443

In a letter to a friend about the time she completed the first part of 'Janet,' the author remarks, 'I am very happy—happy in the highest blessing life can give us, the perfect love and sympathy of a nature that stimulates my own to healthful activity I feel too that all the terrible pain I have gone through in past years, partly from defects of my own nature, partly from outward things, has probably been a preparation for some special work that I may do before I die That is a blessed hope, to be rejoiced in with trembling' To another she stated that if she lived five years longer, the positive result of her existence on the side of truth and goodness would outweigh the negative good that would have consisted in her not doing anything to shock others, nor could she conceive any consequences that would make her repent the past

Blackwood feared, after reading only the first part of 'Janet,' that the dramatic conflict would be between bigoted churchmanship and evangelicalism, but the author insisted it was between religion and irreligion The story, she added, is a real bit in the religious history of England of about 1830 Her sketches were drawn from life and her own observation, again, she could not depart from her concept of life and character, and she must either go on with the characters as she saw them or give up the story She would like not to be offensive, but to touch her readers with loving humor, tenderness, belief in goodness In the long run the publisher was convinced

On the 1st of September she wrote him she would like to close the series Already she had in mind a subject that would not come under the limitations of the title 'Clerical Life,' a subject she wished to develop into a full-length novel Her business sense, buttressed by Lewes's advice, prompts her to say she would like, if she continued to write for the Edinburgh publishers, to be beforehand with her work, that they might have read a considerable portion before beginning to print

'Janet's Repentance,' a novelette of 60,000 words, is not so good a story as either of its predecessors. The conflict between religion and irreligion, expressed through churchmen and evangelists of the early nineteenth century, is not now very exciting. Clergymen of that day might write and did write *Blackwood* that it was exquisite and that they cried over it. Hardly true of today's ecclesiasts. Edgar Tryan, whose early false steps have led him to compassion for others, comes to Milby and works among the poorer classes at Paddiford Common, a dismal district where rattle of handloom and smoke from coal-pit are endured by only the humblest of the town. His influence penetrating to the higher classes brings about enmity. Lawyer Dempster disapproves of his lecturing in the church and calls with a delegation upon the Bishop. When the Bishop consents to the lecture, Dempster and his adherents form an insulting procession, to ridicule the evangelist and his followers. Janet Dempster, who through her husband's cruelty has taken to drink, helps him when he condescendingly needs her, and contributes to the derision. Tryan goes on, encouraged by Mr Jerome and certain kindly ladies, Mrs Pettifer, the two Miss Linnets and Miss Pratt. Meantime, Dempster's brutality grows. After a paltry defiance on Janet's part, he drags her out of bed at midnight, thrusts her downstairs in her nightgown, opens the door, and shuts her out in cold and blackness. Janet goes to Mrs Pettifer, who cares for her until her mother comes, and, at Janet's request, sends for Tryan. He hears her story, and tells his own. Henceforth, he is a strength to her while he grows weaker from consumption. Dempster, after sending Janet away, shortly lashes himself into a drunken rage and, driving his horse unmercifully, is thrown from his gig and fatally injured. Janet returns to nurse him, and after his death makes herself an angel of goodness to others.

Though lacking the universal element of the first two tales, the story forecasts more important work and, in a number of fine passages, illustrates again the doctrine of consequences.

'We reap what we sow, but Nature has love over and above that justice, and gives us shadow and blossom and fruit that spring from no planting of ours' Dempster is a prototype of Tito Melema, in character degeneration, when his mother died 'his good angel, lingering with outstretched wing on the edge of the grave, cast one despairing look after him and took flight for ever' Mr Jerome recalls Robert Evans in that hospitable side of his nature which Marian afterward said made her feel hospitality a duty, he is the forerunner of Adam and Caleb Tryan's speeches to Janet, originating in Mary Anne's talks at prayer-meeting in her most evangelical school days, anticipate the sermons of Dinah

Sympathy, the source of her own strength, which George Eliot lost no opportunity of illustrating, sympathy, which marks all her works, shines throughout the work of Tryan and later of Janet and of all the kindly souls about her 'A heart that has been taught by its own sore struggles to bleed for the woes of another—that has learned "pity through suffering"—is likely to find very imperfect satisfaction in the "balance of happiness," "doctrine of compensation," and other short and easy methods of obtaining thorough complacency in the presence of pain'

Life at Park Shot, meantime, continued happily enough Lewes put into shape his 'Seaside Stories,' wrote an article on 'Suicide,' and in July received fifty pounds for the reprint of his 'Goethe' in the Continental Series Sara Hennell came to visit them on the last day of July (1857), Barbara and her husband, Dr Bodichon, early in August Throughout the summer months Lewes was either writing to Agnes or going to see Agnes in Kensington, at the end of August he set out with Bertie for Switzerland In October, George Eliot was pleased with Mr Call, Rufa Brabant Hennell's second husband, finding a new friendship with renewal of the older one All along the two Georges were reading the 'Electra,' the 'Agamemnon', Monteil's 'Histoire' Lewes now proposed a 'Physiology of Common Life,' which Major Blackwood approved, a book that engaged the

author from June, 1858, to February 4, 1860, and was published 1859-1860

In October, as 'Janet' came to an end in the current Blackwood, George Eliot began 'Adam Bede'. A fortnight later she was proof-reading 'Scenes of Clerical Life'. Speculation about authorship of the series and criticism of the stories agitated her impressionable spirit, however wisely obstinate she appeared to remain. Though knowing one need not trouble oneself about reviews 'unless they point out some error, or present that very rare phenomenon, a true appreciation,' she was too sensitive not to be hurt by the adverse kind. Before long, Lewes began to shield her, to keep from her all that were discouraging. Never was she without need of being shielded, never without need of encouragement. Five years later, in 1862, Lewes wrote to Sara Hennell that he had read aloud a letter of hers to Marian and saw the ending, which he suppressed, afterwards 'mislaying' the letter. Sara had quoted unfavorable comment, which he would not let Marian know. 'There is a special reason in her case,' he says, why she should see no criticism. 'It is that excessive diffidence which prevented her writing at all, for so many years, and would prevent her now, if I were not beside her to encourage her. A thousand eulogies would not give her the slightest confidence, but one objection would increase her doubts.' And he adds, perhaps the most tender line in all that Lewes left, 'it is very desirable she should suffer no more pain in this life than can possibly be avoided.' He tactfully adds that Marian always wishes to hear when Sara and Cara like her books, but even then only in a general intimation. 'You can tell me any details (I'm a glutton in all that concerns her, though I never look after what is said about myself) favorable or unfavorable' <sup>1, 2</sup>

She needed praise as she needed words of affection. 'It is an old weakness of mine,' she wrote Charles Bray, November, 1857, 'to have no faith in affection that does not express itself, and when friends take no notice of me for a long while, I generally settle down into the belief that they have become indifferent or

have begun to dislike me ' Incidentally, the Brays were now established at Ivy Cottage, Coventry, the John Cashes—Mary Sibree and her husband—had bought Rosehill

In December, Major Blackwood came to London to visit Lewes and to make the acquaintance of George Eliot She records that it was evident he 'knew,' after he had been in the room a few minutes, but no revelation was made just then March 1, 1858, John Blackwood wrote, from Jermyn Street, to his wife in Edinburgh 'I drove to Richmond to see Lewes, and was introduced to George Eliot—a woman (the Mrs Lewes whom we suspected) This is to be kept a profound secret, and on all accounts it is desirable, as you will readily imagine '

SECOND VISIT TO GERMANY  
'ADAM BEDE'

ON the last day of 1857, Marian at home, while Lewes was again at Vernon Hill, wrote in her Journal that life had deepened unspeakably, she felt a greater capacity for moral and intellectual enjoyment, and her happiness was more profound, 'the blessedness of a perfect love and union grows daily' Lewes, in his diary, declares the year one of the happiest and most successful of his life, domestic well-being having direct effects on his intellectual happiness Blackwood had accepted his 'Physiology,' 'Goethe' was in a third edition, the 'History of Philosophy' in a new edition He was still contributing, less frequently, to the Leader and to the Saturday Review When he returned from Helps's at the beginning of the new year, he brought praise of 'Clerical Scenes' Helps had said, 'Oh, George Eliot is a great writer!' The Times of January 2nd contained a favorable notice of the two volumes, copies of which Marian received on the fifth and which looked to her prejudiced eye very handsome

On the 12th of January, she wrote Chapman\* that she and Lewes could do nothing to fill a gap caused by Wilson's defection from the Westminster, 'for we are going to Germany shortly—the precise time is not yet fixed—and intend to remain there as long as business will allow, so that we can undertake no work which cannot be done equally well abroad Alas! I have not done a stroke towards the article on Newman, and before your letter came I was intending to send you the books and letters with a confession of my hopelessness, for since I can-

\* In an unpublished letter



not do the article, it would perhaps be well for someone else to write on the appearance of Newman's new book. I have been quite unhappy about the article and disgusted with myself that I undertook it even in a problematic way, for I can't bear to be shilly-shally about things.'

Chapman, suspecting but not certain she was occupied with fiction, had feared she might be writing for other periodicals. 'It is almost needless to say,' she continues, 'that I don't neglect the opportunity of working for the *WR* in order to do work for any other review, and that I have no grounds for my negation except inability.' She wishes he could get the belles lettres better done, the tone was so flippant and journalistic. 'Do come and see us when you can. Mr. Lewes concurs with me in that wish and in kind regards, after the melancholy fashion of a philosopher with a swelled face.'

Shortly after the appearance of the 'Scenes' came a commendatory letter from Dickens who, left to his own devices, would have addressed the author as a woman. Jane Carlyle conceived George Eliot to be a man of middle age, with a wife, from whom he got the beautiful feminine touches, a good many children, a dog—a clergyman or brother or first cousin to a clergyman. Froude and Faraday gracefully thanked her for copies. Thackeray, Blackwood told George Eliot on February 28th, said the 'Scenes' were written by a man, Mrs. Blackwood and Mrs. Oliphant were on the same side. Mr. and Mrs. Owen Jones declared the author a woman. The press continued to be favorable.

A change in Marian Evans Lewes's personality is marked by publication of the 'Scenes'. Whereas she had been the editor, the editorial hack, though an exalted one, her time divided between office drudgery and article writing that demanded chiefly intellect and education and acquaintance with the book reviewed, she was now in accomplishment, the novelist, the reflective writer, drawing upon all her powers of observation, of recollection, of imagination. The tone of her correspondence

changes, her concept of self changes, her reliance upon her companion increases, she begins, humbly enough, to see herself the handmaiden of God. This shift provides a new basis for estimating a writer and a woman different from Marian Evans or Marian Lewes.

That first quarter of 1858 diversified and expanded the lives of both Georges. 'Adam Bede' was progressing, 'Seaside Studies' was published to a subscription of 800, sale of the 'Scenes' moved on, slowly but steadily. They continued to read from the Greek classics. Now Lewes was reading aloud to Marian, from Wordsworth, now she was reading aloud to him, from Miss Martineau's 'History of the Peace,' which she gave up after getting into the sentimental and rhetorical second volume. Bessie Parkes wanted Marian to contribute to the new monthly, the *Englishwoman's Journal*, and though Marian never did, she wrote appreciatively of a story in an early number, the sort of thing that would make the *Journal* a true organ with a function. Photographs of George Eliot were now demanded and, against later custom, she and Lewes 'sat' on the 26th of February to Myall, in the Strand. On the 28th, an important day, she records the visit of John Blackwood, to whom she revealed her identity. By this date John and William, shrewd Scotchmen, guessing her secret, had respected it. To John she gave the manuscript of 'Adam Bede,' ending with the second scene in the wood. He read the first page and smiled, 'This will do.' In March, Charles Bray, suspecting her the author of 'Clerical Life,' asked when she would bring out her new novel. Retorting in humorous vein, she asked when he would bring out his new poem and warned him of absurd mistakes that result from guessing.

John Blackwood, meantime, wrote from Edinburgh in high praise of the first chapters of 'Adam Bede,' but wanted to see the rest of the plot or a summary before accepting the book for publication. George Eliot refused, holding that the value of a work depends entirely upon how it is handled, the essence of art lies in the treatment. On the whole thinking her right, Black-

wood concurred, though he decided not to publish 'Adam' in serial form but to bring it out at once in a three-volume edition. The Blackwoods, whose enthusiasm and admiration grew into lifelong friendship, published all the novels except 'Romola,' bought by George Smith for the Cornhill.

There were family worries. In those days the two Georges were rarely free from domestic trouble. Chrissey was declining, though she lingered until March 15, 1859, Lewes was disturbed over Agnes's expenditures. He remarks in March (1858) that she is £184 beyond her increased income, 'I feel she is quite hardened.' At length, they threw off all entanglements and, April 7th, set out for Germany.

They remained abroad five months, chiefly in Munich and Dresden, stopping at Vienna while journeying from Munich to see Lewes's old lodgings, and suffering an 'unspeakable' journey through Salzburg, Ischl, and Prague. Throughout this second Continental visit they worked steadily, Marian beginning at Munich the first part of the second volume of 'Adam Bede,' reading aloud to Lewes and all along receiving his advice. He found little to criticize, except that Adam's part in the drama was too passive; he should fight Arthur Donnithorne. One evening while at a performance of 'William Tell,' the author was convinced she must have the fight, it was a necessity.

Lewes, for his part, was meeting—sometimes with the other George—men of science. Harless, Liebig the chemist, with whom they dined, and saw how men of celebrity 'put up with greasy cooking in private life', Bischoff, in whose laboratory Lewes examined the ganglia in a frog's heart, and the Siebolds. In June he went to see his boys, studying with Dr. Müller at Hofwyl. On his return he nursed Polly through an illness she reckoned among her pleasures, so tenderly was she cared for. Dr. Strauss turned up again, impressing her more agreeably than in 1854, when she had seen him at Cologne. She met the three poets who were always at the Round Table of King Max: the brilliant Heyse, the enormously instructed Bodenstedt, and

Geibel of the kettledrum voice, the ex cathedra manner, and she heard Madame Bodenstedt, 'delicate creature,' sing German folk songs

They visited art galleries, on which George Eliot's comments were explicit if not original. She felt, as any art lover feels, that painting is a great art and Rubens a great painter, she felt, in Dresden, before the Sistine Madonna, 'a sort of awe, as if I were suddenly in the presence of some glorious being.' Lewes's looking at the Madonna till he felt quite hysterical says less—and more. They went to open-air concerts, visited and were visited by Lewes's friends and fellow-scientists, they walked into the country, talking as they walked, whether about volition and emotion or topics of art in fiction. Mostly they worked at their desks, as they worked at home, and in Dresden was completed the second half of the second volume of 'Adam Bede.'

Immediately after arriving at Park Shot, Richmond, September 2nd, they rushed the conclusion of this second volume along to Edinburgh, and by the beginning of November got off the third volume. On the 4th, George Eliot received a letter from Blackwood, who praised it warmly and offered £800 for the copyright for four years. The offer was accepted. On November 16th, the author wrote the last word of the book—which had consumed over a year of her life—and recorded in her Journal '*Jubilate!*'

Six weeks after publication of 'Adam Bede,' February 1, 1859, the author asked herself in her Journal, 'Shall I ever write another book as true?' True to life, true to genius, her first full-length novel, named for the first man and the first English scholar, stands first in the affection and judgment of many George Eliot admirers. In lists of the hundred best novels, it more often than its successors finds place, library calls indicate it now most in demand, yet the author was to write other novels as true and at least one of more masterful orchestration of a magni-

tude with which 'Adam Bede' is not to be compared. In 'Adam' genius worked with the quintessence of simplicity.

The germinal ideas were all from life. Adam was suggested by Robert Evans's early career, and the action notably begins in 1799 when Robert was twenty-six years of age, Dinah grew

To my dear husband, George Henry Lewes  
I give this MS of a work which would  
never have been written but for the  
happiness which his love has conferred  
on my life

Marian Lewes

March 23 1859

The first volume was written at Richmond, the second at  
Munich & Dresden, the third at Richmond again. The  
work was begun on the 22<sup>d</sup> October 1857, & finished on  
the 16<sup>th</sup> November 1858. A large portion of it was  
written twice, though often scarcely at all altered on  
the copying, but other parts only once, namely those  
the description of Dinah & a good deal of her sermon,  
the love scene between her & Father (Holt's most) most  
of the scene in the Two Bedchambers the halt between Arthur  
& Eldon, various parts in the second volume which I can recall  
last night, but the third, Holt's journey, her confession & the cottage  
scene.

from recollections of Aunt Elizabeth, Samuel's wife, but was wholly unlike her. Dinah, in truth, is Mary Anne Evans of evangelical days, prayer-meetings, and daily good works. Her flow of language, her piety, her ardor—not less than her slight body, pale face, gray eyes, and pale reddish hair—are scarcely idealized. The author had only to remember her own

past, seen through the soft haze of memory, to create Dinah, the best portrait ever made of Mary Anne from, say, 1836 to 1840. On these two characters the novel began Mrs Poyser,

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for you're too feather-headed to mind if every body was dead, so as you could stay upstairs a-dressing yourself for two hours by the clock. But anybody besides yourself 'ud mind about such things happening to them as think a deal more of you than you deserve. But Adam Bede 'udn't be so much worried for whate'er I care - you'd be pecking at the glass the next minute."

"Adam Bede - drowned?" said Hetty, letting her arms fall blooming rather bewildered, but suspecting that her aunt was as usual staggering with a didactic purpose.

"No my dear, no," said Dinah, <sup>but Mrs Poyser had said in her plain, without giving more precise information, that Adam</sup> Adam's father, the old man, is drowned. He was drowned last night in the Willow Brook. Mr Deane has just told me about it."

"O how dreadful!" said Hetty, looking serious but not deeply affected. As nothing now entered with the dock leaves, she took them silently, returned to the dairy without asking further questions. <sup>Chapter 9</sup> <sup>Hetty would</sup> ~~she~~ she <sup>she</sup> ~~argued~~ <sup>argued</sup> the broad ~~leaves~~ <sup>leaves</sup> that cut off the hall fragrant butter as the primrose is cut off by the nest of green. I am afraid <sup>Hetty</sup> ~~she~~ was thinking a great deal more of the looks Captain Cornithorne had cast at her than of Adam's troubles. Bright admiring glances from a handsome young gentleman with white hands, a gold chain, occasionally

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by report and evidence, derives in some respects from Christina Pearson Evans, but other originals have been suggested, to not one of which the author admitted. She wrote the character, she affirmed, from her own heart. The prototype of Hetty Sor-

rel was, in real life, Mary Voce, who was hanged for child-murder and who had been befriended by Aunt Samuel, much as Hetty is comforted by Dinah. The name, Hetty, was probably taken from Lewes's 'Rose, Blanche, and Violet,' published 1848, wherein Hetty, or Hester, Mason, 'vain, capricious, sensual,' found out her mistake, returned home repentant, and was insulted by men who hoped to profit from her weakness. George Eliot must have read with interest that chapter on 'the sinner that repenteth,' and talked with Lewes about Hester Mason.

Seth Bede was drawn from Uncle Samuel, who married Elizabeth Tomlinson, Bartle Massey was the real name of Robert Evans's schoolmaster, about whom Mary Anne heard when a little girl, Martin Poyser is, in a few particulars, like Robert, Totty is Mary Anne at her own earliest remembered age, Arthur Donnithorne is a composite character, dependent for the greater part upon the young men about Arbury Hall, strongly recalling Captain Wybrow of 'Mr Gilfil's Love-Story,' and outwardly more like Francis Newdigate, friend of Robert Evans, than any other. The Irwines are almost wholly the author's creations, though it must be remembered she affirmed there is not in the book a real-life portrait.

The setting is imaginary, fused from known scenes. The Hall Farm house, for instance, with the gateposts topped by griffins, not lionesses, still stands in Corley Parish, five miles or so from Coventry. The garden is a memory of the gardens at Griff. But the original of Hayslope, Loamshire, is the village of Ellastone, Staffordshire, where Robert Evans lived when young Hayslope Church has its original in Ellastone Church, with additions from Chilvers Coton.

In construction the book begins and progresses with utmost simplicity. Adam Bede is presented in Burge's workshop, with his brother Seth and dog Gyp, and all necessary circumstance for character introduction. At once, Seth is shown to be interested in the pretty parson, Dinah, from Stonyshire (Derbyshire), who in the following chapter preaches on the green. Immedi-

ately afterward, to Seth walking with her to the Poyser home, she speaks of that poor wandering lamb, Hetty Sorrel Dinah, niece of Mrs Poyser, has been visiting her aunt, with whom lives Hetty, also a niece When Seth mentions that he doubts not Adam's heart is set on Hetty, the plot begins A picture of Adam's home succeeds, with a portrait of Lisbeth Bede and mention of her husband, Adam's father, Thias Swiftly his death by drowning ends the chapter, followed by pictures in Chapter V of the Rector, Mr Irwine, and Captain Donnithorne Then the Hall Farm, Mrs Poyser, Totty, Dinah, and the joining of story elements when the Captain finds Hetty Sorrel in the dairy

Henceforth the plot progresses rapidly The Captain betrays Hetty, whose story of child-murder holds the center of the stage through her trial and condemnation to death and the last-minute reprieve got by Donnithorne Thereafter, the action is largely by way of epilogue, two years later, before the final page or two so titled Adam must recover from his grief before finding consolation in Dinah Threads tangled with easy maneuvers are untangled with dexterity that conceals the operation of great art One reads from life, not from a printed page

Ease of description from first to last was one of George Eliot's assets Look, for example, at Dinah, as the traveler in Chapter II sees her

Dinah walked as simply as if she were going to market, and seemed as unconscious of her outward appearance as a little boy there was no blush, no tremulousness, which said, "I know you think me a pretty woman, too young to preach," no casting up or down of the eyelids, no compression of the lips, no attitude of the arms, that said, "But you must think of me as a saint" She held no book in her ungloved hands, but let them hang down lightly crossed before her, as she stood and turned her grey eyes on the people There was no keenness in the eyes, they seemed rather to be shedding love than making observations, they had the liquid look that tells that the mind is full of what it has to give out, rather than impressed by external objects She stood with her left hand towards the descending sun,



and leafy boughs screened her from its rays, but in this sober light the delicate coloring of her face seemed to gather a calm vividness, like flowers at evening. It was a small oval face, of a uniform transparent whiteness, with an egg-like line of cheek and chin, a full but firm mouth, a delicate nostril, and a low perpendicular brow, surmounted by a rising arch of parting, between smooth locks of pale reddish hair. The hair was drawn straight back behind the ears, and covered, except for an inch or two above the brow, by a net quaker cap. The eyebrows, of the same color as the hair, were perfectly horizontal and firmly pencilled, the eyelashes, though no darker, were long and abundant, nothing was left blurred or unfinished. It was one of those faces that make one think of white flowers with light touches of color on their pure petals. The eyes had no peculiar beauty, beyond that of expression, they looked so simple, so candid, so gravely loving, that no accusing scowl, no light sneer, could help melting away before their glance.

### Or behold life in a farmyard

Plenty of life there! though this is the drowsiest time of the year, just before hay-harvest, and it is the drowsiest time of the day too, for it is close upon three by the sun, and it is half-past three by Mrs. Poyser's handsome eight-day clock. But there is always a stronger sense of life when the sun is brilliant after rain, and now he is pouring down his beams, and making sparkles among the wet straw, and lighting up every patch of vivid green moss on the red tiles of the cow-shed, and turning even the muddy water that is hurrying along the channel to the drain into a mirror for the yellow-billed ducks, who are seizing the opportunity of getting a drink with as much body in it as possible. There is quite a concert of noises: the great bull-dog, chained against the stables, is thrown into furious exasperation by the unwary approach of a cock too near the mouth of his kennel, and sends forth a thundering bark, which is answered by two fox-hounds shut up in the opposite cow-house, the old top-knotted hens scratching with their chicks among the straw, set up a sympathetic croaking as the discomfited cock joins them, a sow with her brood, all very muddy as to the legs, and curled as to the tail, throws in some deep staccato notes, our friends the calves are bleating from the home croft, and, under all, a fine ear discerns the continuous hum of human voices.

Not even Dinah's 'preaching' kills interest, her words, sweet, sincere, proceed in rhythmic cadence, the more natural for the homely English of her untutored tongue

"Think of that, now! Jesus Christ did really come down from heaven, as I, like a silly child, thought Mr Wesley did, and what he came down for, was to tell good news about God to the poor Why, you and me, dear friends, are poor We have been brought up in poor cottages, and have been reared on oat-cake and lived coarse, and we haven't been to school much, nor read books, and we don't know much about anything but what happens just round us We are just the sort of people that want to hear good news For when anybody's well off, they don't much mind about hearing news from distant parts, but if a poor man or woman's in trouble, and has hard work to make out a living, he likes to have a letter to tell him he's got a friend as will help him To be sure we can't help knowing something about God, even if we've never heard the Gospel, the good news that our Saviour brought us For we know everything comes from God don't you say almost every day, 'This and that will happen, please God' and 'We shall begin to cut the grass soon, please God to send us a little more sunshine?' We know very well we are altogether in the hands of God we didn't bring ourselves into the world, we can't keep ourselves alive while we're sleeping, the daylight, and the wind, and the corn, and the cows to give us milk—everything we have comes from God And he gave us our souls, and put love between parents and children, and husband and wife But is that as much as we want to know about God? We see he is great and mighty, and can do what he will, we are lost as if we was struggling in great waters, when we try to think of him "

After the long, mellifluous flow of Dinah's speeches, Mrs Poyser's are like whip-cracks 'I'm not one o' those as can see the cat i' the dairy, an' wonder what's she's come after' That, when her husband asked whether she had any notion Adam was fond of Dinah 'Yes, it's a small joke sets men laughing when they sit a-staring at one another with a pipe i' their mouths,' she remarked acidly of Bartle Massey's merriment And to Bartle, directly, she retorted, 'the men are mostly so slow, their thoughts overrun 'em, an' they can only catch 'em by the tail

However, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish God Almighty made 'em to match the men' And her remark about Mr Craig was soon to be quoted by a Member of Parliament 'it was a pity he couldna be hatched o'er again, and hatched different' George Eliot did not do justice to Mrs Poyser in one particular that astute lady would have seen poor Hetty's condition long before the girl's flight But then there would have been no flight

Bartle Massey, a sort of male Mrs Poyser, balances the lady's remarks against the men 'There isn't a thing under the sun that needs to be done at all but what a man can do better than a woman, unless it's bearing children, and they do that in a poor makeshift way, it had better ha' been left to the men' Inevitably, these two had to come together for a contest in word-blows

Again in contrast to Dinah is Hetty, described as a kitten, by her effect on young men, and explained by the author, while her aunt hits her off, 'a cherry with a hard stone in it' Her betrayer, Donnithorne, is in contrast to Adam, as he is the forerunner in character degeneration of Tito Melema Step by step, this candid youth 'brought himself into a position in which successful lying was his only hope,' and at length ruined another's life, so ruining his own

In 'Adam Bede' the author succeeded in her aspiration to give a faithful account of men and things as they mirrored themselves in her mind She dreaded nothing but falsity 'Falsehood is so easy, truth so difficult,' and it is a very hard thing to say the exact truth She wished to create a world true to the one that is, she would not be the clever novelist who creates one so much better It was for this rare quality of truthfulness she delighted in Dutch paintings 'I find a source of delicious sympathy in these faithful pictures of a monotonous homely existence, which has been the fate of so many more among my fellow-mortals than a life of pomp or of absolute indigence, of tragic suffering or of world-stirring actions I turn without shrinking, from cloud-borne angels, from prophets, sibyls, and

heroic warriors, to an old woman bending over her flower-pot, or eating her solitary dinner, while the noonday light, softened perhaps by a screen of leaves, falls on her mob-cap, and just touches the rim of her spinning-wheel, and her stone jug, and all those cheap common things which are the precious necessities of life to her' She believes things may be lovable that are not altogether handsome, human feeling is like a river that flows with resistless force and brings beauty with it 'Let us love that beauty,' she cries, 'which lies in the secret of deep human sympathy' Let Art remind us of old women scraping carrots with work-worn hands, of clowns taking holiday in a dingy pot-house, of homes with tin pans, brown pitchers, rough curs, and clusters of onions 'Let us always have men ready to give the loving pains of a life to the faithful representing of commonplace things—men who see beauty in these commonplace things' Through all this and more in Chapter XVII, while the story pauses awhile, she declares her theory of Art, emphasizing her plea for the real in her diatribe against silly novels

Her psychology is as sound as her art 'All passion becomes strength,' she says in a paragraph devoted to Adam, 'when it has an outlet from the narrow limits of our personal lot in the labor of our right arm, the cunning of our right hand, or the still, creative activity of our thought Perhaps, if you had not been already in the secret, you might not have guessed what sad memories, what warm affection, what tender fluttering hopes, had their home in this athletic body with the broken fingernails' And, again, 'If a country beauty in clumsy shoes be only shallow-hearted enough, it is astonishing how closely her mental processes may resemble those of a lady in society and crinoline, who applies her refined intellect to the problem of committing indiscretions without compromising herself' That for Hetty who, walking beside the hedgerows on Adam's arm, was thinking of Arthur, laying her small plots, and imagining her 'little scenes of cunning blandishment' George Eliot knows how women feel when they love and are loved, knows how men

feel, too Arthur, Hetty, Dinah, Seth, and Adam—what it meant to each, she differentiates from what it meant to the others

Henry James thinks that her quality of observation, even in 'Adam Bede,' is gilded by a sort of autumn haze, he doubts that she had a clear vision of the marriage of Dinah to Adam, or of the rescue of Hetty from the scaffold at the last moment. He cites these as examples of artistic weakness, good examples of the view in which a story must have marriages and rescues in the nick of time. 'I must add, in fairness to George Eliot,' he says by way of excusing her, 'that the marriage of the nun-like Dinah, which shocks the reader, who sees in it a base concession, was a *trouvaille* of Lewes's and is a small sign of that same faulty judgment in literary things which led him to throw his influence on the side of her writing verse.' Henry James did not approve George Henry Lewes, choosing to forget that but for him 'Adam Bede' never would have been written. Not a piece of Victorian hypocrisy, as one biographer declares, but perhaps too great a protest is the manuscript dedication: 'To my dear husband, George Henry Lewes, I give the manuscript of a work which would never have been written but for the happiness which his love has conferred on my life.' The script of every succeeding novel bears a similar dedication.

Now that the book was in the hands of the publishers, George Eliot wrote to John Blackwood she would be glad to have him accept Tauchnitz's offer for the English reprint of 'Clerical Life,' and to request that Tauchnitz register the book in Germany, to prevent the appearance of incompetent translations. After returning proof, she celebrated Christmas day by reading Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' with Lewes. Later, he went to Vernon Hill, while she translated odes from Horace. The summary in Lewes's Diary, for 1858, under date January 28, 1859, mentions walking along the Thames toward Kew, to meet Herbert Spencer, coming to spend the day. Lewes here recorded his debt of gratitude to Spencer, first, for Spencer's stimulating intellect, which had roused him—in their walks and talks—from

a supine ambition into an active interest in science To Spencer he also owed Marian 'It was through him that I learned to know Marian—to know her was to love her—and since then my life has been a new birth To her I owe all my prosperity and all my happiness God bless her!'

THE LIGGINS AFFAIR  
LIFE AT HOLLY LODGE

THE final chapters of 'Adam Bede' renewed the delight of the Blackwoods, who sent, January 31, 1859, a check for £400, first instalment of £800 for a four-year copyright, and who published the book February 1st

After the opinion of the publishers and their staff, the first comment was of the kind the author most desired. A cabinet-maker who read the sheets while the book was in press declared the writer had been brought up in the business or had listened to the workmen in their workshop. Then followed plaudits from the bigwigs. Herbert Spencer brought word to Holly Lodge, Wandsworth, whither the two Georges had moved on February 6th, that Mrs Poyser had been quoted by Mr Broxton, in Parliament. Professor Aytoun neglected his work to read the first volume, and sent the second and third away from the house to avoid temptation. Charles Reade said the book was the best thing since Shakespeare. Professor Owen less sweepingly asserted that it was the finest work since Scott, observing the similarity of the story to that of 'The Heart of Midlothian,' a similarity pronounced but unimitative. John Murray said there had never been such a book. Mrs Gaskell, who was suspected of having written it, whimsically asked whether she might admit authorship. Anne Thackeray Ritchie records a visit, March 21, 1859, to Jane Carlyle who was speaking enthusiastically of 'Adam', and Jane herself wrote that it had evoked from her gentle thoughts and happy remembrances

Reviews, mostly extravagant in praise, appeared in the Athen-

aeum, the Literary Gazette, the Saturday Review, and the Edinburgh Courant All the London circulating libraries ordered and reordered, Mudie's setting the pace By the middle of March, George Eliot was acclaimed not only popular but great The business sense of the two Georges, perturbed at stock phrases—'best novel of the season,' and the like—which through being selected as advertisement lines threatened to damn the work, begged the publishers to tack to 'Adam' no 'puffery' Financiers, both of them, in book-selling, they knew how to avoid inflation and so to prevent deflation

While the author was having much silent joy from praise of humble readers and high, there came a claim to authorship of 'Adam Bede,' causing at first amusement, then grave annoyance, and, finally, necessary revelation That George Eliot was no other than Marian Evans, who now called herself Marian Lewes—a secret closely guarded and respected by those who knew—was to be disclosed through the half-insane pretension of a Coventry baker

By way of preface to this amazing assumption, it is worth remark that on Friday, May 7, 1830, the Coventry Herald and new series of the Coventry Observer announced the Coventry Association for the Prosecution of Felons would hold its next annual meeting at the Castle Inn on May 12th, worth remark because one of the members was Mr Joseph Liggins Yet, or probably because, schooled in prosecuting criminals, this Liggins declared he wrote 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' and 'Adam Bede' George Eliot's first intimation was from a friend in Warwickshire, who gave her the details Mr Liggins had quietly assumed the mantle of authorship, received deputations from dissenting persons who wished him to write for their organ, and found him washing his slop-basin at a pump—inspiring them with a reverence that would have made impertinent any questions How washing his basin at a pump inspired them is not clear, but that was their story, and to it they adhered Mr Liggins declared he got no profit from 'Adam Bede' or the 'Scenes'



(so far he was truthful), but gave all the money to Blackwood (and herein he departed from truth) From the far-off Coventry days, Marian recalled the man as a tall, black-coated genteel young clergyman in embryo

In the Times of April 15, 1859, H. Anders, Rector of Kirkby, declared Liggins to be the author of the 'Scenes' and 'Adam Bede' The next day, George Eliot denied his claims and assertions On the 20th she wrote Blackwood, suggesting that the publishers write a denial of Liggins's statements and those of his friends Blackwood's letter published in the Times was reprinted in the Athenaeum, June 11, 1859 Mr Anders apologized, his apology was graciously accepted by the author Yet the Blackwoods continued to receive correspondence on the subject and, in May, John Blackwood carried it all down to Holly Lodge The chief believers in Liggins were Mr Bracebridge, a Warwickshire magnate—a cretin, George Eliot dubbed him in a spirit less than usually charitable—and, above all, Mrs Gaskell The Leweses and the Blackwoods composed two more letters for the Times In July, George Eliot wrote, "Oh, I am sick!" Let everyone believe what they like to believe' As late as October the dispute was still on, when Miss Martineau wrote to Mrs Bracebridge, and so was the ultimate vindicator of Marian This hitherto unpublished letter\* must be quoted in full

Ambleside

October 25, 1859

Dear Mrs Bracebridge

No doubt you are pretty well tired of the "Adam Bede" topic, and I would not lightly trouble you to write a word about it But I feel it due to truth and justice to ask it Finding that Mrs Gaskell was industriously declaring on behalf of Mr Liggins, I have offered to satisfy her that Miss Evans wrote "Adam Bede" Her reply shows every disposition to be candid, and even eagerness to hear the true story, but she says she saw *last week* a letter from you in which you

\* In my possession

say, after giving some evidence on Miss Evans's side, that Mr Bracebridge and you remain convinced that Mr Liggins was largely concerned in both "Adam Bede" and "Clerical Life" Now, Mr Reeve and Miss Hennell have both written to me that Mr Bracebridge is now convinced that the authorship is Miss Evans's, and I therefore suppose that though Mrs Gaskell saw your letter "last week," the letter was written some time before Mrs G[askell] does not say to whom the letter was written

Now, will you be so good as send me a note, saying whether Mr Bracebridge and you are satisfied or not, as to Miss Evans being the author of both books I do not like the little I know of Miss Evans [one line blotted out by later hand] But this makes me the more, and not the less, anxious that she should not be wronged in the best department of her life and character Whatever may be her faults, I could no more doubt her having written a book which she called her own than you or I could doubt each other in a similar case But of course this personal certainty goes for little or nothing with strangers, but it will satisfy Mrs Gaskell, and stop her very injurious sayings on the subject, if you will simply confirm that Mr B and you are satisfied of Miss Evans's authorship of the two books

I have not yet seen "Clerical Life" —I hope Mr B and you are quite well I remain nearly as ill as can be, to hold up at all Very much in Florence Nightingale's condition, I believe

With kind regards to Mr Bracebridge, I am very truly yours

H MARTINEAU

On September 16th George Eliot wrote that Mr Quirk had renounced Liggins, and before October 10th she had received from Mr Bracebridge a letter saying he accepted her declaration as the truth and would repeat it if the contrary were again asserted But apparently Quirk apologized to the publishers only after the Martineau letter George Eliot wrote Sara not until the 9th of November that he had done so Probably Marian never heard of Miss Martineau's part in the affair, which should be accredited to her who though not friendly was just That Harriet Martineau did not 'like' Marian Evans was the portion of the letter that George Eliot did get—perhaps relayed by talkative Sara, to whom Marian confided, 'I share her bitterness

with a large number of far more blameless people than myself' Mrs Gaskell's acceptance of George Eliot came, November 11th, in a spirited letter, complimenting 'Adam Bede,' 'I never read anything so complete and beautiful in fiction in my life before' The author replied gratefully, adding that she felt her feelings toward life and art had some kinship with those which had inspired 'Cranford' and 'Mary Barton'

The authorship of 'Adam Bede' was fixed, the secret was out George Eliot was Marian Evans Back in May, Marian received a letter from Barbara Bodichon, now in Algiers, who was certain of this identity She replied, begging Barbara to preserve the incognito, saying, 'You are the first friend who has given any symptom of knowing me, the first heart that has recognized me in a book which has come from my heart of hearts' That sounds a trifle unfair to Charles Bray and his inferences

The book was selling so well in May, 1859, the publishers offered another £400, and in October they proposed to pay £800 more in January, 1860 The author accepted Despite fulfilment of contract, she was receiving only her deserts In fact, she wrote the Brays in November 'To part with the copyright of a book which sells 16,000 in one year is excellent discipline'

SWITZERLAND THE 'BOYS,' AND  
'THE MILL'

In late April, when her head was too stupid for more important work, George Eliot wrote 'The Lifted Veil,' a story of 1,000 words, growing out of two ideas. The first may have depended partly upon Poe's 'Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar,' which it will be remembered Valdemar is hypnotized at the point of death, but certainly upon Lewes's interest in scientific experimentation. Into the arteries of a woman who has just shed blood is transfused, with the result that she returns to life long enough to denounce her mistress as a scheming murderer. With this idea is combined that of second sight, which lifts the veil from distant, unknown places and from future events. The assumed narrator writes down details of his approaching death, all of which are revealed to him through his desirable gift of prevision, after which he sums up his life and rounds out the moments before death with remarks on the use of foreknowledge or double consciousness. The story, adorned by pictures of Geneva and Prague and Vienna, noteworthy for its deeply melancholy mood, again illustrates the Platonic doctrine. 'I was only suffering from the consequences of a deed which had been the act of my intensest will.'

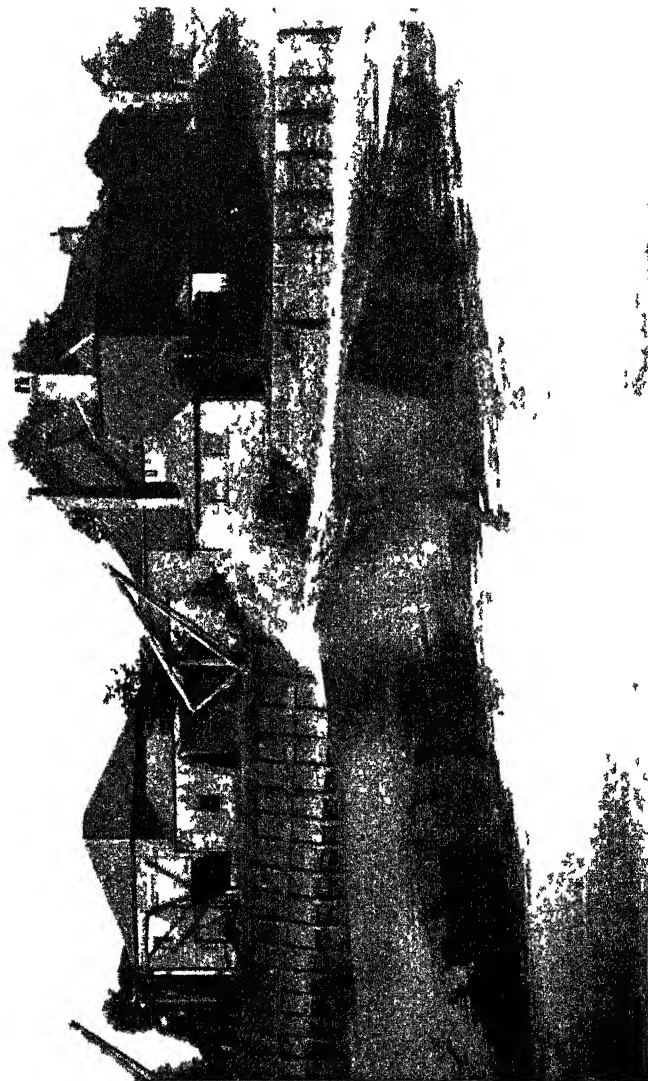
This story was written after the completion of two chapters 'The Tullivers' or 'St. Ogg's on the Floss' which, from personal harassments and low spirits of the author, failed to progress. Those chapters must be rewritten, they were laid aside on June 20th, after hearing 'The Messiah' at the Crystal Palace, the two Georges dined with the Brays and Sara. When, not to be forestalled by others, Marian told them about her fiction

writing, they seemed overwhelmed with surprise. This experience, she observed, enlightened her a good deal as to the ignorance in which we all live of each other. Probably the Brays were only giving a Roland for an Oliver, teasing a little their old friend who by insinuation had denied to Charles her authorship of 'Clerical Life.'

On the 9th of July, still worried over her new novel, with Lewes—fagged from the hard year in which he had helped to bear her burdens—she went for twelve days to Switzerland. Before leaving home they were cheered by the news that the fourth edition of 'Adam Bede' was exhausted, five thousand copies had sold in a fortnight. In Lucerne they met their Holly Lodge neighbors, the Richard Congreves, who had been traveling on the Continent, and with whom Marian spent three days while Lewes visited the boys at Hofwyl. On this visit, according to Lewes's diary, he told them about Agnes and Marian. They had grasped some knowledge of the domestic situation, for Charles had written charmingly to Marian, whom the three ever afterward accepted as 'Mutter,' he in particular esteeming her, loving her, and drawing from her reciprocal love and sympathy so long as she lived.\* With Charles she played duets, to him she wrote often, informing him of family life, his father's literary successes and her own, and after Lewes's death, before her marriage to Cross, even later, she turned to him for advice, and, finally, made him the executor of her will.

Back in London, George Eliot was still in anxiety and doubt over 'Sister Maggie,' vacillating over construction as over title. In late August, they both felt so 'feeble' they went down to Conway, returning by way of Lichfield where they visited Chrissey's children, Emily and Kate Clarke. A fortnight in Weymouth and three weeks at home passed in a wretched state of incubation, then she was better, in better hope.

\* The correspondence which extends from July 4, 1859, to November 23, 1880, between the two Georges and the boys, and published 1928 by Arthur Paterson, has been used here and there for facts in this volume.



WARE ÆGIR'

Courtesy of Miss Annie Wright St Dunstan s High Wycombe



The scene of the new novel she had fixed as the river Trent and the old town of Gainsborough, which she had visited by accident back in 1845. Her host, the Vicar of a village five or six miles from Gainsborough, and his family were staying at Morton Hall while the vicarage underwent repairs, and the repairs coincided with her visit. It had appealed at once to her imagination, the village where Alfred the Great was wedded to Aelswitha, where a Danish King was murdered by a revengeful foe. John of Gaunt had lived in the Old Hall, where later Henry VIII and Catharine Howard paid a royal visit. There in the banqueting room the Pilgrim Fathers met, rowing down the river, Sunday after Sunday, to their gatherings. Later the town was a royalist center, finally taken by Cromwell, who speaks of his Gainsborough fight as the turning point of his struggle. Mary Anne had been impressed. The legend lives that she used to stand for hours in the corner of the garden looking up and down the river, watching the tide rush up, and hearing the boatmen cry 'Ware Aegir!' as the wall of water rolled on. She wandered through the lanes of the countryside and through the crooked, cobbled streets of the Dutch-like town, described in Chapter I of 'The Mill on the Floss'. She learned something of the everyday lives of the people and attended in the Old Hall a bazaar held towards paying for the national schools built the previous year. Then she left the place, for a long time. Now, 1859, doubtful that her memory had retained accurately all she needed to draw from its depths, she felt she must go back. Accordingly, September 26th, they went—she and Lewes—for a three days' visit into Lincolnshire. They took a boat at Gainsborough and rowed down to the Idle, which they ascended some distance on foot, walking back to Gainsborough. The journey, Marian recorded a week later, was 'very pleasant and successful both as to weather and the object I was in search of.'

The Congreves returned. Life began to run smoothly again not only for Marian but for poor Lewes, who had had to do



most of the correspondence about Liggins. The Blackwoods wished to see Volume I of 'Sister Maggie,' but were told the author found it 'inconvenient' to part with the script. She wished not to begin to print before the book was essentially concluded, by this time she had discovered that opinions made before conclusion hindered, not helped. Receiving their friends, reading, and writing industriously, the two were enjoying life once more. The boys were happy, Bertie described a skeleton as very nice and interesting. November 10th, Dickens dined with them for the first time, and shortly afterward asked Marian for a story for *All the Year Round*. Lack of time prompted refusal of the request. Lucas, of *Once a Week*, submitted terms for a serial, but 'Satan in the form of bad writing and good pay,' she wrote, 'is not seductive to me.'

George Eliot was now taking herself seriously, if not portentously, writing and speaking of herself as an artist, and though fearing 'Adam Bede' might become outworn, she relied on the fact that it flattered no vanity and possessed no novelty of mere form to delight simply by startling.

More annoyance was forthcoming. Late in November the publisher, Newby, advertised a sequel, 'Adam Bede, Junior.' Dickens wrote to Lewes, who wrote immediately to Blackwood.\*

Holly Lodge  
Monday, November, 59

My dear Blackwood

In a letter just received from Dickens there is this story about Adam Bede, Junior, which he says, "I have at first hand and know to be true." A scavenging wretch in the employment of Mr Newby goes to a certain librarian to subscribe the book. Librarian says he considers it a dishonest proceeding and will have nothing to do with it. "Dishonest!" says the scavenger, "how do *you* know by whom it was written? How do you know it is not by Miss Evans?" Librarian

\* Letter in my possession

Holy Lodge

Monday

Oct 18/58

My dear Blackwood

In a letter just rec<sup>d</sup> from  
Dickens there is this story about "Adam  
Bede juv<sup>r</sup>" which he says "I have at  
first hand & know to be true. A scoundrel  
wretch in the employment of Mr. Murchy  
goes to a certain Librarian to submit  
the book Librarian says he considers it  
a dishonest proceeding & will have  
nothing to do with it "Dishonest!"  
says the scoundrel "how do you know  
by whom it's written? how do you  
know it's not by Miss Evans?" Librarian  
replies all I know is I will have  
nothing to do with the book or you  
either" But behold! the Librarian's  
subscribers attracted by the advertisement

replies, "All I know is I will have nothing to do with the book or you either" But behold! the Librarian's subscribers attracted by the advertisement, demand the book, and because he is under contract to supply them with all new books he is obliged to order it, and has ordered it!

This, as you may suppose, has deeply annoyed us, and I cannot help expressing my regret that, if you thought it advisable to treat Newby with silent contempt, you did not inform me of it, that I might have taken some steps in time

It is now too late for anything but a letter in the *Times* and they will, I suppose, insert one from you, not only undeceiving the public, but characterizing Newby's proceedings. An advertisement will be overlooked, a letter will be read and talked about

Yours in haste

G H LEWES

We feel that Mrs Lewes's interests are compromised by silence on such a point

On the 29th Marian wrote to the *Times* about Newby. That snake was scotched and killed, and thereafter 'Adam Bede' was unmolested

November was an otherwise significant month for the Leweses. The two read 'The Origin of Species,' which George Eliot declared faulty in presentation though full of interesting matter. Its theory of Development marked an epoch, though explanations of processes by which things came to be are feeble compared with the underlying mystery.

Before Marian's fortieth birthday on the 22nd, Lewes signed on the 21st his last will and testament. He gave to his three sons all his copyright interest and all interest of every description in his literary and dramatic works. 'All the rest and residue of my real and personal estate whatsoever and wheresoever and all property of every description over which I may at the time of my decease have any disposing power I give unto Mary Anne Evans, of Holly Lodge, South Fields, Spinster, for her own absolute

70.3

This is the last and only Will and Testament of me  
George Henry Jones of Henry County South Carolina  
in the County of Henry Southern State and my choice was  
Charles Lee Jones Brother a well known and Aged

Excuse me for not having been  
 able to write to you more  
 frequently. I have been very  
 busy lately. I am well and  
 hope this finds you the same.

community of which, Tabor was his "little handiwork"  
in the County of Jersey and Lake of the River Trent.

Bank in the County of Vermont  
with Love in the City of New York

2,000.

Quincy, VT  
15 February 1906

I CERTIFY that this is a true copy of the Original Will deposited and proved in this Registry.  
Dated this 16th day of August 1933.

St. Louis

CPH—*who*  
Registrar.



use and benefit And I appoint her Executrix of this my will ' Maria Congreve was one of the witnesses

Was that word 'Spinster' a thorn? Recognizing its necessity for legal purposes and knowing its etymological significance, Mary Anne Evans would have been the last to pluck it out

On the 24th George Eliot wrote the scene between Mrs Tulliver and Wakem December 15th she records that Blackwood had offered £2000 for 4000 copies of an edition at 31/6 and after the same rate for any more that might be reprinted at the same price She adds gravely, 'I have accepted' About the same time Lewes was contributing to the new Cornhill, best of recently established periodicals, 'Studies in Animal Life,' and he had been publishing articles in *Once a Week*

On Christmas Day, 1859, they ate turkey and plum pudding with the Congreves, taking along their one servant and Pug, the dog given them by Blackwood They were not pleased with Holly Lodge and remained in it so long only because they both admired these ardent Comtists Soon after meeting her at the beginning of this year, Marian wrote in warm praise of Maria, richly intelligent, without pretension, quivering with sensibility, and quiet in manner

The year closed with thoughts of a trip to Italy as soon as 'The Mill' \* should be out of the way

On New Year's Day, 1860, they dined again with the Congreves and met Frederic Harrison, the most famous Comtist in England, who was to be their friend so long as they lived, and to offer appreciation of George Eliot in 'Memories and Thoughts' and 'The Choice of Books' On the 14th Lewes was invited to a dinner in honor of the Cornhill Magazine which, under George Smith's ownership, had sold the unprecedented number of 80,000 copies and which, containing the first of Lewes's 'Studies in Animal Life,' was already suggesting itself

\* The publishers finally decided upon 'The Mill on the Floss' after considering 'The House of Tulliver, or, Life on the Floss', 'The Tullivers, or, Life on the Floss', 'The Tulliver Family, or Life on the Floss' After seeing the display George Eliot concurred in the title chosen

to his astuteness as a vehicle for a novel by Polly, if she cared to serialize

While they were reading aloud 'Humphry Clinker'—with disappointment, despite the admiration of Thackeray and Dickens—Lewes delivered the first volume of 'The Mill on the Floss' to Langford, Blackwood's London agent. On the 4th of February, the publishers sent the first instalment of proof, assuring the author of their pleasure in the book.

John Chapman, grasping at the possible opportunity for making money out of George Eliot's name, now requested that he be allowed to reprint her articles from the Westminster, sharing equally with her the profits. His request was denied, nor were the articles published in book form before George Eliot's death. Henceforth, she desired to be known as novelist.

Eager for Italy before the boys came home from school, ending the first epoch of their united lives, they were both working in full swing, Marian toward the end of 'The Mill'. They were receiving friends, making new friends. At the end of February, Bulwer-Lytton called, impressing Marian by his kindness and sincerity, though not wholly pleasing her by his comment that 'Adam Bede' was defective in two respects: the dialect and Adam's marriage with Dinah. She would rather have her teeth drawn than give up either, standing by her own feeling for dialect and by Lewes's suggestion in the matrimonial dénouement. She was afraid Blackwood would not like the tragic ending of 'The Mill,' but could make no other. 'An unfortunate duck can only lay blue eggs, however white ones may be in demand.'

On the 29th of February, Lewes negotiated with Harper's of New York for sale of American rights to 'The Mill' (£300), and on the same day Tauchnitz offered £100 for the German reprint, saying that 'Adam Bede' had been translated into Hungarian. Lewes was hearing pleasant news: his biographical 'History' was to be translated into German, the 'Life of Goethe' into French. He was sharing honors closely with Marian in that

Dr Frese, who translated the 'Life of Goethe' into German, had also translated 'Adam Bede'

On the 21st of March, Marian rejoiced at completion of 'The Mill,' and at the nearness of Rome. On the 24th, they left to be absent two months, they were away until July

George Eliot was now thoroughly 'fame-conscious' Whereas she had presented copies of 'Clerical Life' to men and women whose opinion she craved, she wrote succinctly to her publishers that she would send 'The Mill' to nobody but Dickens, who had behaved with delicate kindness in a recent matter she wished to acknowledge. That kindness was, inferentially, the part he took in dealing with 'Adam Bede, Junior'

'The Mill on the Floss' was published April 4, 1860. Suggestively autobiographic, it represents in the early years of Maggie Tulliver's life before she and Tom 'entered the thorny wilderness and the golden gates of childhood had forever closed behind them,' the early years of Mary Anne Evans in feeling and experience. Fiction combined with fact, however, will betray the reader who trusts the book as history.

The 'wide plain' described on the first page, is that in Lincolnshire through which the river Trent (Floss) hurries to meet the sea, the Idle (Ripple) is the tributary on which stood in the author's imagination Dorlcote Mill. Gainsborough, the town of aged, fluted red roofs, becomes St Ogg's of broad-gabled wharves and neighboring rich pastures. To this east England locality, the author transfers the Tullivers—parents, Maggie (Mary Anne), and Tom (Isaac Evans)—who live at the mill on the Ripple. The father, not Robert Evans, probably was drawn from Tom Hollick, a litigant mill owner whose place Mary Anne passed on her way to school in Nuneaton days. Nor is Mrs Tulliver founded upon Christiana Evans, though she and her sisters bear a family likeness to the Pearsons. Aunt Deane stands for Mrs Garner, the more memorable Aunt Glegg and Aunt Pullett, names common in Gainsborough, have their



## Chap 1 Outside Doolcote Mill

A wide plain, where the broadening Floss hurries on between its green banks to the Northen Sea, & the rising tide, rushing to meet it, checks its passage with an impetuous embrace. On this mighty tide the black ships - laden with the fresh-scented fir-planks with rounded backs of oil-bearing seed, or with the dark glister of coal - are borne along to the town of St Ogg's, which shows its aged, fluted red roofs & the broad gables of its wharves between the green background & the river-bank, tinging the water with a soft purple hue under the transient glance of this February sun. Far away on each hand stretch the rich pastures, & the patches of dark earth, made ready for the seed of broad-leaved green crops, or trenched already with the point of the slender-bladed, autumn-sown corn. There is a remnant still of the last year's golden clusters of bee-hive ricks rising at intervals beyond the hedge-rows, & every where the hedge-rows are studded with trees: the distant ships seem to be lifting their masts & stretching their red-brown sails close among the branches of the spreading ash. Just by the red-roofed

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mass / <sup>was</sup> ~~unwary~~ a u, hides, Triumphs.

But soon the keel of the boat re-  
appeared, a black speck in the golden  
water

The boat reappeared - but brother &  
Aster had gone down in an embrace  
never to be parted - Every thing again  
in one supreme moment, the day when  
they had clasped their little hands & gone,  
I roamed the daisied fields together.

Reproduced by courtesy of the British Museum

prototypes in Mrs Everard and Mrs Johnson Bob Jakin in real life was William Jaques, who used to carry the little Evans girl on his back, Philip Wakem had, to a degree, his original in M d'Albert Durade, Lucy Deane strongly recalls Chrissey

Maggie, plain and clever, is devoted to matter-of-fact Tom—the story is the best saga of sister-love ever written—as Mary Anne was devoted to Isaac She is her father's favorite child, a fiction accounting for the belief that Mary Anne was Robert Evans's favorite When jealous Maggie, angered by Tom's slighting her for Lucy, runs off to a gypsy camp, she requisitions an incident from Mary Anne's early life Tom is sent away to school where, incidentally, he is a misfit, and where he meets Philip Wakem, the brilliant hunch-backed son of Lawyer Wakem, inimical to Tulliver When Maggie visits Tom, she and Philip begin a friendship which culminates in his love and in her sisterly affection Through a lawsuit, Tulliver loses his mill, suffers a stroke, and Tom comes home At sixteen he is given a post with Guest and Company, his uncle's firm, and after a

few years, helped by Aunt Glegg's money loan, pays his father's debts. Tulliver suffers another stroke and dies. Maggie, meantime, who has lost Philip through Tom's interference, teaches for two or three years. She goes to visit Lucy Deane, betrothed to Stephen Guest. Stephen falls in love with Maggie, now a beautiful woman, and though she fights her rising passion for him, she at length admits it. They go for a boat-ride, on which Maggie's sense of honor and allegiance to Lucy conquer her love for Stephen, but after the tide has borne them too far to return the same evening. Maggie refuses to listen to Stephen's pleadings and, after a night alone in York, returns to the unforgiveness of Tom, now manager for Uncle Deane, at the Mill. In trying to find a position she meets the narrowness of public opinion that would let her starve, and is in desperate straits when autumnal rains overflow the Floss and the Ripple. Tom is in danger. Maggie rows out to his rescue. Their boat is overturned, both are drowned, 'living over in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love and roamed the daisied fields together.' Much later, Lucy and Stephen are married.

Even so brief a summary must reveal the main flaw in the plot. After her books were published, George Eliot had toward them that impersonal feeling which enabled her to see them as objectively as if they were the work of another. She recognized, as every critic must recognize, the justice of two points of Sir Edward Lytton's criticism of 'The Mill', chiefly the tragedy is not adequately prepared. The author confessed she felt that defect even while writing the third volume and had felt ever since. 'The *epische breite*, into which I was beguiled by love of my subject in the first two volumes, caused a want of proportionate fullness in the treatment of the third, which I shall always regret.' The other stricture she did not feel binding, the position of Maggie toward Stephen. 'If the ethics of art do not permit the truthful presentation of a character essentially noble, but liable to great error—error that is anguish to its own

nobleness—then, it seems to me, the ethics of art are too narrow, and must be widened to correspond with a widening of psychology’

The fact is that, in depicting Maggie’s relation to Stephen, the author saw truly as one woman saw another, Lord Lytton saw from the man’s point of view. One reader of today may question Maggie’s love for one obviously her inferior, but another will understand, as the author understood, that essential nobility open to attack from the beautiful. And all Stephen possessed in looks, culture, social ease, and grace supplied the deficit in her own drab life.

But long after the chief plot is dim—for once read it cannot wholly be forgotten—bright stars of detail remain in the heaven of memory. Who can forget the hair-cutting episode, the day with the gypsies, meetings with Philip in the Red Deeps—Griff Bottoms red with clay below, red from boles of fir-trees above—or that agonizing boat-ride with Stephen? Who will forget to smile at recollection of Aunt Pullett, who dosed herself on mixtures pink or white, who liked spots and not stripes, or of Uncle Pullett, who ate sweet-cakes, played his music-box, and had a great natural faculty for ignorance?

Who, searching for likenesses to Mary Anne, will forget the hair that wouldn’t curl, the books so few Maggie sometimes read, the dictionary, her wax doll whose face was wasted away from too many warm kisses, or the wooden doll ‘defaced by a long career of vicarious suffering’? Maggie, whose mother was sure she would tumble into the river some day, ‘rushed to her deeds with passionate impulse and then saw not only their consequences but what would have happened if they had not been done,’ at nine foreshadowing the mature Comtist. She loved music and wore a look of happiness when the music-box played, as later she vibrated to the cries of imprisoned spirits in stringed instruments, she loved, as Mary Anne loved, music that infused strength into her limbs, ideas into her brain. Maggie’s fictive sense is Mary Anne’s. Maggie completed Scott’s ‘Pirate’, Mary Anne

had finished for herself his 'Waverley' Maggie told Tom Mrs Earwig had a wash at home and one of her children had fallen into the hot copper, so she was running to fetch the doctor, Maggie *en route* to the gypsies was haunted by images of a highwayman with a pistol, and a blinking dwarf in yellow with a mouth from ear to ear Maggie, who would be a clever woman as Mary Anne expected to be, saw herself in future honored for her surprising attainments, Maggie, like Mary Anne, found Thomas à Kempis and envisioned the sublime height of renunciation taught by one who had 'the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness' Maggie, like Mary Anne, 'often lost the spirit of humility by being excessive in the outward act, she often strove after too high a flight, and came down with her poor little half-fledged wings dabbled in the mud' Maggie, fashioned after Mary Anne, filled her mind with rhythmic memories from the Bible, and saw all nature and life through her new faith, like Mary Anne, she learned to do 'plain' sewing, not at all plain to one who sewed wristbands in wrong side outward For Maggie, as for Mary Anne, there 'was at least this fruit from all her years of striving after the highest and best—that her soul, though betrayed, beguiled, ensnared, could never deliberately consent to the choice of the lower' Like Mary Anne she had thought that renunciation was quiet ecstasy, like her, Maggie learned that it is patient living strength, thorns forever pressing on its brow

Does the resemblance continue so far as Maggie's speech to Stephen? 'There are memories and affections, and longing after perfect goodness, that have such a strong hold on me, they would never quit me for long, they would come back and be pain to my—repentance I couldn't live in peace if I put the shadow of a wilful sin between myself and God I have never said, "They shall suffer that I may have joy" It has never been my will to marry you if you were to win consent from the momentary triumph of my feeling for you, you would not have my whole soul If I could wake back again into the time

before yesterday, I would choose to be true to my calmer affections, and live without the joy of love'

Resemblance is here, in that George Eliot knew ethically right the step of her union with Lewes, she knew it was not right in the eyes of the world. All her books create situations between inclination and duty, situations in which the noble character struggles painfully to the hard right, situations in which the ignoble man or woman yields to the easy wrong. And the climax of every life is the result of all that has gone before in acts, reading, thinking. To the end, she wrote to prove that her life would produce more good than if she never had done anything to shock the world.

At the last, Maggie wanted to die, alleviating thought for those who grieve at her being cut off in bright promise, at all her unfulfilled womanhood. No image of rest came across her mind 'except of that far, far off rest, from which there would be no more waking for her into this struggling earthly life'. Mary Anne often must have cried out with Maggie, 'I'm very wretched. I wish I could have died when I was fifteen'. Yet from her wretchedness and from her happiness, both known in full measure, Mary Anne reached heights undreamed in Griff days. Her boat was neither overturned nor lost in its course down the river of time.

## VISIT TO ITALY

THAT first Italian journey together they undertook in serious spirit, both cried out, 'Culture, more culture!' Reading, only reading, their program exhausts a modern globe-trotter who, used to motor car and airplane, must project himself backward to the day of carriage and slow boat

By diligence they went to Mont Cenis, where they glided in sledges under starlit heavens 'spread over the snowy tablelands and surrounding heights' Marian, tired, grasped that magnificence and slept By diligence again and rail train they continued to Turin, with its memories of Alfieri At Genoa they caught a glimpse of Count Cavour, Cavour of the 'half-kind, half-caustic smile, of plainest dress and head full of power' And here at Genoa the Italian children first impressed her who had loved children from the days when she made music for the Perkins youngsters at Griff and who would love them in Blanche and Maud and Elinor Lewes, who was mother first of all to Patty, Amos's daughter, with her sad flock of brothers and sisters, last of all to little Jacob in 'Daniel Deronda' Did Providence give her a barren body that she might have longer living children of the brain?

Already interested in the Jewish religion (interest later expressed in 'Deronda'), they turned into the Synagogue at Leghorn, then they went on to Pisa's three historical buildings, by boat to Civitavecchia, and by train to Rome They stayed one month, April 1st to 29th, in the Eternal City, which immediately disappointed them, but after finding temporary lodgings on the third floor of the Hôtel d'Amérique between the Piazza del

Popolo and the Piazza di Spagna, ventured out, to be impressed by the Trinità de' Monti. Still dejected, they took up quarters with a Frenchman and his wife, with whom they had the bond of a language they understood. Their spirits rose after the Coliseum and Capitol, where ancient ruins decay beside modern structures. Not modern from the twentieth century point of view, probably Rome has changed more since 1900 than in all previous centuries of the Christian era.

George Eliot's best report of her visit to Rome consists in description. From the tower of the Capitol, for example, 'The eye leaps first to the mountains that bound the Campagna—the Sabine and Alban hills and the solitary Soracte farther on to the left. Then, wandering back across the Campagna, it searches for the sister hills, hardly distinguishable now as hills. The Palatine is conspicuous enough, marked by the ruins of the Palace of the Caesars, and rising up beyond the extremity of the Forum. And now once resting on the Forum, the eye will not readily quit the long area that begins with the Clivus Capitolinus and extends to the Coliseum—an area that was once the very focus of the world.' The most beautiful view in Rome she pronounced that from the Pamfili Doria.

She loved the drives that from the Clivus to the Coliseum, that along the Appian Way to the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, and the view there of the Campagna bridged by the Aqueducts, enjoyed details of which she had long read—the Baths of Titus, the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, the Theater of Marcellus, the Temple of Nerva and that of Minerva, and the Baths of Caracalla. But all this enjoyment recalls a list by any tourist. So it is with the sculptures and paintings. Her comment indicates little more than the conscientious visitor on his daily rounds, whether in the grand halls of the Vatican where she regretted lack of proper cataloguing, or in St. Peter's which possessed no interesting detail, or in the Sistine Chapel where she cared—with everybody else—for only the ceiling, 'the most wonderful fresco in the world.' With everybody, she admired



Raphael's 'School of Athens', and in the Farnesina Palace his 'Triumph of Galatea' Characteristically, she liked the 'Madonna di Foligno' 'for the sake of the cherub standing and looking upward', there was a preference all her own

They visited other palaces the Barberini, where she liked the 'Beatrice Cenci,' by Titian, the Sciarra Palace, the Borghese, the Rospigliosi and looked, with mirrors as every tourist looks, at the ceiling and Guido's 'Aurora' Then came the churches At San Pietro in Vincola, on Michelangelo's masterpiece she made a sound comment 'Moses was an angry man trying to frighten the people by his mien, instead of being rapt by his anger, and terrible without self-consciousness' There were the rich marbles of Santa Maria Maggiore, the Church of San Clemente, the villas in or near Rome, the Albani, and the Aldobrandini

At Tivoli they encountered heavy rain One pictures the long-faced woman, the monkey-faced man, cowering under umbrellas, unhappily waiting for the storm to clear and at last going Romeward without walking through the splendid ruins of Hadrian's Villa To Frascati and the ruins of Tusculum they went by rail They visited the catacombs of San Calixto They stood in homage to the *cor cordium* that was Shelley's in the Protestant Cemetery, and they lamented that Keats's grave had no wall and no shade tree Could George Eliot revisit these glimpses of the moon, she would approve the stately pines, over the grave, near the new wall

They visited the studios of four artists Gibson, Frey, Riedel, and Overbeck By this time, April 10th, Lewes's disappointment in the city had long vanished Though he gave Marian grave cause for concern through his terrible oppression of the head and almost total deafness on one side, he forgot his physical unhappiness for the sake of Rome Marian had not even a headache Again she speaks of children, 'a Madonna and child at every third or fourth upper window' On the 4th of April, she

heard from Edinburgh that 'The Mill on the Floss' was that day published

They had arrived just when Holy Week was beginning, and had the pleasure of seeing the illumination of St Peter's 'So wondrous, so magically beautiful, that one can't find in one's heart to say it is not worth doing' They drove up to the Church, as the grand illumination flashed out 'a unique sight,' says Lewes, 'and worth the whole of Holy Week put together' They were both blessed by the Pope, Marian saying a trifle deprecatorily that the blessing of an old man could do no harm

In Rome they met the worst spring of twenty years, at Naples, where they arrived on the 30th of April, they had brilliantly clear weather and blue skies Again, George Eliot's descriptions are the most individual of her impressions From Posilippo, for example, she observed the irregular outline of coast and sea, on its high rock the grand Castle of St Elmo topped by the monastery, the graceful outline of purple Vesuvius, the line of indented mountains along to the Cape of Sorrento, Capri sleeping in the distance, between sea and sky Of art there was not so much, after Rome, natural beauty enthralled them They made expeditions to Pozzuoli, Lake Avernus, the Amphitheater of Cumae, and to Pompeii where they had a memorable walk through the dead city that exercised a peculiar influence over George Eliot Had she written a story of Pompeii (Bulwer-Lytton had already written that story), conceivably she would have suffered less division of opinion than over her tale of Florence

At Paestum, to which they drove in the carriage of their driver christened the Baboon—oddly enough, since Lewes knew he himself was called the Ape—Marian was enchanted by the Greek ruins, declaring the Temple of Neptune the finest thing they had yet seen in Italy, possessing all the requisites of form, color, and position They were thrilled by the grand drive to Amalfi

After six weeks of travel, they began to think of home 'The

most solid comfort,' Marian wrote Maria Congreve, 'one can fall back upon is the thought that the business of one's life—the work at home after the holiday is done—is to help in some small, nibbling way to reduce the sum of ignorance, degradation, and misery on the face of this beautiful earth'

After a fortnight in Naples they continued by boat as far as Leghorn, a two-day trip not enjoyed, to Florence, where they stayed three weeks. More than ever, except for one particular, the *Journal* is like a plethoric guide-book: the drive to Fiesole, to San Miniato, the views of Florence—again the author's strongest impressions—the palaces, the Duomo, the Uffizi and Pitti Galleries, the Laurentian Library, the Loggia dei Lanzi, the churches. On the 21st of May, while reading about Savonarola, Lewes remarked that his life and times afforded fine material for an historical romance. 'Polly at once caught the idea with enthusiasm. It is a subject which will fall in with much of her studies and sympathies, and it will give fresh interest to our stay in Florence.' They visited San Marco, where Marian studied the Fra Angelico 'Crucifixion' while Lewes went over the monastery, closed to women, and took notes. They visited old bookshops, buying Savonarola's poems and Perrens's 'Life of Savonarola'.

On the 27th of May, George Eliot wrote Major Blackwood that Florence had stimulated her to a rather ambitious project, to be withheld from everybody but himself and his brother John. John at once wrote inquiringly, but she replied June 23rd that she could not tell him by letter. 'I am anxious to keep it a secret. It will require a great deal of study and labor, and I am athirst to begin.' Much time was to elapse before she finished 'Romola'.

Just before George Eliot intimated her plan to Blackwood, Mrs. Browning wrote from Rome, to Miss Browning, 'Have you read "The Mill on the Floss," and what of it?' The author is here, they say, with her elective affinity and is seen on the Corso walking, or in the Vatican musing. Always together. They are

said to visit nobody, and to be beheld only at unawares' <sup>1</sup> In June she wrote from Florence, 'Mr Lewes and Miss Evans have been here, and are coming back to settle in our congenial bosom I admire her books so much that certainly I shall not refuse to receive her' <sup>2</sup> Sympathy or patronage?

In Florence they ran across Fred Chapman and Charles Lever before the paintings in the Pitti Palace, and they were invited to the Villino Trollope, the residence of Thomas Adolphus Trollope, a fascinating marble-pillared house, full of majolica, *cassoni*, and other old furniture There in a library of five thousand books, the two visitors enjoyed talking to both Anthony and Thomas That was the last day of May, 1860 The reception was held, says Kate Field, on the terrace opening upon a garden, the walls inlaid with terra cotta and coats of arms, here and there a Madonna looked down from her niche Laughter, music, and conversation, inspiration for Sunday afternoons at the Priory The American girl recalled years afterward the author of 'Adam Bede' and 'The Mill' talking earnestly to Anthony Trollope, while Lewes hovering near called attention to the moonlight that brought out gleam and shadow George Eliot admired the statue above the girl's head, and after the host's introduction seated herself, talking brilliantly, sympathetically Her sensitive mouth, her gentle expression, and her timidity conquered by will—these remained with Kate Field all her life

'Do you enjoy writing? Is it easy work?' ventured the girl to whom George Eliot had just confided her own experience in fiction

'No, I am miserable when writing, but I am still more miserable when not writing'

Followed a moment of laughter and talk with Lewes, who came up to take her away, and the young woman saw them no more for many years Next day the two Georges were en route to Bologna

Crossing the Apennines by night, Marian slept, but waking,

she knew she would have missed something had they journeyed by day wonderful heights and depths on each side, seen in the fading light of evening, lightning flashes in the middle of the night, when the horses refused to move, oxen hitched to the axle, aiding the upward climb, just before dawn, high on the mountains, they looked precipitously down, to the awful, pale horizon far below

They did not like the ugly, leaning towers of Bologna, which they left on June 3rd for Ferrara, passing on the way the Euganean Hills After Giotto's chapel at Padua, there was little on which to pause before Venice, where they arrived June 4th, and were at once enchanted by the city of the sea under the ten o'clock moon 'Of all dreamy delights that of floating on a gondola along canals and out on the lagoon is surely the greatest' Walking on the Piazza of San Marco, admiring the cathedral which Ruskin called one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, they spent eight days, somewhat marred for Marian by a touch of illness

Across the plains of Lombardy to Verona, to Milan, they were preceded by heavy rain that ended brilliant weather By Como and Bellagio to Chiavenna, at the foot of the Splügen Pass Climbing the almost perpendicular heights they saw, June 21st, the Alps as a wall that shut them out from the enriching loveliness of Italy From Berne they went to Hofwyl to visit the boys, and on the 26th took away Charles Lee Lewes with them, 'having left school forever' At Geneva they saw M and Madame d'Albert, with whom Marian renewed the past and to whom she presented husband and stepson M d'Albert had prepared with care a French translation of 'Adam Bede,' then in press 'Maman' was bright as ever, the years having given her only white hair

July 1st, they were back at Holly Lodge, back from 'an unspeakably delightful journey—one of those journeys that seem to divide one's life in two by the new ideas they suggest and the new veins of interest they open'

LIFE AT HAREWOOD SQUARE,  
BLANDFORD SQUARE 'SILAS MARNER'

IN Florence, Lewes probably spoke to Anthony Trollope of Charles's leaving school and of the necessity of his finding work. Trollope, to whom the world owes gratitude for the pillar post-box not less than for 'Barchester Towers' and other realistic structures in fiction, was then at the head of the post office in England, and helped the boy to a position in the service. Lewes coached Charles for the examinations, in which he took first place and so entered upon an honorable career, a beneficent result of the Evans-Lewes union. Of a lovable disposition and sense of duty, he endeared himself more and more to Marian, who found it sweet 'as one gets older to have some young life about one'. Though feeling autumnal at forty-one, in common with most other human beings she was to change her ideas about age. Just then eager to be working, she regretted she could not cut herself into four, to do all she wanted to do every day. Particularly she desired to give help and sympathy to Charles, to be nearer town for whose sake they gave up Holly Lodge. On September 25, 1860, they moved to 10 Harewood Square, a furnished house in which Marian, meaning to have a paradise of green in her drawing-room, was annoyed by the yellow curtains. She should have hated them, they intensified her sallowness.

Early in July, from Holly Lodge, she was corresponding appreciatively with Sara about 'Thoughts in Aid of Faith,' reading her friend's work before plunging into a course of study that would take her into a different region of thought. 'Romola'

was busy in her brain, and though Marian did not tell Sara, her business sense prompted her to disclose to John Blackwood in late August the secret of her intention to write a historical novel about Florence in the fifteenth century and centering around Savonarola's life and martyrdom. Aware of the long time required for so momentous an undertaking, she wished to write and to publish another English story when the Italian novel was far enough advanced to begin serialization a few months later in Blackwood's Magazine.

In July, August, and September, meanwhile, between sittings to Samuel Lawrence for her portrait, she finished a short story, 'Mr David Faux, Confectioner,' later entitled 'Brother Jacob.' This tale was composed and set down in as savage a mood as George Eliot ever permitted herself to indulge. Its whole purpose is to show an admirable 'instance of the unexpected forms in which the great Nemesis hides herself,' and the tale itself emphasizes that one may be good for nothing else than cooking excellent pastry which, however, being a confection in demand, may help to satisfy humanity. But if a pastry cook is dishonest, his calling ceases, his business lies in ruins. George Eliot had been annoyed by silly comment on 'The Mill.' Again and again she heard that so-and-so was 'sorry for poor Tom Tulliver, the author had not been fair to him.' She raved at such stupidity. 'As if I had not meant them to be sorry for poor Tom, as if that were not one of my intentions!' So about Mr David Faux not surprisingly she says 'If he had fallen on the present times, and enjoyed the advantages of a Mechanics' Institute, he would certainly have taken to literature and written reviews, but his education had not been liberal.' There is slap Number One directed to all reviewers lacking proper qualification, and at the same time a swift out-thrust of the tongue at education so called, which among other institutions of the day needing remedial influence she had lampooned in 'The Mill.' 'He had read,' she goes on, 'some novels from the adjoining circulating library, and had even bought the story of "Inkle and



GEORGE ELIOT

From the pastel drawing by Samuel Lawrence, 1860. This portrait, which hung for many years in Blackwood's Edinburgh office, is probably the best likeness of the author at maturity. The original, after being exhibited a number of times, was acquired, 1935, by Mr. Jacob Schwartz, of the Ulysses Book Shop, New York. Reproduced by courtesy of the Ulysses Book Shop and of Eve Harrison, photographer.





Yarico," which had made him feel very sorry for poor Mr Inkle, so that his ideas might not have been below a certain mark of the literary calling, but his spelling and diction were too unconventional' Blow Number Two The plot is engaging and Brother Jacob, the idiot, a diverting nit-wit, the style is too heavy A little more effort would have made the tale a masterpiece

Bitterness creeps out elsewhere Inquiring of her publishers who wrote an article in the North British reviewing her along with Hawthorne, she finds it so unmingled in praise she would be uneasy lest a friend wrote it, 'if I had any friends' Physical weakness was largely responsible for this pessimistic view, she despaired of ever feeling well again, she felt slower, more timid, everything she did appeared poor and trivial, yet she admitted to thinking it fine when finished and gone from her

In this low state she sat to Lawrence, who captured her better than any other artist and depicted the first lines of care, sadness, who transferred to canvas the majestic gloom of her countenance, the gravely sibylline regard The portrait was completed August 28th, about the time Lewes set off to Edinburgh, with Thornton who also had returned from Hofwyl and wanted intensive education in farm life After the Edinburgh excursus, Lewes busied himself in finding a house—one in Harewood Square—and in making investments for Polly, who was finally pulled together and set on her feet by quinine and steel, and the thought of a home 'bright and warm with love and tenderness'

On November 20th, while they were still at 10 Harewood Square, Anthony Trollope came to dinner Arthur Helps, who was bringing to completion his great work on 'The Spanish Conquest in America' and was now Secretary of the Privy Council, dropped in later and pleased the author of 'Adam Bede' and 'The Mill' by saying Queen Victoria had spoken of both books in great admiration In daily intercourse, the two Georges missed the two Congreves Marian's letters to Maria witness the love

and esteem in which they held each other, now too far apart for more than infrequent visits and presents of baskets of eggs from the more suburban Maria to the more urban Marian Herbert Spencer, at the height of his achievement, now and then was among the increasing number of guests George Eliot adhered to her principle of never paying visits but of gladly welcoming all who would and could come to her

About this time, she and Lewes became frequenters of the Monday Afternoon Popular Concerts at St James's. Shortly, Lewes was made Fellow of the Zoological Society, they went several times a week to the Gardens to visit the birds and animals, congenial to their spirits

After not quite three months in Harewood Square they moved, December 17th, to 16 Blandford Square. There the time-frittering work of visiting shops and furnishing was more and more hateful, there, callers might find George Eliot on her knees with a mouthful of tacks helping to lay the living-room carpet. There, to her distress, she lost her pen, her old pen, with which she had written eight years and which had for her a certain symbolism. She was cheered when she heard 'Adelaide'—the supreme achievement, as Sims Reeves sang it, of passionate song.

At the end of 1860, a year marked by many blessings, she felt she had not been fruitful. She was too eager to get on Lewes, a good balance for her nervous desire to be writing, thought of Italy and their long months there as a source of delight and addition to culture. So did she, but for the moment she saw those months lost from accomplishment. She had been working, though slowly and interruptedly, on a story which came across her other plans by a sudden inspiration, a story of old-fashioned village life, the story of 'Silas Marner'. In her mental unease and physical disturbance, she expressed to Barbara Bodichon her faith in the development of higher possibilities than any church has presented, and 'those who have strength to wait and endure are bound to accept no formula which their whole souls—their intellect as well as their emotions—do not

embrace with entire reverence The "highest calling and election" is to *do without* opium and live through all our pain with conscious, clear-eyed endurance'

Lewes, meanwhile, published, December, 1860, the first instalment of his 'Captain Bland,' and was leaping with wonted agility from topic to topic in science In January he was lecturing at the post office, through Trollope's influence, on 'Life from the Simple Cell to Man' In Blackwood's, throughout the spring months of 1861, appeared articles on such subjects as 'Uncivilized Man,' 'Spontaneous Generation,' and 'Spontaneous Combustion' All the while he was most uncomfortable in body, by the end of January, he was incapacitated The other George was feeble Early in February they went for two days to Dorking, Surrey, where the country air set them up again

By the middle of February, hoping to get the book out by Easter, George Eliot sent Blackwood 230 pages of the script of her one-volume tale, 'Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe' Blackwood's acceptance was accompanied by a letter encouraging to the author Though regretting the tale is sad, he had read with greatest admiration and offered examples of the cause for admiration This was to Lewes, who replied, 'In spite of my delight in the book I cannot help *occasionally* being made anxious by her persistent deprecation of what she writes' John Blackwood rallied them both The author had been fearful that since Wordsworth was dead nobody but herself would care for the somber story

On March 10, 1861, 'Silas' was completed, and the final pages were sent to Edinburgh The author and Lewes went down to Hastings, for sea air and recreation Back in town on the 26th, Lewes was reading proof for Herbert Spencer's 'First Principles,' and for his own paper on 'Nerves' Before Easter the two were saddened by the death of Major Blackwood 'Silas Marner' appeared on the second day of April, 1861

If any book by George Eliot is more widely known than another, that book is 'Silas Marner' For years it has had place

in high-school English either for required or for recommended reading. Sadly enough, this well-meant requirement or recommendation may have removed the book from the list read for pleasure. Every schoolboy and every schoolgirl are familiar with the theme, 'A little child shall lead them,' and with the simple plot—how Silas lost his gold through Dunstan Cass's theft, how he was recompensed by Eppie's golden hair, how Godfrey Cass—in losing his daughter—suffered retribution. The book sprang out of sudden inspiration from a millet-seed germ, memory of a stooped linen-weaver, bag on back. Realistic treatment emphasizing the 'remedial influence of pure, natural human relations' operates through a mild Nemesis to the satisfying close. 'Silas Marner' is the noblest result in another's writing of Wordsworth's teaching. Though earlier novels of George Eliot result partly from her agreement with his poetic principles and her adaptation of them to prose, in 'Silas' his theories find full and free exemplification. Silas himself, probably no critic has observed, is a portrait of what Wordsworth might have been had his lot been that of Silas, and the Cumberland poet's lines dominate the tale as they dominate the title-page.

*A child more than all other gifts  
That earth can offer to declining man,  
Brings hope with it and forward-looking thoughts*

The doctrine that men should follow not the desire for pleasure but the urge of good to others emerges with Comtian emphasis from the pages of a work remarkable for absence of loose ends and holes and flaws, a work rounded with high art, a work, moreover, which in the scene at the Rainbow Inn immediately challenged comparison with Shakespeare. Of her contemporaries, not surprisingly, Frederic Harrison thought it her best novel, in his earlier stage of criticism it was preferred by Henry James. 'Silas' is a perfection wrought in miniature. A connoisseur may exalt the art above that which produces the heroic canvas of 'Middlemarch'.

Bursting in upon her greater work, the book was written spontaneously, without heaviness of moralizing or philosophic weightiness, third of the trilogy treasuring the spirit of that rural England the author loved and remembered. Research has found a Polish novel, 'Jermola,' akin in plot to 'Silas Marner', but the translation appeared ten years or so afterward, and the plot, even if doubtfully George Eliot knew 'Jermola,' counts little beside her own superb development. Silas's character is considered by Lord David Cecil (1934) as an example of her power to describe successfully how a character develops. That was the power, he recalls, that won Proust's admiration and made him her follower. In showing changing characteristics, she does not forget constant characteristics. The Weaver of Raveloe has changed from the spiritually minded member of the Methodist Little Bethel of Lantern Yard to the miser whose sole object in life is to add to his gold hoard. But his formerly affectionate nature is restored through Eppie, in the restoration is clear his constant characteristic. Silas needed an object on which to support his timorous, faltering nature. Religion the first prop failing, he becomes a solitary, then he turns to hoarding and, again, his object failing, he accepts the child. Yet he is the same recognizable character, throughout. The series indicated incidentally compensates Silas, whose troubles end in good. Had he lost Eppie to her father, Godfrey, the climax would have been unfavorable both to the mild Nemesis the author desired and to her feeling that justice logically should work at last for one so inoffensive as Silas, one twice maltreated by Fate.

The novel is admirable in texture. Not often does the author obtrude her expression into the dialogue of characters, 'Ben Winthrop's insult was felt by everybody to have capped Mr Macey's epigram.' The Rainbow Inn would have been scarcely on terms of acquaintance with that ultimate word.

For some critics, all along the line from her contemporaries to the present, 'Silas' marks the height from which George Eliot

walked the downward slope. Emilie and Georges Romieu remark, as recently as 1932, 'Into those pathetic, palpitating works Marian had poured the best of her heart, the quintessence of her fervid soul. Already by more than one token, a keen eye could discern a cracking of the surface, intimations of failure and decline.' Physical decline, agreed, but her best work was yet far ahead, her mental decline, her ability to write, believe some admirers, never declined.

## SECOND VISIT TO ITALY 'ROMOLA'

AFTER a busy social and musical week, the two Georges set out, April 19, 1861, the day after Lewes's forty-fourth birthday, for Florence. They remained thirty-four days on this visit, seeking color and information for the projected Italian novel. Weather favored them during the delightful journey ('and expensive,' thrifty George Eliot added) through France—they stopped at Avignon to pay homage at the tomb of Mill's wife—and along the Corniche. They had comfortable quarters in the Hotel Vittoria, on the Arno, but were oppressed by ill-health. On the 5th of May, following their arrival, Lewes danced with Polly to warm her feet, between the 11th and 17th he did little more than nurse her, he himself was sick from sore throat and cough. He went, notwithstanding, to the Magliabecchian Library on the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th, taking notes for the novel.<sup>1</sup>

Despite her poor physical state, Marian felt younger and more hopeful, as if long life and work were before her. Soon she was foraging in old streets and bookshops, visiting again the Pitti Palace, on the 24th accompanying Lewes to the Magliabecchian, and visiting the Tom Trollopes. They made expeditions to the monasteries of Camáldoli and La Verna, the Franciscan monastery impressing them by its position on the abrupt rock at the summit of the mountain. No woman was permitted to enter either, but at Camáldoli Marian was permitted to sleep in the cow-house, which she and her companion found satisfactorily clean. They came by the St. Gothard Pass to Lucerne, stopping at



Berne and, on June 11th, at Hofwyl to see Bertie, still in school, and by the 14th were in London. John Blackwood, waiting for them, persuaded them to join him and a party of friends for a day at Greenwich, a day memorable to the publisher from hearing George Eliot describe how she realized her characters.

From the middle of June through the rest of 1861, George Eliot wavered between hope and despair over the Italian novel. She longed to work steadily, she was depressed, fearful she could not do what she wished, she talked to Lewes about the book, she would give it up, would not think of writing. That negation was in the middle of August, a week later she had conceived the plot with new distinctness.

Both, again, 'poorly' they went, September 4th to 11th, to Malvern, for the water-cure. She was distracted by the necessity of correcting her published works for a cheap edition. The first week in October, worried about her plot, again vacillating, she had no confidence in herself. On the 7th, she attacked her first chapter. After much reading from Italian authorities, tired, despondent, on November 6th, she resolved to give up the novel. A week later she was studying period costumes in the British Museum, and by the 8th of December had so far conceived the story as to delight Lewes with it. Four days later she had finished the first draft of the plot. She who hated willy-nillying, shilly-shallying, had alternated six months between doing and not doing.

Life, meanwhile, was going on as usual, 'without much external difference,' Lewes recorded. He had written part of 'Ariadne' and begun his long-contemplated 'History of Science,' his studies in Aristotle, and had published a few articles. He had continued his researches in microscopy. They heard Fechter in 'Hamlet,' Jane Carlyle sitting between them at the performance, and heard him, with less delight in 'Othello.' October 3rd they bought a handsome grand piano, which increased their music-loving friends on Saturday afternoons, forerunners

of more famous Sundays at the Priory Barbara Bodichon and Bessie Parkes came, Pigott, Redford, and Spencer, Wilkie Collins and Huxley

On her forty-second birthday, Marian wrote Sara she thought of death as a fast-approaching end of a journey Yet she was very well, walking five hours with Spencer and Lewes, out Hampstead way, going two or three times with Barbara to visit her schools and hear the children sing, and to the Zoo with the boys—Thornie was down from Edinburgh on his vacation She was able to look about the shops, and found with a thrill, in view of her novel, two books by Savonarola, 'Dialogus de Veritate Prophetica,' and 'Compendium Revelationum'

To name the authors read in this half-year, preparatory to 'Romola,' would be to make a catalogue Nerli, Nardi, Sacchetti, Sismondi, Monteil, Renan, Pulci, Villani, Varchi, Politian, Muratori—these are merely suggestive of the long list she attacked And she acquired a Bible Mindful of her eyes, Lewes gave her one in large, easy print, for her Christmas present in 1861

The year slid insensibly into 1862, marked by a second attempt to get on with the novel George Eliot was depressed, suffering from one cold after another, Lewes was ailing with headache By the 23rd of January, both were in brighter spirits, chiefly from an offer made by George Smith, publisher of the Cornhill His suggestion of serializing her novel made her think about money, though she knew it was better for her not to have too much Saturday the 25th, she and Lewes were reading in the British Museum, she for her book, he for his 'Aristotle' She was now apparently well into the details of 'Romola'—needing, for example, to get the particulars of Lorenzo de' Medici's death and the facts about the retardation of Easter She was also reading for Florentine expressions She had told Blackwood she was much disturbed by hearing her characters talk in English, when they should have been speaking Italian

Still wavering, she confessed January 31st after reading entries in her notebook of past times, entries of malaise and despair,

she felt it impossible to believe she had ever been so unpromising and despairing as now. Immediately after writing these words she read her Proem and opening scene to G—who was delighted. Followed a week in which she was feeble, mentally, and physically, but in which she again rewrote the first chapter. She was worried over Lewes, whose dear face looked 'very pale and narrow'. She thought of the time to come when they must be parted forever, and wrote, 'Those only can thoroughly feel the meaning of death who know what is perfect love.'

February 17th she had written only the Proem and two chapters, bowed by an oppressive sense of the long task ahead. 'Will it ever be finished? Ever worth anything?' With all her experience, she never easily endured the long period of gestation necessary to the birth of a great book. By February 28th she had accomplished only sixty pages. Next day came George Smith offering £10,000 for 'Romola,' for serialization in the Cornhill and for the entire copyright, foreign as well as English. Two days later she gave up the idea, as Smith wished to begin publishing in the May number and she could not yet see clearly enough to the end. Again she stopped, to drive with their landlord to a meet of staghounds and another of fox-hunters, later spending a week with Lewes in Englefield Green. March 24th she had only begun the fourth chapter, working under a weight, and so working until the 2nd of April when she began to get her first enjoyment from writing. By the middle of the month she was ailing. The two went to Dorking, where for three weeks of delicious weather they walked and drove, and came back to town much restored. Soon afterward, Lewes accepted the post of literary advisership to the Cornhill at a salary of £600 a year, a post held until October, 1864.

On the 23rd of May, George Eliot decided to publish 'Romola' in the Cornhill—obviously there was a connection between Lewes's post and this decision—for £7000, voluntarily surrendering £3000 because she could not meet the publisher's wishes in the number of instalments. She regretted to leave Blackwood,

and evidently hoped for or expected an offer to surpass that of Smith. But John Blackwood wrote, 'I can readily imagine that you are to receive such a price as I could not make remunerative by any machinery that I could resort to.' There were other communications—and Lewes recorded a 'split' between themselves and the Blackwoods over the Cornhill serialization.

By the end of June, George Eliot was only beginning Part IV—the scene between 'Romola' and her brother in San Marco. In July, while Lewes was two weeks at Spa, seeing Bulwer-Lytton, 'princesses, countesses, barons, counts,' she was beset by palsy—making almost no progress. Yet she was well enough, physically. In August, Thorne passed his first Indian examinations, after which the two Georges went for three weeks to Littlehampton and Dorking. By the 26th, 'Romola' had arrived at Part VI, page 62. Encouraging letters from the Trollopes sped the author on with new spirit, and by October she was ready, at page 85, for the scene between Tito and Romola. On the last day of the month she finished Part VII, ending at the point where Romola has left Florence. Part VIII went rapidly, completed in the month of November. By the 22nd of December, the author was spiritless, dead, hopeless, depressed, incapacitated. Clouded and wet weather did her thoughts no good, nor apparently did the first visit of Robert Browning on the 16th.

On the last day of 1862, Marian recorded blessings, not un-mixed with trembling over the unfinished 'Romola.' Thorne had yet to pass his finals for India, and Bertie was about to leave school.

The year 1863 dawned for an author physically unfit. In February, after a month of plodding, she complained of blood-shot eyes and went to Dorking for rest. Writing, writing until the 20th of April, wore her down to a shadow. Again, while Lewes in better health than usual crossed the Channel to see Bertie, still at Hofwyl, she visited the Parsonage House for a fortnight.

The long task was telling on her nerves, the weather was

severely cold, she was ailing. All along, from indications between the lines of Marian's letters to Sara Hennell, Sara was not without the feminine weakness of sticking pins into her famous friend. More than once, she generously passed on comment that more generously she should have withheld. Not surprisingly, Marian's resistance fell when she learned from Sara that somebody, Mrs. Cash by inference, was ascribing to George Eliot the 'Chronicles of Carlingford'. She wrote

April 23, 1863

Dear Sara

I am not the author of the *Chronicles of Carlingford*. They are written by Mrs. Oliphant, author of "*Margaret Maitland*," &c, &c, &c. A little reflection might, one would think, suggest that when a name is precisely the highest-priced thing in literature, anyone who has a name will not, except when there is some strong motive for mystification, throw away the advantages of that name. I wrote anonymously while I was an unknown author, but I shall never, I believe, write anonymously again.

Mrs. Cash's statement is a fair specimen of the value carried by such *ex post facto* memories in relation to authorship. I can recall no "revelations" she ever made to me. And certainly no dissenting life I ever came in contact with in the provinces, could furnish an example of a dissenting minister being invited to visit me by a lady of title on a first interview in a shop. But it is an ordinary weakness of human nature for each reader who happens to have a little personal knowledge of an author, to suppose that his book must be capable of thorough explanation by that personal knowledge. For example, an old acquaintance of Mr. Lewes's who has never seen me, told him he might well like *Adam Bede* the best of my books, because there was so much of his own character in *Adam*! And I should tell you by way of interesting you in Mrs. Oliphant, that she is a widow with a family of six children and does a perfectly stupendous amount of work of all sorts—translation and article writing and everything literary.

Love to all from your affectionate

MARIAN E. LEWES<sup>2</sup>

At 16 Blandford Square, May 16, 1863, George Eliot, in great excitement, 'killed Tito' On Monday the 18th, she began Part XIV, the final division of 'Romola,' needing only three weeks to finish the section After a musical party on the 6th of June, to celebrate the completion of the novel, she altered the Epilogue, June 9th, wrote the last word, and exclaimed 'Ebenezer!' The book had occupied her mind for the better part of three years, had ploughed into her more than any other, and begun when she was young, she affirmed, ended when she was an old woman

Over 'Romola' criticism appears to be more divided than over any other of George Eliot's works though the opposing camps stand, in a measure, for the array of forces divided by its immediate publication Before 'Romola,' contends one side, she did her best writing, afterward, replies the opposing side The whole truth may not be stated briefly by saying her changed subject and style have adherents, as had her earlier subject and style, but something like this statement explains the phenomenon of the respective allegiances One group sees her best, universally best, in those novels written out of Mary Anne Evans's early observation, experiences, and marvelous memory, the other approves her excursions beginning with Florence of the late fifteenth century, ending with her sympathetic study of the Jews Though the number is small, there are even those who maintain that 'Deronda' is her greatest book

The story of 'Romola' extends from 1492 to 1498 with an epilogue of some ten years later For the reader who may have forgotten the story, here is a summary Romola, nobly beautiful daughter of the blind savant Bardo di Bardi, is married to the ignobly beautiful Tito Melema, a Greek, adopted son of Baldassarre Calvo, a scholar of wealth Saved by swimming, Tito has arrived in Florence after shipwreck on a voyage to Delos, Baldassarre was captured by pirates Tito has met Bardi and Romola through Nello, a barber who has become his patron and whose

shop is frequented by the artists and patricians of the city. Tito's education and charm win favor with Bardo, who engages him as literary assistant, and with Romola. Before they are married he hears through a monk who brings the letter—the monk proves to be Romola's brother—that Baldassarre is in slavery. Baldassarre urges him to sell the jewels with which he had escaped and to come to the rescue. Tito refuses. For a time he and Romola are happy in their union. When Charles VIII enters Florence (1494) Baldassarre is among the prisoners. He finds Tito who, shaking him off, refuses to recognize him. He disappears, intent upon revenge.

Tito, meantime, though loving Romola, has a child—after a mock marriage—by a peasant girl, Tessa, and has maintained relations with her. Coming to her he finds his father in her home and escapes death from Baldassarre's dagger only because he wears chain armor. Bardo has died, leaving his library to Florence. Romola's intention to hold the trust sacred is disregarded by Tito, he sells the collection and pockets the money. Romola, who has felt the degeneration of Tito, can bear no more. She leaves him. On her way to Bologna she meets Savonarola, who asks her to forget herself and to work for distressed Florence. She returns to become his follower, while Tito climbs in favor with the two political parties, that of Savonarola and that of the Medici. Old Baldassarre, whose mind is unhinged, returns to sanity sufficient to bring charges against Tito, with the only result that on Tito's denial of the charges he is thrown into prison. He gets no further in his desire for vengeance than to tell Romola about Tessa.

Tito goes on downward. In a political plot two or three years later, Romola's godfather is arrested and executed, she powerless to save him through Savonarola. Again she leaves Florence, desolate, broken, but wins her way back to mental and spiritual health by serving a plague-stricken village. Savonarola's party falls. Tito flees the city, escaping his pursuers by swimming the Arno. While lying weak, exhausted, he is found at last by

Baldassarre, who strangles him and who, then, also dies. Romola returns to Florence, where she hears of Tito's end and sees Savonarola burned. She takes Tessa and the children into her home.

I cannot agree with those critics who declare that 'Romola' does not live, or that it is English nineteenth century transferred to pseudo-Italian fifteenth, or that it is overladen with learning, or that it is smoky from the student-lamp, and pedantic, or that its wheels turn ponderously. For me, it is the one English novel of the Renaissance, despite the existence of 'The Cloister and the Hearth' by that author who, if I recall, first named George Eliot in the same breath with Shakespeare. That she was able to accomplish the feat is cause for marvel and cause for no astonishment at her statement that it ploughed into her and left her an old woman. The mentality that could absorb, in the time she gave herself, the vast amount of material necessary, the mentality that converted it into a complex, well-knit story of magnificent pageant and human drama is scarcely below that of a god. But her body was a woman's body, and the work of creation broke it.

Henry James, while thinking 'Romola' on the whole the finest thing she wrote, while saying Tito is her fullest representative of the development of character, asserts that the defects of the work are almost on the scale of its beauties. And Lord David Cecil, more recently (1934) 'In Romola, she comes a dreadful crash. The human beings are inevitably the sort of human beings that George Eliot knew, and these were the sort of human beings who inhabited the Victorian Midlands, narrow, prudish, steady and prosaic, about as much like the contemporaries of Leonardo da Vinci and Lucrezia Borgia as they are like the man in the moon.' I never saw in Romola or Tito or the others a representative of any English type, and when I first visited Florence, I felt in the setting, the atmosphere, and the people that familiarity which comes from a supreme literary introduction to them, just as in Paris I recognized those elements eternalized in Hugo's 'Les Misérables'.



Vita Sackville West (1932), holding that George Eliot's romantic side partly expressed itself in writing 'Romola,' says the book is 'superficially nothing more than a painstaking costume novel', but she excepts Monna Brigida and a few minor characters. At that 'costume novel' one can but gasp and wonder whether one has been mistaken in seeing Tito Melema the best-wrought of all those characters who change, and who none the less keep that essentially constant element by which unity is maintained and by which the character is recognized the same throughout the succeeding phases. From that moment when Tito refused to seek his father in slavery, choosing rather to live in pleasure and to spend the worth of the gems on himself, through his denial of acknowledgment, through denial of Baldassarre's charge, on to the last moment of his life, he is the same Tito. The same Tito, watched with a fearful fascination, as one walking a tight-rope or a cliff's edge is watched, for the ineluctable moment of doom. Brander Matthews in finding Tito one of the great examples of modern fiction is right, 'not because he is a Greek of the Renaissance but because he is eternal and to be found whenever and wherever man lacks strength to resist himself'. And Richard Holt Hutton, who preferred 'Romola' above the other novels, recognized in Tito the author's ability to develop character. But why quote critics, old or new, or even refer to critical opinion? The example of Tito is one of the greatest outstanding examples of character degeneration in English fiction—natural, inevitable.

Savonarola an excrescence? That may be matter for debate, but, again for me, George Eliot first made him alive. A few days ago, a Roman Catholic critic and friend said, in effect, 'The words she gives to him when he urges her return to Florence are a great sermon, put into his mouth as surely and beautifully as if by a church father'. That ability came to her with ease, because her own sermonizing had in it something of the universal sermon quality, and her reading Thomas à Kempis had left her soul resounding to his noble words. That she succeeded in

preaching a Catholic sermon is but another proof of her sympathy, overleaping time and bounds that hedge earthly creeds

Romola, herself, has been termed cold, a beautiful statue, beautiful as her creator would have liked to be. Romola was also a great noblewoman and an educated woman of a period when among higher classes self-containment was the first ideal requisite. She was not educated out of womanly tenderness, she loved Tito unreservedly and wholly, but her nature could tolerate no deceit. Perhaps the greatest objection to her as a chief character is that she rather obviously serves her creator's larger artistic purpose, even that creator was not satisfied with her. For relief to Romola, there is kittenish Tessa, another Hetty Sorrel, and there is Monna Brigida, as beguiling and occasionally humor-provoking as Shakespeare's nurse to Juliet. For another relief, there is Lillo, included even by Swinburne among the children of whom George Eliot wrote with such adorable fidelity of affection.

Whatever the virtues, whatever the faults, of 'Romola,' the author loved it best of all her books, felt it had been written with her best blood and with the most ardent veracity of which she was capable. One of the pictures on which I most like to dwell is that of George Eliot sitting with one of Leighton's illustrations—it will be recalled that the artist made twenty-four for the book—one of his illustrations in her hand. 'The dear fellow,' she smiled. 'Why,' exclaimed a friend, 'how can you say that?' 'I was seeing him,' the lady of the Priory smiled deprecatingly, 'with Romola's eyes.' And Leighton's illustrations were for many years the chief mural adornment of the Priory.

## THE PRIORY

ON the 16th of June, after completing 'Romola,' George Eliot crossed with Lewes to the Isle of Wight, staying at Niton which she thought the prettiest place in the island. They visited Freshwater, and Ryde, they were restored everywhere by green hedges and flowers or sandy beaches. Mutter's constant interest in pounds and pence manifests itself in a letter to Charles saying they had excellent accommodation at twenty-five shillings a week. Back home in July she was still a mere wretch, she wrote Barbara, who was resting and painting at Hastings, though relaxing from the long strain by considering the purchase of a home. They could afford now to own one, proceeds from 'Romola' bringing easy realization of long-deferred hope. They decided upon leasing the Priory which, though long since vanished, will be associated always with their names and the Sunday afternoon conversations and musicales. This house, No 21, North Bank, St John's Wood, was 'one of the characteristic villas of that characteristic locality, plain, substantial, and in grounds of its own, shut out completely from the gaze of the passer-by'\*. They took it for forty-nine years for £2000.

In this lull after work, they enjoyed theater and opera—George Eliot spoke of opera as a 'great, great product'—hearing 'Elisir d'Amore,' rehearsing 'Faust' several times and admiring 'Rigoletto' for the Nemesis. 'I think I don't know a finer,' she declared. Lewes's 'Aristotle' was finished about the same time as 'Romola,' four hundred pages of script which Marian was free

\* The house of two stories and a basement was later enlarged and beautified by another tenant, later still it was destroyed to make way for more modern structures.

to read with enjoyment. By August 10th, they were ready for sea-air at Worthing, where they wondered they ever felt depressed, but back in London the air was full of demons.

This summer, all three boys were for a time at home with them. Thornton unfortunately failed in his final examination for service in India. He and his 'colleagues in failure' memorialized Sir Charles Wood, protesting against the injustice done in making the examination final, contrary to precedent, after it was too late to take an additional year for study before passing the initiatory examination a year earlier. Nothing came of their action. By September the two Georges were much worried over prospects for the two younger boys, but openings shortly appeared. Thornton, armed with letters of recommendation, set out in October, for Natal, Africa. Bertie went to Hillhead, Thankerton, Scotland, to learn farming from Mr Stodart.

After three or four months of painting and scaffolding, the Priory was ready for occupancy. On the first floor were two drawing-rooms, a small reception-room, a dining-room, and Lewes's study. George Eliot took for her workshop a small, plain room on the second floor. Its two front windows looked into the garden, there were bookcases, a writing-desk and, among details, a statue of the Melian Asclepius, a present from Emanuel Deutsch. The artist and decorator, Owen Jones, undertook the ornamentation of the drawing-room, so they 'could admire what was their own without vanity', he remained to see rightly placed every engraving and Leighton's drawings for the illustrations of 'Romola'. Presuming to lecture the mistress of the house on her indifference to clothes, he advised her to buy a gray moire antique gown.

They began to be settled on the 5th of November—Marian just up from an attack of influenza—were established by the 13th, and by the 23rd ready for Charles's coming-of-age party on the 24th, two days after Marian was forty-four. She wore the new gray dress. Jansa played the violin, Jansa of the Beethoven quartette, from whom she began taking lessons in piano.

accompaniment 'I am glad,' she wrote Mrs Congreve, 'to have got over this crisis of maternal and house-keeping duty' She did not like frittering away life on carpets and tables, preferring swimming in Comte and Euripides and Latin Christianity to sitting among puddles

'Romola,' meantime, was admired by Tennyson, Browning, H Coleridge, Monckton Milnes, Trollope, and others Barbara Bodichon is disappointing It is to be trusted that her letter to William Allingham, August 3rd, did not fall under her friend the author's eyes, or that Sara did not read the passage 'I wonder if you like "Romola" I have not read it and feel a disinclination to so great a task I do like history but not historical novels I would rather read Villari's "Savonarola"' About the same date the author was thanking R H Hutton for his interpretation of 'Romola', later in the month she wrote Sara of the unexampled beauty of Frederick D Maurice's conduct toward her in the greatest, most generous tribute ever given to her in all her life Maurice's sister, Mrs Julius Hare, showed her 'some sweet woman's tenderness,' and increased her moral strength

The Congreves were on the Riviera, where Richard was trying to regain his health Cara Bray was seeing through the press her 'Physiology for Schools,' published in December of this year 1863 She made haste to send a copy to Marian, who thanked her heartily and praised her for solid honest work, the effects of which must be good Then as always she showed affectionate and generous interest in all that concerned the Rosehill group Just now she was enjoying piano practice and being 'petted very much' Earlier their domestic peace had been somewhat broken, Lewes notes at the end of the year that in a sense it had been chequered—trouble and worry over the boys might explain that statement—but he does not forget to add, 'continued happiness with the best of women' Marian observes in a letter to Mrs Congreve on November 28th, 'In the most entire confidence even of husband and wife there is always the unspoken residue—the undivined residue—perhaps of what is most sinful,

perhaps of what is most exalted and unselfish ' She still finds happiness in the association with beloved George 'It is hard to believe,' she writes Barbara on the 4th of December, 'that anything is "worth while," unless there is some eye to kindle in common with our own, some brief word uttered now and then to imply that what is infinitely precious to us is precious alike to another mind '

This December was marked by a loss and an accession Thackeray died Lewes went to his funeral and there saw Theodore Martin—husband of Helena Faucit, the actress—who wished to meet Polly Shortly after, Lewes brought him for presentation, then came Helena The four were ever after close friends

# ITALY AGAIN PRIORY AFTERNOONS

By February, 1864, Lewes was planning for Helena, Lady Martin, a play that did not materialize. Probably he was responsible for Polly's then taking up the idea of writing it herself. Lady Martin was about to go to Glasgow for a performance of her Shakespearian rôles, and the two ladies talked about meeting there. From the fog and east wind and headaches of London, the two Georges fled to Scotland, spending Easter Week in the city where Imogen, Beatrice, and Juliet lived again in Helena's vivid impersonations, then going to visit Bertie on his farm.

Sir Theodore, in his 'Helena Faucit,' says George Eliot went to Glasgow for the double purpose of seeing his wife act and of consulting her about a story she had in view for a drama she intended to write, and in which she wished Helena to play the heroine. The idea was dropped, he says, by George Eliot in accordance with his wife's opinion, though he believes the subject of the proposed play was that used in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

By July, George Eliot was skeptical about ever doing anything again, a sure sign she was in the misery of incubating. On the 6th of September she was reading about Spain, had written the prologue and was beginning the first act of a drama on a 'fascinating subject.' But she was not hopeful. Spanish she began to study with Lewes, who was brushing up the language because he knew Polly needed his help. She read aloud to him and like a good child translated to him 'Don Quixote.' By October 5th she had finished the first act of her blank-verse drama, and she read it aloud that day. On November 4th she read the second

act Lewes praised and encouraged her, feeling poorly enough on his own account, though he had gone in October to Malvern for the cure 'Polly not along, so only stayed two weeks,' he notes

On the third, fourth and fifth acts, Polly stuck. None the less by Christmas Day she was reading to Lewes the third act, which he highly praised. Then she was stalemated, her health forbade further work. February 21, 1863, she wrote, 'George has taken my drama away from me.' He had recognized the poem was showing monotony. When, finally, in 1868 'The Spanish Gypsy' was published, it carried a statement to the effect that it was not completed until after a visit to Spain, 1867, when it was rewritten and amplified. Between the concept of this poetic drama and its completion, the author wrote 'Felix Holt,' working on it from March, 1865, to May 31, 1866.

In the meantime, social life was expanding. Early in 1864, Browning, Dallas, and Sir Frederick Burton came to dinner, after which there was a gentlemen's party. One writer and another have commented upon the fact that more gentlemen than ladies were present at the Sunday afternoons inaugurated at the Priory. Logically so. Lewes was one of the most popular men and one of the most unpopular men in London, he knew everybody. Marian cared greatly for very few people, usually those who sought her, and most of them were out of town. In the final court, there were all the women she needed. She was too learned, too intellectual, for most of them, as she was for many of the men, she was, besides, timid and retiring.

Early in February of this year, Lewes's stepfather, Captain Willim, died leaving to his wife everything he owned. Though spared financial anxiety in that quarter, Lewes went in April to Eaton Bishop, his mother's home, to see about the property and to assure himself of her comfort. In April, also, Herbert Spencer called after a long correspondence on his relation to Comte. Lewes had ruffled the little man by intimating that he had written under the influence of the great Positivist. That intimation



disturbed him as much, apparently, as the later report of his being in love with Marian Evans years earlier. He wound up the discussion by asserting that he was uninfluenced by Comte, 'save in those minor views of his which I avowedly accept,' and so disposed of a grave matter. Herbert took himself seriously, even for those serious times. Amicability was now restored, and friendly relations were resumed with the Leweses.

Affairs political disturbed the two Georges seldom, but in the month of April they heard Garibaldi at the Crystal Palace, and all along they were rejoicing in Federal successes in the American Civil War. This month gave Marian a new musical enthusiasm. Frederick Lehmann, the violinist, had married the daughter of Robert Chambers, publisher, with whom Lewes had had dealings for a score of years. At first struck by the contrast between George Eliot's masculine Dantesque features and her soft melodious voice, Lehmann almost at once found himself under her spell. Never could he forget while playing his violin to her 'not gifted, but enthusiastic, and extremely painstaking' piano-playing that he was with an exceptional being. They played together every piano and violin sonata of Mozart and Beethoven to an audience of one—Lewes—who used to groan with delight over their renditions of beautiful passages. Either Southwood Lane, Highgate, or the Priory, St John's Wood, was the setting for a number of musical evenings, and if at the Lehmanns', Lewes was arrayed in great splendor, 'tail-coat and waxed whiskers,' while Polly wore the gray moire and tried to forget her headaches.

Rather suddenly on May 4, 1864, the two accompanied by Sir Frederick Burton went for seven weeks in Italy. They traveled as before by the Mont Cenis and revisited a number of places, seeing only one new town—Brescia. Sir Frederick had been impressed by what he heard of George Eliot, he was more impressed when he met her in February and was seized with the desire to portray something of the genius revealed in her face. He went along for the twofold purpose of studying



GEORGE ELIOT

Drawing by Sir Frederick W. Burton 1864  $\times 1$ , Chalks on buff paper of 1865. Presented 1888, by John W. Cross and Charles Lee Lewes to the National Portrait Gallery, by whose permission it is here reproduced. Exhibited at the Royal Academy 1867, and at the Grosvenor Gallery 1882.



her and of seeing the paintings of which he was fond and in the interpretation of which he gave his companions much pleasure

George Eliot had been won to Sir Frederick by his celebrated pictures and by one in particular 'a divine picture,' she writes of it 'A knight in mailed armor and surcoat has met the fair, tall woman he (secretly) loves, on a turret stair. By an uncontrollable movement he has seized her arm and is kissing it. She, amazed, has dropped the flowers she held in her other hand. The subject might have been made the most vulgar thing in the world—the artist has raised it to the highest pitch of refined emotion. The kiss is on the fur-lined *sleeve* that covers the arm, and the face of the knight is the face of a man to whom the kiss is a sacrament'

All three returned June 20th, with eyeglasses for Polly and spectacles for Lewes, bought in Venice. While they were traveling and Charles had been left in charge of the Priory, he became engaged to Gertrude Hill, granddaughter of Dr. Southwood Smith, adopted by him at the age of three and brought up by him. The two young people had been friends for eighteen months, their not unexpected engagement pleased the older people. The portrait of Gertrude now at 'The Warrens,' the home of her daughter Mrs. Ouvry, shows her a remarkably handsome woman, she was gifted, besides, with a singing contralto voice. She and Charles were married March 20, 1865.

In September, 1864, Lewes was thin and feeble. The two set off for Harrogate and Scarborough, where, after a fortnight, 'the little Pater' picked up. By October he was much better and George Eliot, relieved, began sitting to Sir Frederick. Apparently she continued to sit, at intervals, until July, 1865, yet as early as January Mrs. Congreve mentions having liked the portrait.

On December 24th, the Priory was the scene of a merry party. Charles and Gertrude were there, Bertie was down from Scotland, and everybody was frolicsome. All went off well, ac-

according to Marian, by dint of Lewes's exertions, he acted charades, made an after dinner speech, and forgot himself under the assumption of boyish animal spirits. For his part, George Henry recorded that the year had shown Polly to have unsuspected powers as a writer of exquisite verse. She once more affirmed gratitude to her husband for his perfect love, which helped her in all good, checked her in all evil.

At the beginning of the year 1865 the two Georges combined pleasure and business in a ten-day trip to Paris, seeing the sights by day and going to opera or theater every night. Small wonder both of them were usually ill. How they could write, read, translate, and travel so ardently, without dying before they died is a question answered by their almost constant illnesses. Yet Polly, at least, until the end could tire strong men in her enthusiasm for tramping about or wandering through picture galleries.

Early in February the two planned, to overcome her unsocial disposition, some evenings at home. The first was, in her word, a 'mull,' only twelve guests present on a rainy night when even their best musicians failed them. George Eliot turned her disappointment into smiles and talked fast. Ed Pigott was the hero of the hour, by his comic acting of a woman's part in a charade he caused Marian to titter throughout her wakefulness, after the party broke up. She wrote Maria Congreve February 27th that besides illness from dyspepsia she had mental troubles, 'happily such as are unconnected with any one's experience except my own,' but she was striving hard not to diffuse her worry. A week or so later they visited the Congreves, to whom Marian freed her mind. She wrote later she regretted she had been rather merciless to other people, and begged Maria to remember that when one is bilious other complexions look yellow. In deep depression she wrote Cara, confessing to sharing the old belief that whom the gods love die young. 'Life is a doubtful good to many," she declared, 'and to some not a good at all.' Early death, for her, took the aspect of salvation, though those who

live and suffer may sometimes have the greater blessedness of *being* a salvation

She was doing little in the way of writing. To her gloom were added the preparations for Charles's wedding and her anxiety over Lewes's frail health. To please him while he was working on the Pall Mall—he was earning £60 monthly on the magazine—she wrote a number of articles 'A Word for the Germans,' 'Servants' Logic,' and 'Futile Falsehoods.' Her dialogue between the cook and the dyspeptic physiologist, undoubtedly drawn from Lewes, is quite as good as the dialogue in her novels in it speaks the creator of Mrs Poyser and Dolly Winthrop. And here is the creator speaking in her own person. 'The majority of minds are no more to be controlled by strong reasons than plum pudding is to be grasped by sharp pincers. Wise masters and mistresses will not argue with their servants, will not give their reasons, will not consult them. Authority and tradition are the chief, almost the only safe, guides of the uninstructed. In reasoning with servants we are likely to be thwarted by discovering that our axioms are not theirs.' Marian had been unable to make her cook see that spinach must be prepared in a certain fashion for the dyspeptic physiologist.

'Futile Falsehoods,' appearing April 3rd, and signed Saccharissa, complains of the provoking confidence people seem to have in one another's stupidity. (She had written the article almost immediately after the party that was a 'mull'.) She was not nearly so affected by missionary accounts of poor heathen worshiping shapeless idols as by the stupid mendacity, palpable lying, almost idiotic reliance on the nullity of the human understanding, which seemed to be an outgrowth of civilization. 'Why will Placidia, who, I know, has many virtues, try to persuade me before she asks a favor that the interval of a year which has elapsed since her last visit to me has been a subject of much regret to her, and has been due entirely to the distance between her residence and mine—a distance which has been so easily surmounted on the present occasion?' She laments the wasted

energy on falsehoods which deceive nobody 'My husband, who is a great mathematician, has calculated that the nervous energy thus wasted within the western districts of London would be enough to lift off the dome of St Peter's and deposit it as a cap on Helvellyn' Though writing as a simple woman, she is writing out of her own experience Taught Dr Watts's hymns in her childhood, she was made to feel disgraced if detected in even a small untruth, and here she was thinking of herself as Mary Anne Evans who added, 'but I have sometimes sinned in spite of this knowledge'

Under 'Correspondence,' Pall Mall, May 13, 1865, occurs a contribution not hitherto noticed, though Cross refers to it through her Journal in the line, 'Finished a letter of Saccharissa'

' This note on 'Modern Housekeeping' might be identified even without the Journal reference One point made is that 'our boys' cost us £200 a year, another, that cigars are part of the husband's expenses, a husband who 'has no indulgences except smoking and writing and explaining everything' Interesting from today's point of view is the comment on apparel in the year 1865 a petticoat that was embroidered, striped stockings, and a 'dress that drags like a peacock's tail when it is let down' In Mary Anne Evans's youth it was a matter of disgrace for a woman to have dust about her person, 'and she was under no temptation to buy several yards of silk for the sake of spoiling them immediately But now I see women, who otherwise have an air of respectability, raising a cloud of dust behind them as they walk, and seeming not to mind that their handsome moire or grenadine is as full of dust as the sides of an emptied flour-bag are full of flour' Whereas a lady's wardrobe used to be all lavender and purity, and dresses were handed down from grandmother to granddaughter, now they are spoiled with a few wearings Items of expense for a housekeeper who has daughters to dress are costly flowers for the hat—a bunch in front and a bunch at the back—large transparent skirts with bows and furbelows over a silk petticoat, then ear-rings, lace tuckers, finest

French gloves, gossamer pocket-handkerchiefs, and delicate fans—and shoes and stockings. She writes as a woman who cannot make ends meet. What would she say if once she could revisit the earth, study the fashions, their swift changes, the mountains of expense? Let her rest. Fortunately, also, for her peculiar sense of humor she did not live to see Albert Moore's dachshund of 'depressed appearance' impersonate her as Graham Robertson describes, sitting up with folded paws and looking down his long nose while his ears flapped forward like cap lap-pets.

On March 21st Anthony Trollope had lunch at the Priory, afterward going with Lewes to a meeting of the backers of the new publication, the *Fortnightly Review*, the founding of which had been mentioned late in 1864 and in connection with which the two Georges had visited Paris this January. Lewes had promised provisionally to take the editorship and wished to see how a similar publication in France was managed. He was now offered £600 annually for editing, with subeditor John Dennis and a clerk, and absolute power of conduct of the *Review*. In March he wrote many letters about the venture, the policy of which was that of publishing only signed articles and of urging the doctrine of auctorial responsibility, as in France. George Eliot contributed to the first number an article on Lecky's 'History of Rationalism'. Promptly Sara Hennell wrote, 'Speaking out what was in her,' but Marian gave her to understand it was only seemly for her to write a little for the new magazine under her husband's editorship. She was not going into periodical writing. This new venture occupied Lewes thoroughly. In May he was at a dinner with Spencer, getting promises for the *Review*. Tyndall, Hooker, Masson, Bain, and Professor Youmans were present, most of whom were soon contributing to the publication.

George Eliot, meanwhile, had drawn herself from the depths and had begun, March 29th, a new novel that demanded a reading of Blackstone for information on points of law. But even



her acute and profound mind was appalled by the tangle of legal snarls in connection with the demand for her plot, the plot of 'Felix Holt,' and ultimately she called to her aid the legal lore of Frederic Harrison. On June 13th Lewes, after one of Lord Houghton's famous breakfasts, sat for two hours talking with Polly in the garden, discussing her novels and problems in psychology. Despite the help and advice of Harrison and Lewes, the author was in despair. By July 23rd, she was working with determination to overcome it.

By August 1st, hegira was inevitable, a trip to Normandy and Brittany for restoration to body and mind. They left on Thursday the 10th, on a route helpfully determined by Richard Congreve's itinerary, going to Boulogne, Rouen, Caen, Bayeux, and St. Malo, returning after four weeks by Nantes, Tours, Chartres, and Rouen. The travel was, as usual, not in vain. By November 16th, George Eliot was writing Mr. Lyons's story, inserted as a narrative in 'Felix Holt.' On the 4th of December she had read through Chapter IX to Lewes, who found no fault. December 11th, after intensive work, she was again foundering, her head was poor. But she had progressed through Chapter X and was still struggling with Macaulay and Blackstone. December 15th was the first day for nearly a week on which she was able to write anything fresh. December 24th, stuck in the mud, she was cheered by Lewes, who confirmed her choice of incidents. Like the preceding novel, 'Romola,' this new effort in fiction advanced—at the cost of wavering, vacillation, and uncertainty—inevitably toward completion.

Lewes's editorship of the new periodical offered good reason for inaugurating the Sunday afternoon 'at homes.' On May 4, 1865, Spencer came to lunch, afterward, Lord Houghton, Crompton, Beesley, Fitz-James, Lord de Tabley (Leicester Warren), Bagehot, and the Martins. Not insignificantly the first number of the Fortnightly appeared May 15th. At this late date, one may speculate sympathetically on the means Lewes took to elevate Polly's feelings, to make her forget that 'mull' over which

she had blooded, about which she had let rancor drip from her pen-point. Nobody knew better than George Henry Lewes that if he edited a magazine, backed by money, a magazine pledged to pay well for best articles, he not only could choose winners but would have them thrust upon him. Why not entertain contributors and would-be contributors at his home? They were not likely to stay away, nor did they stay away.

Those Sunday afternoons that gave George Eliot her place in the world were the direct result of Lewes's editing the *Fortnightly Review*. Nearly every famous man of the day in art or science or literature or philanthropy ultimately came to pay homage to George Eliot, several friends were constant or frequent guests—those mentioned above, besides the Congreves, the Lehmanns, and Sir Frederick Leighton. 'I do not believe,' says Justin McCarthy, 'that any society could have brought together in our time, or perhaps in any other time, a group of figures more justly distinguished than those which were to be seen at George Eliot's Sunday afternoon gatherings.' He mentions, also, Huxley, Tyndall, and Emanuel Deutsch as often present. Before the climax of her great career, in '*Middlemarch*,' these would have come—and others mentioned below, but they were drawn, primarily, by that thought of Lewes's in connection with the *Fortnightly*. All for her he arranged those afternoons.

At first there were more men than women, but by and by the women came and the drawing-room had to be enlarged to hold all. Men not yet famous were invited through that interest which 'the elder mind delighted to entertain' in regard to the younger. George Eliot, pathetically eager to establish a genuine human relation, sat in an armchair at the left of the fireplace, while Lewes's watchful eye observed the groups and fused them with his cheer and repartee. One of the three greatest talkers in London, he subordinated himself, taking care to see that Polly was mistress of the salon. Though not by nature so fitted to preside as he was, she had visited to good purpose, read

to good purpose and had, besides, the ability of seeing soul to soul, hers was a quieter type of salon than those she had visited on the Continent, or those of which she had read, hers was ungraced by artifice, graced by her sincere personality. Lewes remained chatting with the back-parlor group and saw that every man or woman had the opportunity of sitting awhile by George Eliot.

What a meeting on any Sunday afternoon! The bow window, casements down to the ground, overlooking the pretty garden. Lewes dispensing tea and talk back of the piano, George Eliot, serene, modest, entering into the life of each devotee, accepting graciously the homage of all. She had at her feet the world of culture. From her small book, bound in red, entitled 'Where Is It?'<sup>1</sup> I cull a list of representative names. William Allingham and his wife, Helen—Helen whose drawing of Witley Heights reproduces perfectly its charm, Madame Bodichon, who will be remembered as the early friend, Barbara Leigh Smith—Barbara now interested in schools for girls, education for women, one of the founders of Girton, Robert Buchanan, the poet, whose story of 'David Grey' Lewes and Marian first urged him to write, Robert Browning, Miss Colenso, Sidney Colvin, John W. Cross, George du Maurier, of 'Trilby' fame in after years, Sir Charles Dilke, who was to marry Mrs. Pattison, more or less celebrated in Dorothea Brooke, Miss Ewart, Dr. Michael Foster, Edmund Gurney, Sir Henry Holland, near whose Surrey home the Leweses were to buy Witley Heights, Burne-Jones, the artist, Joseph Jacobs, the Jewish scholar, Sir John Lubbock, Sir John Millais, of the Royal Academy, John Morley, Felix Moscheles, Francis Palgrave, Sir Frederick Pollock, Kegan Paul, Lord Arthur Russell, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, George Smith of the Cornhill, Leslie Stephen, who was to write George Eliot's biography, W. B. Scott, the Tennysons, Lionel and Alfred, Major General Sir Garnet Wolseley.

Frederic Harrison mentions others. Lord Acton, Lecky, Charles Bowen, the second Lord Lytton, Lord and Lady Am-

berley, 'ministers from the United States,' Lowell and Motley, Emerson, the unfathomable prophet of the 'eternal silences,' and Richard Wagner, 'looking like one of the heroes of the Nibelungen,' and Tourgenieff, with his godlike head and frame

In the opinion of most who remember her on those afternoons, those years of afternoons, George Eliot was sweet, genial, and gracious. As time went on, these days became a strain on her frail body, but, besides being grateful for admiration and respect, she wished to help, if men and women came, she must be there to give help

Editing the *Fortnightly* was Lewes's last work of importance. On June 13th he had breakfast with Lord Houghton, to whose friends he talked about the publication—which he was eager to make a vehicle for sincere and fearless opinion—to Ranke, Arrivabene, Arthur Russell, Cartwright, and others. On the 24th of the month he dined at Greenwich with the multitude of writers for the *Saturday Review* and there heard much commendation of the *Fortnightly*, especially of Bagehot's articles. Later, Marian commended to Sara an article by Tyndall on the 'Constitution of the Universe', later still, she wrote M. d'Albert 'the *Fortnightly* is a succes d'estime'. Among the distinguished contributors were E. A. Freeman, James Gairdner, Robert Main, W. Chambers, Professor Huxley, Robert Bell, Edward Wilson, Professor Tyndall, Philip G. Hamerton, W. W. Story, George Meredith, John Dennis, Oscar Browning, Professor Beesley, Lord de Tabley, W. M. Call, John Morley, Robert Buchanan, John Fiske, Alfred Austin, Lord Amberley, who gave it by the manifold nature of their combined prestige a high place in contemporary literature.

Lewes edited it for not quite two years, resigning in December, 1866. He was succeeded by John Morley, with whose editorship publication on the 15th was suspended, though the misleading word '*Fortnightly*' continued to appear with true English inconsistency, on the title-page.

Not much more remains to be gleaned from the year 1865

On the 3rd of July, George Eliot heard Mario in 'Faust'—that Mario who, according to Lord Lytton, Owen Meredith, could soothe with his tenor note the souls in purgatory Browning and Huxley and Bagehot came to the Priory a week later, where all had pleasant talk By November, Lewes, working overtime on the Fortnightly, was again poorly George Eliot was trying to possess her soul with books, reading Mill's 'Liberty,' and Neale's 'History of the Puritans' On November 17th she noted Mrs Gaskell's death the day before Just before the Christmas holidays, she wrote to Sara, 'For the sake of those who are stronger, I rejoice in Christmas' Her health and Lewes's were at a low ebb, but Charles was happy, and Bertie was at home, expecting to join Thornton—who had been unlucky—six months later in Natal

Lewes's book of Literary Receipts shows him, for the year 1865, at the summit of his earnings In 1863 he records £1082, in 1864, £719, and in 1865, £1300 His services to the Pall Mall Gazette and the Fortnightly Review were responsible for this enlarged income It was his last good year Thereafter he was to devote himself more and more to the greater George

HOLLAND AND BELGIUM  
'FELIX HOLT'

IN January, 1866, after she had written the first volume, despite Frederic Harrison's settling points of law, 'fitting her phenomena with a beautiful rationale,' and her consequent correct handling of the Transome estate succession in 'Felix Holt,' despite assurance her case was water-tight, George Eliot had no confidence the book would ever be worth anything. Up to this time, incidentally, only the author and Lewes had ever read her writings before publication. Now she was eager, after enlisting Harrison's service, to get the full benefit of his participation. She continued reading English history and law, hearing the great Joachim at St. James's, writing to Sara, Barbara, and Maria, while her book grew slowly, like a sickly child. She and the other George, she lamented, were becoming patriarchal, thinking of old age and death as journeys not far off. 'All knowledge, all thought, all achievement, seems more precious and enjoyable to me than it ever was before in life. But as soon as one has found the key of life, it opens the gates of death.'

April 21, 1866, the first two volumes of the new novel were expressed to Blackwood, who immediately offered £5000 for publication rights. Both author and publisher were glad to be collaborating again after the 'Romola' departure. Significantly, she wanted proofs as soon as they could be despatched, she felt there was much correction to be done. Again ailing, she groaned that she was not farther along than page 52 of the third volume. One sees her counting the pages, treasuring additional pages with the grasp of a miser. On the last day of May she finished 'Felix Holt' after days and nights of throbbing and palpitation. As

soon as it was off hand, she felt better On June 5th, she wrote Rufa Brabant Call that she had completed her book under unusual nervous excitement and was attending to feminine details in preparation for departure—so good for nothing in bodily strength that trifles easily became a burden All knowledge of what had been going on lately had been of a dim, dreamy kind

June 7th they departed for Brussels Lewes wrote Blackwood from Schwalbach, June 30th,<sup>1</sup> giving the following incident of their crossing to Calais

Seated beside me on the deck was a nice elderly lady (English) before whom stood a superb crinoline (also British) imparting her views on things in general and at last sliding into literature The following is verbatim

Crinoline—Have you read *Armadale* yet?

E L —Not yet

C—It's very clever Such well drawn characters I like Wilkie Collins

E L —I see we are to have a book by Adam Bede soon

Crinoline (impressively)—Yes But I'm sorry she's gone into that!

E L (gently)—What, the radical?

C—Yes, I don't think politics good in novels

E L —Nor I But she has such a beautiful mind I feel quite confident of her whatever she may take up

Crinoline apparently not sharing this sentiment or by a specific levity of mind wafted to other subjects, I lost interest in the conversation

One pictures the glee with which Lewes photographed mentally the bit of dialogue that would entertain Polly

From Brussels they went to Antwerp, The Hague, Amsterdam, and to Schwalbach, where they remained some time Lewes gives an admirable account of their life there

The weather here continues magnificent hot, but not too hot, with an occasional shower to relieve the air and brighten the green Our daily explorations of the country round about only increase our delight in the place, and if climate, idleness, good living, and the

waters can help us to flesh, we shall come back obese. We leave this on the 5th or 6th for Schlangenbad, where it is possible that we may stay ten days or a fortnight and then take a flying look at the gaieties of Wiesbaden. I daresay you will not have occasion to write again just at present, but a letter addressed to Bonn by the 21st or Aix la Chapelle by the 23rd (I mean reaching those towns on those dates) would perhaps convey some agreeable intelligence and certainly be very welcome because it is in your hand.

Mrs Lewes in giving me the post of secretary on this occasion begs me to thank you particularly for the interesting details of your note. She values Bulwer's expression of opinion all the more as she happens to know that he is sincere in his expression of opinion about other writers.

Our routine here is this. We rise at 6 or a little before and after tub and apology for toilet step out onto the promenade (at the foot of the hotel), drink the sparkling and delightful water, listen to the band, and walk about till 8. Breakfast, book and cigar occupies till 9. Then we go out into one of the several woods or to some *point de vue*—sometimes taking a book with us—but oftener not—and walk, and sit, and muse and talk while 'Idlesse in her dreaming mood' lets the hours roll noiselessly by till 1. Then another glass of water and siesta till dinner. We always dine alone in our apartments, having a strong disinclination for table d'hotes and the people met thereat. After dinner at 3, coffee, cigar, and a nap prepares me for the promenade (and more music and more water) at 6-8. Here we observe the swells and crinolines—not a word have we spoken to one of them as yet, a charming deprivation we owe to dining alone. When the music ceases we ramble in the evening sunlight till tea and bed beckon us home. "Thus runs the round of life from hour to hour." 2

By the 2nd of August, after Louvain, Ghent, and Bruges, they were back at the Priory 'Felix Holt,' in three volumes, lay ready to greet the author.

'"Felix Holt,"' says John Macy, 'is a thesis-novel, not because George Eliot has a thesis but because Felix has, and he is wear-



soon as it was off hand, she felt better. On June 5th, she wrote Rufa Brabant Call that she had completed her book under unusual nervous excitement and was attending to feminine details in preparation for departure—so good for nothing in bodily strength that trifles easily became a burden. All knowledge of what had been going on lately had been of a dim, dreamy kind.

June 7th they departed for Brussels. Lewes wrote Blackwood from Schwalbach, June 30th,<sup>1</sup> giving the following incident of their crossing to Calais.

Seated beside me on the deck was a nice elderly lady (English) before whom stood a superb crinoline (also British) imparting her views on things in general and at last sliding into literature. The following is verbatim.

Crinoline—Have you read *Armadale* yet?

E L—Not yet.

C—It's very clever. Such well drawn characters. I like Wilkie Collins.

E L—I see we are to have a book by Adam Bede soon.

Crinoline (impressively)—Yes. But I'm sorry she's gone into that!

E L (gently)—What, the radical?

C—Yes, I don't think politics good in novels.

E L—Nor I. But she has such a beautiful mind I feel quite confident of her whatever she may take up.

Crinoline apparently not sharing this sentiment or by a specific levity of mind wafted to other subjects, I lost interest in the conversation.

One pictures the glee with which Lewes photographed mentally the bit of dialogue that would entertain Polly.

From Brussels they went to Antwerp, The Hague, Amsterdam, and to Schwalbach, where they remained some time. Lewes gives an admirable account of their life there.

The weather here continues magnificent—hot, but not too hot, with an occasional shower to relieve the air and brighten the green. Our daily explorations of the country round about only increase our delight in the place, and its climate, idleness, good living, and the

waters can help us to flesh, we shall come back obese We leave this on the 5th or 6th for Schlangenbad, where it is possible that we may stay ten days or a fortnight and then take a flying look at the gaieties of Wiesbaden I daresay you will not have occasion to write again just at present, but a letter addressed to Bonn by the 21st or Aix la Chapelle by the 23rd (I mean reaching those towns on those dates) would perhaps convey some agreeable intelligence and certainly be very welcome because it is in your hand

Mrs Lewes in giving me the post of secretary on this occasion begs me to thank you particularly for the interesting details of your note She values Bulwer's expression of opinion all the more as she happens to know that he is sincere in his expression of opinion about other writers

Our routine here is this We rise at 6 or a little before and after tub and apology for toilet step out onto the promenade (at the foot of the hotel), drink the sparkling and delightful water, listen to the band, and walk about till 8 Breakfast, book and cigar occupies till 9 Then we go out into one of the several woods or to some *point de vue*—sometimes taking a book with us—but oftener not—and walk, and sit, and muse and talk while 'Idlesse in her dreaming mood' lets the hours roll noiselessly by till 1 Then another glass of water and siesta till dinner We always dine alone in our apartments, having a strong disinclination for table d'hotes and the people met thereat After dinner at 3, coffee, cigar, and a nap prepares me for the promenade (and more music and more water) at 6-8 Here we observe the swells and crinolines—not a word have we spoken to one of them as yet, a charming deprivation we owe to dining alone When the music ceases we ramble in the evening sunlight till tea and bed beckon us home "Thus runs the round of life from hour to hour" 2

By the 2nd of August, after Louvain, Ghent, and Bruges, they were back at the Priory 'Felix Holt,' in three volumes, lay ready to greet the author

"'Felix Holt,'" says John Macy, 'is a thesis-novel, not because George Eliot has a thesis but because Felix has, and he is wear-

some in expounding it and wrestling with it' She has no conviction, he adds, being only intellectually interested in a problem on which she primed herself by reading old files of newspapers

Let us rather remember that she drew Felix Holt from Gerald Massey, with whose ideas she was in sympathy, the keynote of whose creed was that the first duty of men is to learn how to live, so as to leave the world a little better than they found it Massey's devil and hell consisted in a natural Nemesis 'Nature knows nothing of the forgiveness of sin      Humanity is *one*' Here is true Comtian doctrine, and George Eliot's Felix, like herself, is a Comtist In his first interview with Rufus Lyon, Felix says, 'I've made up my mind the world shan't be the worse for me, if I can help it' Gerald Massey's life, beginning in poverty, constantly is reflected in the life of Felix, the radical reformer

Perhaps the author's interest in politics may have been too adventitious for her to quicken those of any period to vividness, but Lewes's editorship of the *Fortnightly* brought, through those Sunday Afternoons, new figures of the external world, with political talk, to her immediate attention Then she remembered the riot at Nuneaton, in her far-off school days, and she saw in the character of Massey an heroic figure for a novel of the Reform period Felix expounds and wrestles because George Eliot was struggling with the application of her doctrine Her struggle was actually largely successful, witnesses the tail-piece, 'Felix Holt's Address to Workingmen'

The fact is that the plot involving several characters overrides the rôle of any one of them 'Felix Holt' is of all her work the plottiest—if the word may be forgiven—and taxes the mind of a reader to gather all its implications That a barrister had to settle for her the points of law, and that even his settlement was attacked by reviewers, intimates something of the legal entanglements snarled about the Transome estate Harrison, however, successfully defended his conclusions



Sickert -

FREDERIC HARRISON

Drawing by Sickert. Reproduced by special permission of the  
National Portrait Gallery.



In her introduction George Eliot reverts to the time of 1830 when she, a girl of eleven, knew the old stagecoach roads and the tally-ho running between bounteous hedges of that plain watered by the Avon and the Trent, knew the trim, cheerful villages, the rich and marly land, fine homesteads, knew, too, the coal-pits, scenes of shuttle and wheel, furnace, shaft and pulley, she recalled that time when the coachman was embittered by the recent initiation of railways, the coachman whom we see entering the town of Treby Magna and leaving for Little Treby

Through the trees was visible Transome Court Years back the heir had bargained away the estate and it fell to the Durfeys, who took the name Transome because they had got the place The Durfeys' claim had been disputed The present Transomes are a lady and her husband, she a woman of spirit in youth, now subdued in older life, he a poor sort of chap, not precisely half-witted but incompetent Lawyer Jermyn, agent for the estate, has had his pickings The story opens with the return of Harold Transome, who has been in Smyrna, he is now a widower with one son Presumably Harold is the son of Transome as well as of Mrs Transome, but he owes his existence to Jermyn He decides to stand as the Radical candidate and soon meets Felix, a watchmaker, whose mother sells quack medicines Felix tells her she must give up the trade, she goes to see the Rev Rufus Lyon, hoping he will intercede with her son Lyon asks Felix to call, and there in the preacher's sitting-room Felix first meets Esther Lyon Back of Esther is the story of Lyon's life He had found, protected, and married Annette Ledru, the young French widow of one Bycliffe, and after her death in two or three years had brought up her daughter as his own When subsequent to this visit Felix finds a lost pocket-book, evidence comes to light revealing that Bycliffe was the real heir to the Transome estate, Esther, his daughter, is therefore now in succession Through clever handling of suspense, with Jermyn as villain, the author arranges that Har-

old does not hear at once of Esther's claim. When he hears, he has his mother invite the girl to Transome Court. Meantime he has been defeated in the election, now loving Esther, he hopes she will marry him and so settle the matter of inheritance. Felix, in the interim, has fallen in love with the girl.

On the day of election while Felix tries to stop the riot he has the bad luck to kill a constable. Arrested and taken to court on the charge of manslaughter, he is brought up for trial. In the trial scene, Esther testifies in his favor and now knows she loves him, not Harold Transome. Through bitter Mrs. Transome, she has learned that wealth and rank do not mean happiness. Esther surrenders claim to the estate, Felix, sentenced to prison, is pardoned, they are married.

Minor features, not included in this brief summary, further befog the reader who may be interested in unraveling the legal tangle. Old Tommy Trounsem, for example, the bill-sticker, is really the last descendant of that Transome who sold the rights of succession to the Durfeys, he increases complication. By his death in the election riot, Esther unquestionably becomes the heir.

The verdict of most critics has been the contemporary one of Henry James: the plot is artificial, the story slow, the style diffuse, and the end anticlimactic. George Willis Cooke, however, regards it as well thought out and planned, and thinks Felix's character well-drawn. Nowadays college students, college women in particular who are interested in reform, find in Felix a hero, so illustrating again that much depends not only upon the place where one reads a book but upon the time when.

The style, to be sure, is not so finished as that of the preceding novels, but the comparatively looser weaving may be enjoyed as a loosely woven fabric may be an agreeable change from one of closer texture. Capital gnomic speeches, some of them recalling Mrs. Poyser at her sprightliest, fill the interstices of action. 'Speech is often barren,' says the author in her own person, 'but silence also does not necessarily brood over a full

nest Your still fowl, blinking at you without remark, may all the while be sitting on one addled nest-egg, and when it takes to cackling, will have nothing to announce but that addled delusion' This wisdom emerges from the meeting in Lyon's home, the home of that Chapel Yard preacher who is the best drawn of all the men characters He is essentially a memory of the Miss Franklins' father, as George Eliot knew him when she was a pupil in their school His actual portrait, to be come across in Coventry homes—in George Eliot's old study at Bird Grove, for example—might have been made from her description of the black-frocked, knee-ribboned, little-legged dissenter, of the large brown near-sighted eyes

Esther is George Eliot as she partly was and would have liked in her youth more to be refined, extravagant, fond of dainty things, and of a light nature before problems of life gave to her a requisite seriousness John Macy is right in one respect the character of Mrs Transome is worth all the rest in the book And it is chiefly through her life that the author develops the Nemesis theme



## JOURNEY TO SPAIN 'THE SPANISH GYPSY'

By the end of August, 1866, George Eliot was attacking with fresh courage 'The Spanish Gypsy,' reading Bouterwek, Sismondi, Depping, Llorente, and other writers on Spanish subjects. Again, she was gloomy: she felt her mind 'morbidly desponding, of a consciousness tending more and more to consist in memories of error and imperfection rather than in a strengthening sense of achievement.' Sir Henry Holland's telling her, before he left for a visit to America, that he had read 'Adam Bede' four times affected her characteristically; she was jealous for her latest born, and wondered what he thought of 'Felix Holt.' Her mind, none the less, was on the drama: she was swimming in Spanish literature and history, she was reading Chaucer, 'to study English,' a pursuit that might well make the modern Chaucerian specialist raise his eyebrows with the question, 'What *did* she make of the pronunciation?' She was reading about acoustics, musical instruments, Spanish ballads, reading Lewis's 'Astronomy of the Ancients' and Ockley's 'History of the Saracens,' preparatory to rebeginning on October 15th 'The Spanish Gypsy' with the intention of giving it a new form.

On her forty-seventh birthday Sara remembered and wrote, as always she remembered and wrote, and George Eliot had to reply that she never could recall whether Sara's nativity was of the 21st or 23rd. That it was the day before or after her own, she knew. At the end of the month, she was ready with Lewes for an outing at Tunbridge Wells, where it rained steadily for three days. Not long after, she was again writing to Sara about unfeigned, unselfish, cheerful resignation, 'difficult, but

I strive to get it' Thursday, December 27th, the Leweses set out for Spain. Before she left, the author was presented by George Smith, the publisher, with a beautifully fitted traveling bag. She had wanted one but had denied it to herself as too great an indulgence, for she was, she declared, a luxurious person with an uneasy conscience.

In Paris for three days, the Spain-bound pair dined December 29, 1866, with Madame Mohl, who had invited Professor Scherer and wife, Jules Simon, and others to meet them. On the last day of the year they had breakfast with Madame and the amiable Renan, whose appearance George Eliot found 'something between the Catholic priest and the dissenting minister.' On to Biarritz, the natural beauties of which pleased both, beauties appreciated no less for their study of Richard Congreve's 'Politique,' each reading a volume, interrupting each other with questions and remarks, and gaining a new concept of Comte. The 'mass of Positivism,' as 'The Spanish Gypsy' was to be designated, owed much to this restudy of his philosophy set forth by Dr. Congreve. Came a letter from London that Susanna was in debt £55, at once Lewes sent a check. While they walked on the cliffs they put each other through their paces in Spanish, regretting they had not thought in previous years of this system of mutual instruction.

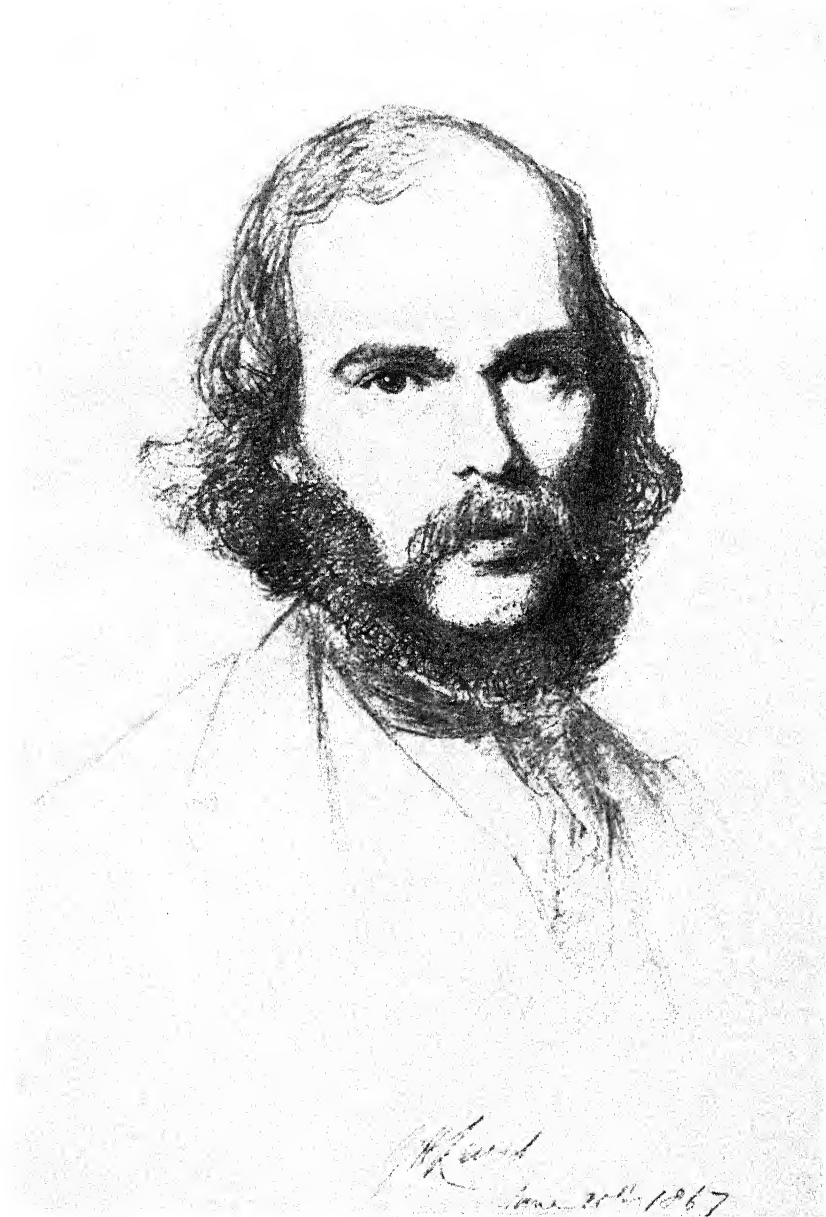
After a month at Biarritz, they traveled by way of San Sebastian under blue skies and warm sun to Barcelona. The author of 'The Spanish Gypsy,' revealed in letters to Madame Bodichon, Frederic Harrison, and John Blackwood, was keenly alive to all implications of scenery and people, and to the excellent accommodation everywhere. They went by steamer to Alicante and Malaga, suffering none of the usual inconvenience or discomfort, even for their 'rickety bodies.' Ten days they pleased themselves with Granada and the Alhambra, seeing by moonlight the towers, the wide Vega, and the snow-covered mountains. Comparing the Alhambra with the Crystal Palace for color, Lewes found Owen Jones superior. Again,

they watched the sun dropping behind the dark mountains of Loja, sending its afterglow on the white summits of the Sierra Nevada. For a change they read nothing except Spanish novels, and not many of those. They visited a Spanish family making pottery, they admired the grace and refinement of the native singing and dancing.

February 21, 1867, George Eliot confided in Blackwood she was rejoiced to be in Spain since she had begun three years ago to interest herself in Spanish literature and had by her a partly written work the subject of which, bound up with the country, was very near her heart.

After a loop round the east and through the center of Spain, they returned to Biarritz, March 6th, Lewes looking plumper and ruddier, but George Eliot ill from cold caught in the unheated chilly museum at Madrid. On the 16th of March, in a roaring wind and blinding sleet, they returned to the Priory. 'I go to my poem and the construction of two prose works, if possible,' is the Journal entry, significant that strength had been found for wrestling with the drama. George Eliot was also strong enough physically to consider business matters with her usual vigor and acumen. She acknowledged Blackwood's second instalment of £1666 for 'Felix Holt,' and the first instalment of £500 on the £1000 for ten years' copyright of the cheap edition of her novels. She longed to see this cheap edition, and was even eager to see it placarded at railway stations, disagreeing with Ruskin that people had no time to read advertisements at those places. She broke the news tactfully to her publishers that her work connected with Spain was a poem, and that Lewes thought well of it, astutely, she added that she had also her private projects about an English novel.

'The Spanish Gypsy' progressed through a course of lectures on Positivism, by Dr Congreve, in Bouverie Street, visits to several exhibitions of paintings, and letters to friends. On the subject of women's education she had something to say to Mrs Peter Taylor and to Sara. To the first she wrote that she was



GEORGE HENRY LEWES AT THE AGE OF FIFTY

Photograph by Fred. Bruckmann, London. Courtesy of Mr. A. I. Myers,  
New Bond Street.



hoping for much good from the serious presentation of women's claims before Parliament, to Sara she exclaimed *Si muove'* 'A woman's college, between London and Cambridge, in connection with Cambridge, sharing professors, examinations, degrees!' Writing Barbara Bodichon a little later, she expressed succinctly her wise judgment in regard to education and work both for men and for women. No good could come to either, she felt, while each aimed at doing the highest kind of work, which should be held sacred to the few. Only the few can do the best. the deepest disgrace is to insist on doing that for which we are unfit.

As usual, there were guests. Miss Betham-Edwards, who visited Barbara at this time, and was taken by her to visit the Priory, found George Eliot a tall, prematurely old lady. This is the first external reference to her looking aged, she had, herself, been speaking of herself as old and shriveled for ten or fifteen years. Miss Betham-Edwards records their dining shortly afterward with Barbara, and talking with interest on the possible means by which the earth would end.

Blackwood dined with them on June 5th and, hearing the author read the first fifty-six pages of 'The Spanish Gypsy,' expressed himself as greatly delighted. Six weeks later he sent the final payment on 'Felix Holt' and the remaining £500 on the copyright for ten years.

Strain telling on both Georges, they fled at the end of June to their favorite spot, Niton, on the Isle of Wight, where they remained to the 10th of July. That trip was by way of fortifying themselves for a longer one to north Germany. Lewes had been advised by Sir Henry Holland not to hang down his head at zoologizing if he wished to be well, hence their going inland. Sir Theodore and Lady Martin joined them en route. Before they got to Ilmenau they were distressed to hear that Arthur Helps had speculated disastrously to his fortune and character.

At Ilmenau in August and Dresden in September, work pro-

gressed on 'The Spanish Gypsy' After returning home October 1st, the author continued her reading on Spain, in the classics and history, and by the end of the month had finished the first part of her drama Before beginning Part Two she wished to print the three thousand lines ready, in order to read them critically, but wanted the 'thing kept private,' and above all to avoid premature publication Lewes had advised her not to make the poem too long, and she had determined, accordingly, not to let it run over nine thousand lines

Her business sense was vexed by the unsuccess of the serial edition of her works, but she was in good health, and began writing on her forty-eighth birthday—at Blackwood's repeated request—'Address to Workingmen, by Felix Holt' This article was delivered December 4th to the publisher, who on the 6th returned proof and characterized the essay as noble Couched in Felix Holt's simple, forceful language, this address counseled the working class that had just received the franchise, warning them that as a body they were neither very wise nor very virtuous No nation that had within it a majority of men possessed of much wisdom or virtue would tolerate the lying, swindling, adulteration of goods, cheating, and bribery then boldly carried on If, as the House of Commons had sarcastically called the men, they were the future masters of the country, then they should think of their heavy responsibility

Sane, well-tempered advice lies in this address, good now as then if due regard be given to the difference in crises and some slight changes made in the application of advocated principles Here and there the author in her own person looks out, as when she says, ostensibly through Felix, 'I expect great changes, and I desire them But I don't expect them to come in a hurry by mere inconsiderate sweeping A Hercules with a big besom is a fine thing for a filthy stable, but not for weeding a seed-bed, where his besom would soon make a barren floor'

Blackwood also wrote that the first part of her great poem was in type and that the heroine Fedalma would add another

wreath to her laurels. The author in her reply was chiefly anxious about the road still untraveled. She was well enough to acknowledge cheerfully Sara's remembering her on the 22nd of November.

Around the middle of December, Oscar Browning dined with them on his way to Rome. George Eliot, he remembered later, sat at the head of the table and carved. On the 21st, she was reading Averroes and 'Les Médecins Juifs'. 'Daniel Deronda' undoubtedly was taking hold of her imagination. Christmas Day she and George dined happily alone. Two days later he set off to Bonn to make anatomical researches with Professor Schutze. By the end of the year she was recording clouds political and personal: a world war was threatened, dyspepsia had her in its grip. But she was able to thank Blackwood for a generous check on account of 'Felix Holt's Address'. Lewes, meantime, in Germany was having a profitably instructive time, a brilliant time, with Gervinus, Helmholtz, Wundt, and their friends, a socially good time, dining and supping out every day.

January, 1868, was a bad month. The 'Gypsy' progressed slowly up to the end of February, arriving at Part IV. There George Eliot stopped to read Guillemin on 'The Heavens'. She was weary, refreshment was compulsory. She and Lewes pined without new sights and sounds and colors. To Torquay they rushed, where he worked at cells and read Darwin while she, hearing bird choirs in glorious weather, finished Book IV. Back to the Priory, whence this new division went to the publishers for advance printing. On Lewes's judgment the author's decision to make the poem less tragic than she had at first thought to do led to somewhat decreased length. Working at top speed, she finished it April 29, 1868, and mailed it to Blackwood. Once off her mind, it now began to appear detached, objective as all those works which were part of her always appeared to be after they were finally severed from herself. Whimsically she asked whether she would not be despised by that class who,



looking on writing as a financial asset, would know she had received only hundreds for a poem, whereas she might have had thousands for a novel. Frederic Harrison was one of the very few to receive a complimentary copy, 'in grateful remembrance' That was for his assistance with 'Felix Holt'

In her notes on 'The Spanish Gypsy' the author says it was suggested by a picture of the Annunciation in the Scuola di San Rocco, at Venice, in which she discerned a motive of the class used by the Greek dramatists, with differences 'A young maiden, believing herself to be on the eve of the chief event of her life—marriage—about to share in the ordinary lot of womanhood, full of young hope, has suddenly announced to her that she is chosen to fulfil a great destiny, entailing a terribly different experience from that of ordinary womanhood. She is chosen, not by any momentary arbitrariness, but as a result of foregoing hereditary conditions she obeys.' George Eliot, feeling the never-used subject grander than that of 'Iphigenia,' cast about for logical embodiment of the theme. That theme, she concluded, would be best served by the moment in Spanish history when the struggle with the Moors was approaching its climax. Then the gypsy race was present under such conditions as would enable her to get her heroine and the claim on her among the gypsies.

For her struggle she required the opposing demands of race and the girl's desire for marriage. Through these she would symbolize the part played in our human lot by hereditary conditions in the largest sense, 'and of the fact that what we call duty is entirely made up of such conditions, for even in cases of just antagonism to the narrow view of hereditary claims, the whole background of the particular struggle is made up of our inherited nature.' The tragedy would result from will striving with destiny, the reader must sympathize with the girl while recognizing the ruthlessness of Fate.

In the form finally chosen the drama consists of five books. In the first and longest of these, Fedalma and Don Silva are

lovers obviously to be torn apart by destiny Fedalma, stolen at the age of three years from her Zincalo father, ultimately was adopted by the third Duke and Duchess of Bedmar The action begins when she is eighteen Don Silva, their son, is a warrior of Spain who, in an interval of war with the Moors, wishes to marry her The Church, represented by Father Isidor, objects and plans to hale her before the Inquisition Her father, Zarca, appears—he has been captured in a band of prisoners—and presses upon her loyalty and duty to her tribe After remonstrating, urging her individual claim to happiness, she goes with him, leaving a note for Don Silva

Book II presents Silva returning from a brief expedition, finding Fedalma fled, and at once instituting a search for her Zarca enters, meantime, into allegiance with the Moorish King, El Zagal, by which for services rendered the gypsies will be given Telemsan, in Africa, for a Kingdom

In Book III Fedalma reigns as gypsy queen in El Zagal's land near Guadix Zarca returns from a foray and declares to her that before the moon has waned his people will reach Almería to set out for the promised land He reveals to his daughter that if he had not found her she would have been put to the torture by Catholic Spaniards She gives her word she will be true to her race Don Silva arrives, and begs her to go home with him She reminds him they are parted by the sword Zarca interrupts the meeting The outcome of the triple debate is that Silva gives up his people, becoming a Zincalo for the girl he loves A crowd witnesses his oath of allegiance to her and the clan

Book IV emphasizes vacillation on Silva's part and doubts of his loyalty on the part of the Zincali A battle ensues in which many Spaniards are killed and taken prisoners and the Moors are in possession of Bedmar In the Praça Santiago, Moors and gypsies gather to execute Father Isidor Silva vainly begs that his life be spared As Isidor's body swings from the gibbet, Silva in rage stabs, fatally wounding, Zarca Zarca dies but not before

exacting a promise from his band that they serve Fedalma as queen, and that they let Silva go free

Book V shows the bay of Almería, the east shore Moorish ships are ready to bear Zarca's body and the gypsy band to Telemsan Silva, hooded in pilgrim's cowl, bound for Rome to seek absolution, comes to bid Fedalma goodbye She goes, knowing the gypsy kingdom will prove but a dream, she follows her destiny, Silva watches the boats until they disappear

That is the barest outline of a drama now rarely read, a summary not including accessories of scene and character which contribute richness and lifelikeness The tavern opening scene, for example, is quite as good in its way as the much praised Rainbow Inn evening of 'Silas Marner' Again, the Jewish astrologer, Sephardo, plays an entertaining rôle, chiefly in his analysis that serves at once to reveal the Duke's character and to foreshadow action 'A nature o'er-endowed with opposites,' whose ardent planets suffer malign light from stars that inspire doubt, a nature in whom the elements are mixed Again, the imperial greatness of Zarca, a majestic creation, in Book III carries before its sweep both his daughter and her lover, making inevitable that Silva turn renegade to Spain, ally himself with Zarca's band The minor characters add lightness, playfulness, and color

Whatever her hopes for a drama that might be produced on the boards, George Eliot was successful in her attempt at written drama Silva adequately symbolizes the tragedy of rebellion, Fedalma that of a great submission made vain by the result of Silva's rebellion, and Zarca's struggle is rendered vain by conditions of life

Of all comment that might be made on this work that, despite its magnificence, is all but forgotten, two or three details bear mention Defect lies in explanation, criticism to the exclusion of action That is, if the opus is to be judged as drama, the acts alone of the chief characters would not tell the story by a great deal Analysis, weighing, the author's habits, were insuf-

ficiently discarded Again, the lesson is Comtian Zarca insists we are

*fellow-beers of that small island, Life,  
Where we must dig and sow and reap with brothers,*

and consistently throughout he presses upon Fedalma the claims of her race, the service she may do for her humankind In the third instance, chosen to illustrate the value of this drama as an exponent of the author's thought, are passages that influenced Proust and his literature of mysticism through memory

*'The only better [says Don Silva] is a Past that lives  
On through an added Present, stretching still  
In hope unchecked by shaming memories  
To Life's last breath'*

And, again, sense, the author says for him

*In all its deep recesses, where it keeps  
The mystic stores of ecstasy, was transformed  
To memory that killed the hour like wine*

Fedalma, too, emphasizes this mysticism

*'Perhaps I lived before  
In some strange world where first my soul was shaped,  
And all this passionate love, and joy, and pain,  
That come, I know not whence, and sway my deeds,  
Are dim yet mastering memories, blind yet strong,  
That this world stirs within me'*

Finally, though the lines are too thoughtful for pure poetry, magnificent concepts abound

*'We will watch the spheres, [says Sephardo],  
And see the constellations bend and plunge  
Into a depth of being where our eyes  
Hold them no more'*

For aptness of Don Silva's mood

*He stood still,  
Close baited by loud-barking thoughts—fierce hounds,  
Of that Supreme, the irreversible Past*

And Juan says of Zarca

*'He is of those  
Who steal the keys from snoring Destiny  
And make the prophets lie'*

'The Spanish Gypsy' should not be dismissed without a word concerning its self-revelation. Though it is hazardous to point out passages here and there which, by chance or intention, might emphasize the relations between the two Georges, yet no hazard attends lifting up other passages that obviously exemplify or express the author's convictions

*'So I will ever face  
The thought beforehand to its utmost reach  
The consequences of my conscious deeds,  
And never drug my soul to sleep with lies'*

So Zarca, as he stands looking at the corpses of those he and his men have slain. So George Eliot, reflecting on her own acts, might have said for herself. And Silva's

*'there's no blameless life  
Save for the passionless'*

might have spoken for his creator

At the time the 'Gypsy' was completed, George Eliot was forty-eight years old. Whether she had desired motherhood, whether she was disappointed in having no children of her physical body is a question not to be answered with any degree of assurance. It has been conjectured that as a result of the irregular union, the two agreed there would be no children

Whatever the true reply to questions of her desire, evidence exists in this poetic drama that she was thinking of woman as mother, thinking in terms that would give disciples of Freud material for essays on her thwarted nature. The opening passage, for example, presents Spain as a broad-breasted mother leaning with equal love on the Mid Sea and on the Ocean, later are 'the breasts of northward-looking snows', and, again, 'The soul of man      No longer hanging at the breast of life'. A fine figure is this of the Present 'Mother of that young Time she bears within her womb'. Almost too obstetrical is 'The Holy War pants with eagerness of labor near its end'. Other instances might be adduced, but these show the direction of her figures and their source.

Not without significance George Eliot's best known poem bears the date 1867. 'Oh may I join the choir invisible' appears to have been an off-spark from the heat of her imagination in writing the 'Gypsy'.

TRAVEL ON THE CONTINENT  
POEMS THE HALF-CENTURY MARK

MAY 26, 1868, the Leweses left the Priory for Baden After drinking the Spa water for nine days, they went to Petersthal for three weeks where their enjoyment increased, then to Freiburg and St Margen Here George Eliot wrote to Blackwood about the scenic mountain tops, the Roman Catholic community, and the accordion-sounding evening prayers from servants in the public rooms of the inn, prayers rising simultaneously from shepherds and field-workers So strongly was she affected by this top of the world, she commemorated it in one of her best shorter poems, 'Agatha'

After Basle, Thun, Interlaken, Neuchâtel, Dijon, and Paris, they returned by way of Folkestone to the Priory, July 23rd, 'in great force for such feeble wretches,' but finding drouth and heat a bad exchange for cool mountains and showers of rain Lewes had been glad to find himself favorably known on the Continent and, soon after their return, to be invited to Oxford to a meeting of the medical association, which accepted the result of his anatomical labors

Feeling businesslike, the author suggested to her publishers that since Mudie and other librarians would not have abundant copies of 'The Spanish Gypsy,' perhaps a second edition at the same price might be warranted In September, this edition was subscribed by book dealers, according to a letter from Blackwood that gave added gusto to the poet's tea and toast She went through the work carefully for correction of errors and insisted on seeing proof sheets that 'Revised by the Author'

might be put in advertisements and on the title page. In October, a third edition was demanded, again she sent corrections, tireless in exacting perfection for the final form of her works.

In this rest period she resumed reading, avid and comprehensive. Lucretius, the Iliad, Milton, Warton's 'History of English Poetry,' Grote, the 'Vita Nuova,' and Maurice's 'Lectures on Casuistry' illustrate the quality and scope.

Monday, September 14th, she traveled with Lewes to Leeds, to visit Dr. Clifford Allbut. There they saw the fine hospital, a mitigation to the smoke of that lower circle of the Inferno, and in Allbut the author of 'Middlemarch' found the original of Tertius Lydgate. Wednesday they continued to Bolton, wandering through the woods on the banks of the Wharfe, seeing the Priory, of Wordsworth fame, and returning by Newark revisited the Trent and that quiet landscape to which they had journeyed for 'The Mill.'

In October, George Eliot wrote her publishers that despite *malaise* she was brooding over many things, in the hope the coming months would not be barren. She was ashamed of caring about reviews of the 'Gypsy' that could not be strict evidence against its value and observed astutely that the weight of agreement even on what was worst was diminished by the reflection that three different reviews might be three different phases of the same critic, earning as much money as possible by making easy remarks about George Eliot. To compensate further, there were readers like Helena Faucit who wrote in her journal that she had wept her eyes out over many scenes of 'a wonderful book, so deep, so tender, and yet so sad, as all great things must be.'

Early in November another holiday was offered through the seducing invitation of Mr. Benzon to visit the mammoth iron and steel factories of Sheffield. Saturday, the 7th, they set out for Matlock, where they remained until Monday, Marian recalling her trip there over a quarter-century back, when she had first looked with her father on the rushing Derwent. Back



in London the two were revisited by old unpleasant physical feelings and began to think of migrating to unknown regions, to escape the undependable London climate. For once, though Marian thought she remembered Sara's birthday was the 23rd, she took time by the forelock and wrote on the 20th, without reminder, 'I suppose we are both getting too old to care about being wished many happy returns of the day.' That, at forty-nine. Well, she added, Herbert Spencer for one was growing younger with the years. In her *Journal* she recorded better health than usual but no work that made for her a higher life, a growing life, though in her other life she was getting old and decaying. On this entry into her semi-centennial, she was meditating the subject of Timoleon. Sympathizing with the work of her friends, she encouraged Cara in the painting of physiological charts which, she thought, would be helpful to young lives. One of the most important parts of education, she believed, should be a great awe at the fearfully and wonderfully made delicate human structure.

Christmas Day, 1868, Marian and Lewes called to see his mother, Mrs. Willim, over eighty-two years of age. Then they dined as in old days, alone. Lewes's book of literary receipts records for this year only £162 income, earned chiefly through contributions to the *Pall Mall* and the *Fortnightly*. His articles on Darwin, his only important ones, brought about a pleasant acquaintance with the author of 'The Origin of Species,' now a graybeard.

In her *Journal* for the year, George Eliot noted a loss of retentive power—she could afford to lose much from that nearly perfect memory and still rank higher than the average man or woman—but over against that loss she set down her blessings: the friendly reception accorded the 'Gypsy,' George's interest in psychological investigation, new friendships. She desired no added blessing but the gift of power to do some good, lasting work. Characteristically, on the last day of the year she thanked Blackwood for a check and admitted to satisfaction over the

sales of the 'Gypsy' She was fretting, however, about the cheap edition of her novels, she wanted more copies sold Earlier she had stated that she wished to see them in the hands of young men, whom she chiefly hoped to influence Alas, she had to confess to Lord Lytton to a prepossession that made her write 'Zincálo,' instead of 'Zíncalo,' not carelessly but stupidly 'for in authorship I hold carelessness to be a mortal sin'

For the year 1869 the chief work planned was 'Middlemarch' Besides, 'Timoleon' and several minor poems were under consideration The first of these to be finished was the dramatic blank verse 'Agatha,' sold in May to the Atlantic Monthly for the astonishing sum of \$1500—even with the final lyric it contains not quite 400 lines—rivalling the amounts paid for short stories in the rich days of the twentieth century Inspiration for this flight came at St Margen (Little Sancta Maria)—

*Holy little Mary, dear  
The children, and the cows, the apple-trees,  
The cart, the plough, all named with caress  
Which feigns them little, easy to be held—*

where old Agatha dwelt with her feebler-witted cousins Kate and Nell, working, she tells her visitor, Countess Linda, 'asking no pay save just her daily bread,' and walking on pilgrimage to Ensiedeln, praying for all her neighbors A sketch of a simple life, half-crone and half-saint, filled with the devoutness that marks the Roman Catholic peasant, a poem impossible of achievement in its fine spirit of sincerity except by the country-bred, a George Eliot or a Wordsworth

This reminiscence of peaceful mountain-tops near Freiburg was off her mind about the time she began the new novel—or preparation for it by reading on philological subjects, in connection with the character of Casaubon—but leaden pressure and disturbed health made painful all mental or bodily movement Yet on the 26th and 27th she was writing the rhymed

story, 'How Lisa Loved the King,' based on Boccaccio's seventh tale of the tenth day—a tale of six hundred years ago, when Palermo was ruled by Pedro, King of Aragon, a tale of Lisa, daughter of a rich Florentine, now living in Sicily, and of Minuccio the singer, of Mico the poet and of Perdicone, who loved Lisa. The poem, finished February 14th and sent to Edinburgh next day, touches exquisitely the sinlessness of Lisa's fifteen-year-old passion, the chivalry of the King, the generosity of Queen Costanza, and involves neatly the subsidiary rôles of poet and singer.

Like many another author, George Eliot frequently found herself preferring to write about something else than the immediately engrossing subject. Not surprisingly, while reading Helmholtz on music, February 23rd, she got the idea of 'The Legend of Jubal.' For eight months she meditated before beginning, early in October, to write, by January 13, 1870, she had finished the poem, and in May following it was published in Macmillan's Magazine. This 'Legend' of Jubal who discovered music and invented the lyre expresses anew her philosophy of life, the philosophy nourished on Comte. Cam, after fleeing from Eden, lived six hundred years and thought to live forever, but Lamech accidentally killed his eldest boy, and Cam lamented

*'He will not wake*

*This is the endless sleep, and we must make  
A bed deep down for him beneath the sod,  
For know, my sons, there is a mighty God  
Angry with all men's race but most with me*

*Nay, though we live for countless moons, at last  
We and all ours shall die like summers past*

A new spirit came over the race of Cam, 'soft idlesse was no more' Lamech's eldest son, Jubal, who bore the look of that

calm river-god, the Nile, yearned for some hidden soul of things  
He began the pastoral life, he watched the fall of Tubal Cain's  
forge hammer

*Then as the metal shapes more various grew,  
And, hurled upon each other, resonance drew,  
Each gave new tones, the revelations dim  
Of some external soul that spoke for him  
The hollow vessel's clang, the clash, the boom  
Like light that makes wide spiritual room  
And skyey spaces in the spaceless thought,  
To Jubal such enlarged passion brought,  
That love, hope, rage and all experience,  
Were fused in vaster being, fetching thence  
Concords and discords, cadences and cries*

*And through them all the rhythmic hammer's ring*

Jubal saw his thought, the fair presence of unachieved achievement  
Yearning vaguely toward the plenteous quire of the  
harvest of the world, he made one small lyre, and went forth to  
bless mankind, wandering for ages

*And ever as he travelled, he would climb  
The farthest mountain, yet the heavenly chime,  
The mighty tolling of the far-off spheres,  
Beating their pathway, never touched his ears*

When at last he saw the ocean and could hear its roar, its plunge  
and hiss, he 'touched his lyre no more' He went back home  
There he saw the hills standing in ancient order, and there he  
heard the strains of far music, gray and ancient, he heard men  
crying, 'Jubal! Jubal!' men with lyres and flutes, cymbals and  
psalteries He declared himself, affirmed that he was Jubal Two  
of the most devout in his praise, not knowing him, thrust him  
out and beat him with their flutes

*The immortal name of Jubal filled the sky,  
While Jubal lonely laid him down to die*

The man dies, but his work lives even though he may be forgotten or derided before he dies

Before writing 'The Legend of Jubal,' the author broke away from its spell to begin the series of sonnets, 'Brother and Sister' By July 3rd five were finished, and on the 19th three more The remaining three were completed by August 1st Printed for private circulation only, 'Brother and Sister' bears the date 1869 and the author's name, Marian Lewes, the only time this form appeared on any of her title-pages

Despite inroads by poetry upon George Eliot's time, she had written by July 19, 1869, the Introduction to 'Middlemarch' By August 2nd, the Vincy and Featherstone parts were begun, August 5th, Chapter I was finished September 1st, the novel stood still in Chapter III while the author meditated characters and conditions By the 11th she did not feel confident she could make anything satisfactory of 'Middlemarch,' but reminded herself that other accomplishments by herself had been under the same cloud of doubt Wise, dependable George Henry read 'Romola' again and expressed profound admiration Solemnly George Eliot records, 'This is encouraging'

On the 21st of September, 1869, she was asking Maria Congreve to get her some information about provincial hospitals, necessary to imagining conditions for her hero, Lydgate In December, 1870, she noted that she was experimenting on a story, 'Miss Brooke,' begun without serious intention of carrying it out lengthily, though the subject had been recorded among possible themes ever since she began to write fiction On the last day of 1870 she noted in her Journal that she had written only 100 pages, 'good, printed pages,' of a story begun about the opening of November and at present called 'Miss Brooke' Obviously if one studies the time elements observed above, the two threads of 'Middlemarch' proceeded separately for a space—the

Lydgate thread spinning itself into being before that of Miss Brooke, or Dorothea Her poetry, she remarks, is 'halting,' though in August and September of 1870 she wrote 'Armgarth'

Armgarth, a divinely gifted singer, refuses to marry the Graf, believing her mission lies in music She loses her voice, the Graf's insistence falters, and he departs for India Armgarth, counseled by Old Leo, her teacher, determines not to die—as she had been tempted to do—but to become a teacher of singing In many respects, this is the most personal of the author's dramatic poems Certain passages reveal George Eliot

*'I triumph or I fail  
I never strove for any second prize'*

*She walked like Orpheus in his solitude*

*The women whispered, 'Not a pretty face'  
The men, 'Well, well, a goodly length of limb  
She bears the chiton'*

*'I am not glad with that mean vanity  
Which knows no good beyond its appetite  
Full feasting upon praise! I am only glad,  
Being praised for what I know is worth the praise'*

*'Think you I felt myself a prima donna?  
No, but a happy spiritual star  
Such as old Dante saw, wrought in a rose  
Of light in Paradise, whose only self  
Was consciousness of glory wide-diffused,  
Music, life, power—I moving in the midst  
With a sublime necessity of good'*

And certain other passages recall her relationship with Lewes

*' Our difference  
Lies not so deep as love—as union*

*Through a mysterious fitness that transcends  
Formal agreement'*

*'The man who marries me must wed my Art—  
Humor and cherish it, not tolerate it'*

*'Armgar, I would with all my soul I knew  
The man so rare that he could make your life  
As woman sweet to you, as artist safe'*

Illustrative of her incorporation of Comte's doctrines

*Noble rebellion lifts a common load  
But what is he who flings his own load off  
And leaves his fellows toiling?*

After Armgar's decision,

*'I will not feed on doing great tasks ill,  
Dull the world's sense with mediocrity,  
And live by trash that smothers excellence,'*

follows the poignant close

*'She sings  
I mean Paulina sings Fidelio,  
And they will welcome her tonight'*

No woman who ever lost to another woman her only love could have said, 'And she will welcome him tonight,' with greater bitterness, albeit generous bitterness, than George Eliot conceived in giving to Armgar these plangent words

What of personal affairs in these years, 1869 and 1870? The Sunday afternoons continued, with friends new and old. On February 14, 1869, Browning was on hand, talking and quoting admirably of versification. Helena Faucit exclaimed in her diary, 'How pleasant to pop upon him thus while reading his

poem'' The next Sunday Emanuel Deutsch and Mrs Pattison lunched with them, Deutsch pausing to say goodbye on his way to the East Perhaps the most significant visits of the year 1869 were from the mathematician Sonya Kovalevsky and her husband, who came on October 5th, and from Professor W G Clark of Cambridge, who announced that he would give up his connection with the church



FOURTH VISIT TO ITALY  
THORNIE'S DEATH GERMANY  
VISITS NEAR HOME

MARCH 3RD the two Georges started by way of France on their fourth visit to Italy To Rome, beautiful in sunshine, and to other familiar places they thought of themselves saying their last goodbye Hopelessly old they fancied themselves, oppressed, as always, and more heavily by the appalling consciousness of illness and the sense of death 'What hard work it seems to go on living, sometimes,' George Eliot wrote sadly to Maria Congreve 'Blessed are the dead' She had never had such continuous bad health in traveling as in these nine weeks

In Rome, April, 1869, George Eliot first met John W Cross, who with his mother and sister called upon her at the Hotel Minerva Fifteen years after that meeting, Cross still seemed to hear as first he heard, 'the low, earnest, deep, musical tones of her voice,' seemed to see as then he saw, 'the fine brows, with the abundant auburn-brown hair framing them, the long head, broadening at the back, the gray-blue eyes, constantly changing in expression, but always with a very loving, almost deprecating, look at my mother, the finely formed, thin, transparent hands, and a whole *Wesen* that seemed in complete harmony with everything one expected to find in the author of "Romola" ' '1 Anne Thackeray also called upon her at the Minerva and either did or didn't leave, she could not afterwards recall, a large bouquet of rosebuds Charles Lever met and traveled with the Leweses a day to Paris, he wrote Blackwood, May 4, 1869, and

was 'delighted with her talk Her voice alone has an indescribable charm'

After eight weeks abroad when George Eliot returned, May 5th, to the Priory she found a letter from Harriet Beecher Stowe She replied appreciatively, confessing the despondency in which many days of her writing had been passed The two women, akin despite their unlikeness, admired each other, and in the husband of Mrs Stowe was that love of classic scholarship which found response in George Eliot No more pleasant exchange of letters exists between two women of repute than between the one who helped America from the curse of slavery and the one who elevated English common life to the dignity of letters

Three days after the two Georges returned from Italy, Thornton Lewes arrived from Natal, where he had been farming with Bertie, and where he had sustained an injury to his spine Greatly reduced by suffering he none the less held out for almost six months, months spent by Lewes and 'Mutter' in loving solicitude for his comfort Thornie was a sweet boy, a boy still—as George Eliot wrote—though over twenty-five years of age Friends interested themselves in the Priory household Madame Bodichon came twice a week, clever with talk for young people, Mrs Peter Taylor contributed cheer, and in a signal act of effacement 'Mutter' left the house while Agnes, the actual mother, came to sit with her son

Worn from their long vigil, the Georges went in July to Sevenoaks for bracing body and spirit, but were driven home by cold winds and clouded skies Later in the month they rested two days at Hatfield, and on the last day of August went to Weybridge, walked on St George's Hill, and lunched with Mrs Cross John W was there and began his friendly intimacy with the author, whom he admired and was to love She and Lewes were anxious over Thornton, the Cross family was disturbed over the illness of a sister Sympathy was mutual In September the sister died, Thornton lived until October 19th

After the boy's funeral the Georges went to Limpsfield, Surrey, for the healing of woods and fields, remaining there until the beginning of December. Christmas Day they dined with Charles and Gertrude. The year had been for the most part unhappy.

Early in January, 1870, the Congreves came to dinner. Lewes was thinking of a journey to Utrecht, but because Polly was melancholy at the suggestion he gave it up. In February he had a trip with Spencer to the Isle of Wight. Then, quite suddenly, on March 15th both Georges left for Berlin, where they stayed until April 5th. Marian wrote Maria that she was in discomfort from headache, sore throat, and 'schnupfen'. Her enjoyment was not, therefore, great, but she heard Bismarck speak at the Reichstag and went to choral concerts at sixpence each, refreshing and economical. Gluck and Mozart drew them to the opera, where they also heard for the second time 'Tannhauser'. As usual they were objects of attention, notably from the Robert Lyttons, but George Eliot confessed to weariness even in her gratitude.

Lewes, whose versatile interests now included the study of insanity, visited varieties of mad people and had an instructive time with Reichert studying the brain, when not occupied with Liebreich in observing effects of chloral or making researches on protozoa. With these men Lewes maintained friendly relations to the end of his life. My copy of his 'Goethe,' for example, bears an inscription to Liebreich of the date December, 1875. He, also, was beginning to feel strain from reading, writing, and study, he was too nervous while in Germany to work more than one and a half hours consecutively. Small wonder. With the exception of Macaulay he probably read more voluminously than any Englishman of his day, and reading took toll of energy otherwise consumed by literary or scientific labor.

April 5th, they went on to Prague, where Lewes gave Polly a lesson on the brain. Clearly the doctor in her novel, 'Middlemarch,' was being studied, the author was familiarizing herself

with some form of medical investigation into which she could enter with a physician specialist. Did she hold to the brain? Did she get from the study all she needed, or did she surrender that initial interest for one in fevers? Lydgate wished to become an authority on all kinds.

At Nurnberg, April 28th, George Eliot was very sick. As soon as possible, the two packed up and came home, arriving at the Priory May 6th after an absence of eight weeks. Still uncomfortable, the lady who was struggling with the brain and 'Middlemarch' was not at all hopeful about future work, for one thing the flight had not been so restorative as she had expected. But she felt blessed in her one perfect love, the sympathy shown her for the sake of her books—she made no mistake about the cause of her popularity—and the personal regard of a few friends.

May 25th they went up to Oxford to stay with the Rector of Lincoln, Mark Pattison, and his wife, afterward Lady Dilke. At Sunday supper, George Eliot had the place of honor at the Rector's right hand, opposite her was the daughter of Thomas Arnold, better known afterward as Mrs. Humphry Ward, then a girl in her late teens. This young woman took an immediate and active dislike to G. H. Lewes at her left—how often true was that reaction to the little man, how often changed for a more favorable feeling on better acquaintance—and was disappointed that the shy Rector and the great author let him do the talking, while Mrs. Lewes watched and listened. Her dislike of Lewes lasted through the years and may have had part in Mrs. Ward's ultimate statement about George Eliot's life. Writing to the sponsors of the Centennial, 1919, she referred to the false step of that life. Mrs. Ward belonged too much to the Victorians to appreciate fully what the union with Lewes meant, spiritually, as a source of literature that will last beyond even the name of Mary Arnold Ward. The younger woman is just, however, according to her lights. When she refers to George Eliot, she seems still to see her under the blossoming chestnuts of Merton.

Gardens or in the old rooms of Lincoln College—‘and I am conscious of something very human and womanly, which seems still to lay an appealing hand upon one, as though it ached above all for sympathy—and to be understood. She was abnormally, pitifully dependent upon sympathy.’ And Mrs Ward believed that dependence explained the false step. She generously added that it explained also the infinitely receptive and plastic temper, which was the source of her best art.

After supper, Mrs Ward recalls in ‘A Writer’s Recollections,’ as the ladies were walking up the interesting old staircase that led from the dining-room to the drawing-room above, ‘she said to me, “The Rector tells me that you have been reading a good deal about Spain. Would you care to hear something of our Spanish journey?”’ Then while the rest of the group went on to smoke in the gallery beyond the room, George Eliot sat down in the dim light and talked, ‘with ease and finish, never misplacing a word or dropping a sentence,’ and Miss Arnold realized at last that she was in the presence of a great writer. Not a great talker, for she was too rich in second thoughts for that, too meditative, but able, notwithstanding, in monologue to produce upon a good listener the impression of some of her best work. ‘As the low clear voice flowed on, in Mrs Pattison’s drawing-room, I saw Saragossa, Granada, the Escorial, and that survival of the old Europe in the new, which one must go to Spain to find. Not that the description was particularly vivid—in talking of famous places John Richard Green could make words tell and paint with far greater success, but it was singularly complete and accomplished. When it was done the effect was there—the effect she had meant to produce. I shut my eyes and it all comes back—the darkened room, the long, pallid face, set in black lace, the evident wish to be kind to a young girl.’

Mrs Ward adds another exquisite recollection of George Eliot, one of the following day when they were observing the boat races from Christ Church meadow. The author stood on the grass, in the sunlight, drinking in the beautiful fulness of the

Oxford scene 'As the party turned into the quadrangle of Lincoln, suddenly at one of the upper windows of the Rector's lodgings, appeared the head and shoulders of Mrs Pattison—a brilliant apparition. The pale pretty head, *blonde cendrée*, the delicate smiling features and white throat, a touch of black, a touch of blue, a white dress, a general eighteenth century impression as though of powder and patches—Mrs Lewes perceived it in a flash, and I saw her run eagerly to Mr Lewes and draw his attention to the window and its occupant' Mrs Ward is sure she never meant to describe the Rector in her portrait of Casaubon 'She was far too good a scholar herself to have perpetrated a caricature so flagrantly untrue' Mrs Ward is right. From Dr Brabant, more likely, or as George Eliot herself said, pointing to her own heart, she got him *there*.

Again, a brain was dissected for her, this time by Dr Rolleston. Her great dread now was the protraction of life into imbecility or into lingering pain. Was it for herself only, or for Lydgate, she learned all she could learn about gray matter? Sir Benjamin Brodie displayed for her his latest laboratory equipment. Afterward she and Mrs Pattison drove to Littlemore, where she saw John Henry Newman's 'little conventual dwelling,' and she met the Greek scholar, Jowett, who speedily became one of the Leweses' warmest friends. In three days the lady of the Priory absorbed much of Oxford scenery, culture, and tradition. By the following Sunday they were back in London, at home to Spencer, Mrs Burne-Jones, and Mr Crompton, father-in-law of Beesley.

They were shocked, June 10th, to hear of the death of Dickens, a passing that brought home to them their own infirmities. Lewes particularly needing a change, they went on the 15th to Cromer and, a fortnight later, to Harrogate. After Lord Clarendon's death George Eliot wrote, in a letter of condolence to Mrs Robert Lytton, a revelatory and poignant sentence 'I try to delight in the sunshine that will be when I shall never see it any more' After Harrogate, they were for another

two weeks at Whitby, where they were met by Mrs Burne-Jones. Returning to the Priory the first day of August, they left almost immediately for Lumpsfield.

And now they were stirred, as Europe was stirred, by the Franco-Prussian War, the period that would be known in future charts, George Eliot predicted, as that of German ascendancy. Sorry for the sufferings of the French nation, she believed them better for the moral welfare of the people than victory would have been. 'Whatever charm we may see in the Southern Latin races, this ought not to blind us to the great contributions which the German energies have made to the common treasure of mankind.' A little later she no longer could rejoice in German victory, it was all brutal, she declared, this war, and consoled herself for its destruction with Jowett's advance sheets of his translation of Plato.

RICH in reading were these years of 1869 and 1870. From the 24th Book of the *Iliad* to Plato, Aristophanes, Theocritus and Wolf's 'Prolegomena to Homer', from things Etruscan to 'Wilhelm Meister', and dramas, Greek or Johnsonian or Shakespearean. French literature. Hugo's 'L'Homme Qui Rit,' Joinville, Froissart, Christine de Pisan, Philippe de Comines, Villers, Nisard, and Littré on Comte. Older English writers—Drayton, for example, and always that reading for her physician in 'Middlemarch,' Russell's 'Heroes of Medicine.' She advanced her study of philology with Max Muller's 'History of Sanscrit Literature.' For Casaubon? Her little notebook in Gulson Library is packed with stories and sayings of the old Indian writers, copied for future reference.

After the death of Lewes's mother, Mrs Willim, December 12, 1870, and duties consequently devolving upon her son, the two Georges accepted an invitation from Barbara Bodichon to visit her home at Ryde, the Isle of Wight. Of this visit, M Betham-Edwards, a fellow guest, has reminiscences, chiefly of George Eliot's playing. Her testimony is the same in effect as that of others: she played 'correctly, conscientiously but not

with the *entrain* and charm of far inferior musicians      Listening to George Eliot's pianoforte playing one could but feel here as ever the deepseated melancholy that had not, as some suppose, her own life for its cause but the life of all humanity' This verdict of Miss Betham-Edwards recalls that of Lehmann the violinist, 'A very fair pianist, not gifted, but enthusiastic, and extremely painstaking'

On one occasion when the conversation turned, here at Madame Bodichon's Isle of Wight home, on literary excellence, George Eliot remarked, 'There is the money test' Today that proof is not so valid as her second proof, sincerity But the value of any work of art is tested, as Miss Betham-Edwards adds, by answer to the question, Does it live?



## STRUGGLES WITH 'MIDDLEMARCH'

THE year 1871 began unpropitiously. Writing February 1st, George Eliot had been helplessly ill for four days. By March, although the new novel had advanced to 236 (printed) pages and was hopefully to be completed by November of that year, by December 20th it hung still at page 227 of Part IV. In March, 1872, the author was regretting that through loss of time from illness she had not yet finished the work. Not before August, 1872, was she promising to the publishers 'in a few days' Part VII. The final 'book' was published not until December 1, 1872.

In April, 1871, they arranged with Mrs. Gilchrist, widow of the biographer of Blake, to rent her cottage at Brookbank, Shottermill. Sunday, the 26th, before leaving the Priory, they had Tourgenieff, Trollope, Mr. Bullock (J. W. Cross's brother-in-law, who later changed his name to Hall) and Emily Cross to lunch. Seventeen guests came in the afternoon, including Lady Castletown, Lady Colville, Madame Bodichon, Mrs. Clough (Barbara's cousin, wife of the poet Arthur Hugh, dead ten years earlier), Mr. and Mrs. Burne-Jones, and Viardot the singer, who provided entertainment.

May 1st, the Georges took up residence in Mrs. Gilchrist's queer cottage, expecting to remain only until August 1st. They had promised and expected to go to the Scott Centenary festivities in Edinburgh, to which George Eliot had a special invitation, but by August 1st she was afraid she might die before finishing 'Middlemarch' if she taxed her strength, as the journey and participation surely would have taxed it, and they relinquished

the northern trip to move into Cherrimans—the house opposite Mrs Gilchrist's cottage, which had to be surrendered. Here the Tennysons, living across the hill at Aldworth, Haslemere, found them and came, August 26th, the poet reading aloud 'Maud' and the 'Northern Farmer'. The Leweses walked part of the way back with the other couple. A group for fancying talkative Lewes, rolling Tennyson—nobody but himself ever wrote melodic verse or knew how to read it, calm Mrs Tennyson, attentive, serious George Eliot. Tennyson returned August 31st, again bringing poems to read, to say goodbye before the Georges went back to London, and again walking with them.

While at Shottermill, George Eliot wrote in pleasant weather under a deodar, across the road from the Gilchrist cottage, on cooler days, near her window indoors, her feet on a hot water bottle, writing-pad on her knees. June 27th, after coming down in May, she was ready to read aloud Part II of the book, a month later she was thanking Blackwood for returning the script submitted. He feared too long or too heavy a volume and made tentative suggestions for cutting, the author replied she did not see how she could leave out anything without interfering with her design. In October she confessed that she hardly dared hope the second part would take quite so well as the first, but Mr Lewes liked the third part best of all.

On her fifty-second birthday, 1871, Marian told Sara she preferred her present year to any that had gone before. Yet she had been ill for two months, the domestics were incapacitated, and Lewes—sleeping on a sofa at night—had done all the nursing. The first part of 'Middlemarch' was published December 1st, and they dined a few days later with Frederick Locker, who had invited them to meet Arthur and Augusta Stanley. The party was happy enough for the author of 'Middlemarch,' so far as she could be happy in her frail health, but the Stanleys were 'considerably taken aback' when they later discovered that Mrs Lewes 'was in no way Mr Lewes's wife'. Inconceivable, one might hazard, that the relationship was unknown to any of the

London world, yet absurd stories continued to be circulated. To Walter Pater, sitting (1890) in a chair George Eliot had owned, his friend Richard C. Jackson ('Marius') declared—after giving the origin of Marian Evans's interest in Lewes—'That is the true origin of the intimacy between them and the beginning of a purely platonic affection which has falsely received another name. They never occupied together the same bedroom.' Yet another tale has it that Marian said, 'I should never think of permitting George to leave me a single night,' and this attribution has persisted despite the well-known fact of their more than infrequent separation by land and water.

In the lull following publication of Part I, the Georges found Christmas rather gloomy. The clouds were broken a bit, Marian wrote, by Alexander Main's collection, 'The Wise, Witty, and Tender Sayings of George Eliot.' This is probably one of the few selections on record heartily valued and approved by the author from whose storehouse it was drawn. George Eliot refused to accept a part of the collector's royalty, though thriftily aware that her name would create sales for the little book, she was generous. She knew, moreover, the worth of advertising.

Lewes observes in his diary that the year 1871 was marked by his first real study of Mathematics, yet he had read and made marginal comment on the 'Adversus Mathematicos' of Pyrrho as early as the year 1844.<sup>1</sup> He was also pegging away at 'Problems of Life and Mind,' the work that George Eliot was faithfully to edit after his death. He notes, laconically, 'Bertie married.' Herbert's descendants are living today in South Africa.

Numerous tributes exist to the power George Eliot exercised through her novels, tributes resulting from interest forcing an unknown reader to express himself in one way or other. There was, for example, a Swiss gentleman who, at an advanced age, learned English that he might get the full value of her books in the original, and there was the reader who desired that his ashes be placed as near as possible to her grave. In January, 1872,

from Les Buttes, Dinan, a book-slide was sent to her, by way of the Blackwoods in Edinburgh. The Scotchwoman who made and presented the offering was Elma Stuart, widow of an officer in the Black Watch, a widow with a young son and uncertain prospects of livelihood. Now in the Franco-Prussian War she was learning wood-carving from the Paris refugees in Brittany, where she was living. Later, in Paris, she maintained herself and the boy, Roland, by the work of her hands, and very beautiful work she appears to have done at the height of her art. According to Roland, writing 1909, she bore all privations as proof of appreciation for George Eliot's books, and gratitude for them. After ten years she was overtaken by a 'long and terrible illness,' but her devotion remained unfaltering, and it was repaid by loving tenderness from her 'spiritual mother'. The correspondence that followed Elma's first offering lasted until the latest letter four days before that spiritual mother's death. In all her wanderings, Elma carried about with her the letters from George Eliot—'they never left her'—until after her death they were published (1909) by Roland, and the originals deposited in the British Museum.

In January, 1872, then, Elma wrote, with the book-slide, 'What for years you have been to me, how you have comforted my sorrows, peopled my loneliness, added to my happiness, and bettered in every way my whole nature, you can never know till the Great Day of Squaring Accounts.'

George Eliot replied, February 1, 1872, saying the slide was now holding books on their table, and acknowledging sincere gratitude for the warmth she had in Elma's mind. 'For there is no wealth now so precious to me (always excepting my husband's love) as the possession of a place in other minds through the writings which are the chief results of my life.' Lewes also thanked her and sent her a copy of Main's selections. A year later came another gift, with a photograph. 'I do not exactly know why I enclose the likeness of my dear little son, but I think it must be the same feeling that moved the mothers of old,

when they brought young children unto Him' At this tribute Lewes was moved to tears

The first meeting occurred October, 1873, without disappointment to either admirer or admired Lewes early took a hand in the correspondence, and so afterward did John W Cross—even to December 23, 1880, 'in time to save you the great shock of seeing in the newspapers an announcement which I know will be to you about the most terrible you could see' <sup>2</sup>

Other gifts followed—a mirror, a shawl, a red purse, and, in exchange, the lock of hair to which reference has been made above, probably the only one in existence or the only one publicly to be seen Gloves, a scarf, a unique cat for Blanche, a table—now in the Gulson Library Alcove—a brush, delicate woolen things giving warmth without weight, a swan for Blanche's basin, a box of toys for the children, candies, a cane for Lewes—which he used at the last to hook to the bedrail that he might draw himself up—Saint Esprit for George Eliot's black velvet gown, flannel belt and slippers, sweet violets, a beautiful writing board to rest on the elbows of her chair—to such instances of Elma Stuart's thought for her spirit mother there was no end She lies where she longed to lie, by the side of George Eliot on Highgate Hill

Writing to Blackwood early in 1872, the author of 'Middlemarch,' pleased at the reception of the first book, was in terror about the unwritten part That Lewes liked the fourth book, however, lessened her worry She argued that she could not have done what she wished to do briefly, but was troubled over the length By the end of the month she had finished the fourth part of the second volume Part II was published February 1st

A party at the Priory, the first in four years, on February 27th, was followed by a small dinner and by a musicale in the evening In March, Miss Betham-Edwards came up from Hastings bearing cream cheeses and pats of butter These George Eliot acknowledged the following Sunday afternoon Frail to feebleness, she was trying to reestablish the custom that had meant

something to the occupants of the Priory, more to their guests  
The Afternoons were resumed

At this time George Eliot wanted nothing to her happiness except that 'Middlemarch' should be well written, without signs of its author's debility To Mrs Peter Taylor, with whom she consoled over the death of Mazzini, she quotes from herself—through Zorca—the words that express her credo

*'The greatest gift the hero leaves his race  
Is to have been a hero'*

Never, perhaps, was she more heroic than in holding herself to the high courage that completed 'Middlemarch'

In May, pressure of the weighty book drove the couple to hide themselves in the country, in a comfortable house in the middle of a garden, surrounded by fields and meadows, not far from South Park, Surrey Familiar letters, turning up, prove the spot to have been Elversley, Park Road, Red Hill There was still the equivalent of a volume and a half to write on 'Middlemarch' shuddering, at last, despite 'Vanity Fair,' to think what a long novel it would be, the author set herself for the final stretch, and finished in September The manuscript was given, as were all her novels, to the man but for whom they never would have been written 'To my dear Husband, George Henry Lewes, in this nineteenth year of our blessed union'

At once the two fled to Homburg, where on dry days the air was perfect and the waters were enticing, and there was a wood for walking in delicious privacy Though observing there was little 'stiff' for drama, George Eliot was to find the dramatic beginning of 'Daniel Deronda' in a scene at the Kursaal, where the saddest thing to be seen was the play of a young lady, only twenty-six years old, and completely in the grasp of gambling Hell, she wrote is the only right name for such places Until the 13th of October they lingered in Homburg, reading there the final proof of the new novel Most of their enjoyment they

got during ten days in Stuttgart and Karlsruhe, prospering—as they had an affinity for doing in dull places, they declared—at length, in Boulogne

Back home, Marian had the sad duty of sending a letter of condolence to Mrs William Smith, whose husband, the author of 'Thorndale,' had just died. Then she began to read in script Lewes's 'Problems of Life and Mind,' and she wrote to Sara, promising her one of three copies of 'Middlemarch' to be given away. 'But do not write me about it,' she warned. Until her books were out of the winepress, in the casks, she could bear no reference to any of them. After the wine was stored, dissociated from her treading of the grapes, she could judge it expertly, as if pressed out by another.

Business rolled uppermost. The eighth and last part of 'Middlemarch' was published December 1, 1872. That day the author wrote John Blackwood she fancied every private copy did duty for a circle. 'A little fuss of advertisement, together with the reviews, will perhaps create a few more curious inquirers after the book, and impress its existence on the slower part of the reading world.' A little later, she was thanking Mr Simpson, of Blackwood's, for the manuscript in its fine Russian coat, and for a good bargain with the Australian market. Kohn published an English edition in Germany, Duncker brought out a translation in German, and Harper's of New York paid \$6,000 for the American right of reprint. The three final numbers had been published monthly. The author's business hand emerges in the half-inquiring, half-minatory 'We should be glad to know, if it were convenient—even if it were inconvenient—what are the figures representing the courage of "the trade" in the matter of a 42/- novel, which has already been well distributed.'

In December of this year the Leweses considered for the first time the purchase of a home in Surrey, of whose fields and woods they were enamored, and interested J. W. Cross in the project. George Eliot thanks him for certain information but thinks the land-buying and building, near Shere, will remain

'aerial' Four years later they bought, not far from the neighborhood of Weybridge To the Cross family there the two went for the Christmas holidays To Mrs Congreve, who had traveled out to Pooree, beyond the Red Sea, George Eliot wrote earlier in the month of the perfection to be found in their little granddaughter, Blanche, and of the shaping up of Lewes's 'Problems of Life and Mind' She emphasized family chronicles by the statement, 'Altogether we are dangerously happy'

In 'Middlemarch' the author returned to the scenes of her early memories—Middlemarch stands for Middle Mercia, Coventry—memories of that time when she was ten to fourteen years of age The novel weaves the stories of three couples, filaments from the rounds of their separate lives meet other rounds, forming a naturally patterned web Joinings and intersections appear to some critics loose and haphazard, but they are, for others, precisely right, the woven fabric delicate as a spider's web for capturing everything the weaver wished to snare

The work, monumentally impressive, is George Eliot's greatest, as it is also the longest of her books She justified its length by saying there is nothing in it that could be omitted as irrelevant to her design of showing the gradual action of ordinary rather than exceptional causes

The story opens with Dorothea and Celia Brooke, living at Tipton Grange near Middlemarch with their bachelor uncle Dorothea, eager to serve in a great cause, dominated by the ideal of giving, of sacrifice, turns from the attentions of Sir James Chettam, the neighboring baronet—who is consoled with Celia—and in a haze of idealism marries the Reverend Edward Casaubon, of Lowick, five miles away She sees in him not the narrowly selfish research scholar, whose aim to find a key to all mythologies is as futile and dry as his own desiccated brain, heart, and body, but a great personality in aiding whom she will be fulfilled While in Rome, on their honeymoon, they cross the path



of Will Ladislaw, an impecunious artist whom Dorothea has already met, financially dependent upon Casaubon who has educated him. This gesture is not so magnanimous as fair on the part of Casaubon, who knows that his own aunt, Will's grandmother, had been disinherited, to the obvious disadvantage of the third and innocent generation.

After returning to Middlemarch, Dorothea meets again Tertius Lydgate, a rising physician, who attends Casaubon before his death from heart attack. Casaubon wills his estate to his widow only on condition that she never marry Ladislaw. If she does, she forfeits it all. Ladislaw is now assistant to Mr Brooke, standing for Parliament.

Nicholas Bulstrode, of unscrupulous business practices, is philanthropically interested in the new hospital to which he has got Lydgate appointed. Lydgate marries Rosamond Vincy, selfish, beautiful, superficially educated, mistress of all those little refinements and prettinesses that catch the male. Her husband's inability to support her in that style she has expected her beauty to command, joined to her entire lack of sympathy with his ideals, wrecks their happiness and overthrows his particular hope of serving humanity.

Rosamond's brother, Fred Vincy, educated to enter the church, superior to his pretty sister and quite aware of her superficiality, loves wholesome Mary Garth, daughter of Caleb Garth. Miserly old Peter Featherstone is carefully tended by Mary to whom, as to Fred, he is related and to one or both of whom presumably he should leave his fortune. He fails them. Mary, knowing that Fred is not suited to the church, prevails upon him to enter her father's business, that of boulder and land agent. They are married, their lives are successful.

Bulstrode's sins find him out. In the scandal that follows Lydgate is involved, innocently, and chiefly Dorothea believes in him. She is in love with Ladislaw but sees no possibility of their union. In connection with her benefactions to the hospital she hears that Lydgate will give up the work that is the object of his

life, and she advances him money to pay Bulstrode Lydgate is quit of that debt Dorothea then goes to visit Rosamond, to urge her to support her husband and in Rosamond's parlor meets Ladislav, on what she mistakenly believes to be a lover's call Rosamond partly redeems herself by putting Dorothea right regarding Ladislav, but she never helps or sympathizes with her husband They go to London, where and on the Continent in season he becomes practitioner to the wealthy, he dies at the age of fifty, having provided by a heavy insurance on his life, for his wife and children Dorothea, loving Ladislav, surrenders her property, marries him, and finds happiness

These characters are drawn from real figures, idealized for the purposes required Dorothea presumably has at least part of her prototype in Mrs Pattison, but she is almost wholly George Eliot, from the first pages that mention her finely formed hand and wrist, her cleverness, her plain dressing, her knowing by rote passages from Pascal and Jeremy Taylor, her love for intensity and greatness—on to the final statement about her and Ladislav (Ladislav is no other than George Henry Lewes), a statement that might have been written about the two Georges, 'They were bound to each other by a love stronger than any impulses which could have marred it No life would have been possible to Dorothea which was not filled with emotion'

Casaubon derives not from Mark Pattison but more than likely from that Dr Brabant whom Marian Evans visited after his daughter Rufa's marriage to Charles Hennell, and with whom she got on poorly Celia was developed with Chrissey constantly in mind, and Caleb Garth, like Adam Bede, is another Robert Evans Lydgate, a more recent memory, stands for Sir Clifford Allbut, visited by the Leweses at Manchester, where they saw the new hospital that offered an original for the one in 'Middlemarch', accounts of Lydgate's work are drawn, also, from Lewes's investigations Rosamond, probably a composite from representatives of those finishing schools, like Mrs Lemon's, which George Eliot abominated, taxed her greatly in the crea-

tion, the character was, she remarked, so different from her own. A perfect piece of creation, at once individual and typical, as all great portraiture must be. How revealing is Rosamond's first recorded speech. 'Mamma, when Fred comes down, I wish you would not let him have red herrings, I cannot bear the smell of them.' A moment later she grows more despicable, after declaring she will marry no young man of Middlemarch. Her mother remarks, 'So it seems, my love, for you have as good as refused the pick of them.' 'Excuse me, Mamma,' she reproves, 'I wish you would not say the pick of them.' From this introduction she grows, a masterful if ignoble piece of humanity, the best in the book in being thoroughly consistent with herself, to the end, where we believe the summary. 'She continued to be mild in her temper, inflexible in her judgment, disposed to admonish her husband, and able to frustrate him by stratagem.'

Mary Garth, one guesses, may have originated in Bessie Rayner Parkes, that 'dear, good wholesome creature,' first met in Coventry days, Bessie who also was Warwickshire born.

The construction of 'Middlemarch' is beautifully symmetric. Constant balance is preserved, not too flagrantly, between Lydgate, who fails of achievement through marriage to a selfish woman, and Dorothea, who shuts off the heights of which she dreamed by marriage to a selfish pedant. No reader but must say again and again, 'Too bad Dorothea and Lydgate were not mated, but how like life that men and women apparently destined for each other so seldom are joined.' Poor Lydgate, who thought a woman should be graceful, lovely, and accomplished, producing the effect of exquisite music, was cheated through knowing little of women until too late. Poor Dorothea, similarly was cheated because she knew little about men. Fortunately she found Ladislaw, who was not a weakling but a good, lovable fellow, despite his early diletantism.

The balance just noticed is sustained and emphasized by the loves of Mary and Fred, who are meant for each other and who

remain faithful through all the hardships attending their deferred marriage. Other enriching characters are Mr Brooke, Mr Farebrother, who also loved Mary, and Harriet Vincy Bulstrode. One of the most beautiful moments in fiction is that when, after Harriet takes off her ornaments, and puts on a plain black gown with black bonnet cap, she goes down to her husband—whose downfall has just occurred and who has feared he might never again see his wife's face with affection in it.

Putting one hand on his which rested on the arm of the chair, and the other on his shoulder, she said, solemnly but kindly

'Look up, Nicholas'

He burst out crying, and they cried together

Despite changed conditions in Middle Mercia, or the town of Coventry, the proof of the great quality of the book is, as Elizabeth Haldane has said, that 'we have in it the essentials of men's and women's relationship to one another, such as they are for all time'

A study of 'dull and hopeless provincial existence,' comments Wanda Neff in her introduction of this work for the Modern Readers' Series, 'a study of women whose empty lives reacted upon all of society'. Some critics 'have regretted the lack of humor and the fresh charm of "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss"'. To others, its breadth and sweep and the sad wisdom of life compensate for other lack. But as artist and philosopher combined, George Eliot has shown her highest attainment here. She 'went beyond Arnold in holding up the warning that until women were given a chance for education and some kind of satisfying occupation, Philistinism would continue to flourish'. So Lord David Cecil observes that Dorothea wants to live a life of self-sacrifice for the good of others but cannot find scope for it in humdrum Middlemarch. 'However,' he goes on, "'Middlemarch," George Eliot's masterpiece, has a bigger subject, the biggest subject of any English classical novel. Like Tolstoy in "War and Peace," she shows us the cosmic

process, not just in a single drama but in several, not only in an individual but in a whole society. The principles of moral strength and weakness which in her view are the determining forces of life, exhibit themselves at their work in the lives of four diverse and typical representatives of the human race. He refers to idealistic Dorothea, brilliant Lydgate, Puritanic Bulstrode, and average Fred Vincy. Lydgate's ambition is frustrated by his inability to resist Rosamond's selfishness, Bulstrode's attempts to live beneficently are frustrated by a secret sin, Fred, over-indulgent, is restored by marriage with a good woman, Mary. "Middlemarch," Lord David Cecil says in conclusion, 'may never give us the same feeling of unalloyed pleasure as "Wives and Daughters" does, but rouses far deeper emotions, sets the mind far more seriously astir.'

'Middlemarch' is not only George Eliot's masterpiece it is one of the two or three greatest novels in English literature.

SOCIALLY GAY 'DANIEL DERONDA'

JANUARY 1, 1873, back at the Priory, George Eliot was suffering from toothache, ascribed to driving with Mrs Cross through the country in the Christmas holidays. She was able to welcome an offering brought by Charles W Dilke, 'instructed by Katie,' a bouquet bearing a New Year's wish for the immortal author of 'Silas Marner,' though she would have preferred the name of her latest mental child substituted for 'Silas.' By the 3rd she was able to complain to Blackwood about the slowness of the Times in reviewing 'Middlemarch.' On the 18th of February Anne Thackeray called with Mrs Procter to see her, 'each lady,' comments Anne, 'talking her best and neither listening to the other.' That is the only derogatory note, if humorous note, to be come across in contemporary remarks on George Eliot's conversation. A sibylline monologist, overserious, she may have appeared to many, a self-absorbed non-listener, to Anne alone.

This month 'The Spanish Gypsy' drew an acceptable offer for the reprint from Kohn, of Berlin. Blackwood suggested reprinting, also, 'The Lifted Veil,' but the author thought not so well of the idea though she would willingly repeat many things in the story and would never express them otherwise. She wished to wait, to get the best effect of circumstance. When, about this time, the Edinburgh publisher discovered he did not wholly agree with Lewes's views in the 'Problems of Life and Mind,' the author arranged to bring out the work through Trubner.

Socially, they were gay. On the 23rd of March they had among their Sunday guests Mrs Orr, Mrs and Miss Clough, and

Mrs Sellar, cousin of the Cross family In 'Recollections and Impressions,' published 1907, Mrs Sellar recalls Mrs Cross's account of her first meeting with Lewes 'In October, 1867, a fire broke out in the house at Weybridge, which, though causing small damage, resulted in strange aberrations on the part of some of their neighbors who rushed in to help, and among other things threw out the bedroom china on to the lawn, thereby insuring its destruction, and saving some useless things, while nearly all their valuable books were destroyed Obligated to leave their smoking—also soaking—house for the night, Mrs Cross and her daughters took refuge in a little country inn, the "Hand and Spear"—now enlarged beyond all recognition—and here they found their old friend, Mr Herbert Spencer, with Mr Lewes the two were making a walking tour in Surrey This was their first acquaintance with Mr Lewes' At this late date one likes to entertain the thought that perhaps Eleanor Mary Sellar and George Eliot referred to that fateful fire which, with Spencer, arranged the closing years of the author's life And one might trust that Eleanor Mary repeated a story of Spencer only a few years old In 1870 at a wedding the philosopher sat next to Mrs Sellar, 'and recalled the many years we had met in the Highlands

"Yes, Mr Spencer," I said, "we have lived and loved together through many a changing year!"

"We have *lived*," he corrected, with decision

"Ah," I said, "you can't answer for my feelings" Upon which he grimly smiled'

The Sibyl would have recognized the identity reflected through the small story

On the 30th of March came Mrs Sitwell (afterwards Lady Colvin), Miss Simcox, Madame Bodichon, Mr and Mrs Liebreich, Burton the artist, and George Smith the publisher April 17th, when they dined at the Charles E Nortons', was memorable for a meeting with Emerson, now over seventy years of age, Marian Evans had seen him first some thirty years

earlier She invited him to lunch a few days later at the Priory, where talk was fine and free, Emerson had so far recovered his normal memory as not to fear he could not find the right word, and he was a social creature

The middle of May the Leweses visited Frederic Myers at Cambridge, seeing the boat race but finding chief pleasure in talk with a group of young men, Henry Sidgwick, Professor Jebb, Arthur Balfour, W G Clark, and others, as well as with Mrs and Miss Huth 'I remember,' says Frederic Myers, 'how, at Cambridge, I walked with her once in the Fellows' Garden of Trinity, on an evening of rainy May, and she, stirred somewhat beyond her wont, and taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet-calls of men—the words, *God, Immortality, Duty*—pronounced, with terrible earnestness, how inconceivable was the *first*, how unbelievable the *second*, and yet how peremptory and absolute the *third* Never, perhaps, have sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing Law I listened, and night fell, her grave, majestic countenance turned toward me like a Sibyl's in the gloom, it was as though she withdrew from my grasp, one by one, the two scrolls of promise, and left me the third scroll, only, awful with inevitable fates And when we stood at length and parted, amid that columnar circuit of the forest-trees, beneath the last twilight of starless skies, I seemed to be gazing, like Titus at Jerusalem, on vacant seats and empty halls—on a sanctuary with no Presence to hallow it, and heaven left lonely of a God'

In June they visited at Oxford Professor Jowett, who wrote of her charming and graceful talk and was impressed by her great philosophical power In his notebook he recorded that she argued there was no such thing as action because of right or reason, but only because of one's better feelings for others In subsequent visits from her, always giving him pleasure, he came to believe her head the cleverest he ever knew, and he characterized her as gentlest, kindest, and best of women He



agreed with her ideas on materialism, idealism, and indeed all phases of philosophical thought. On this first visit they met at Jowett's home Max Muller and Wordsworth's grandson recently home from India. Another memorable meeting, later in the year, was with the Charles Darwins, who called at the Priory, and with whom the Leweses afterward lunched.

In the meantime, they were unable to get a suitable country house and determined to go abroad. Accordingly, they set out Monday, June 23rd, for Paris, where they stayed at the Hotel Lorraine, recommended by Lowell and Emerson. They continued to Fontainebleau, which George Eliot had never seen, and there on Sunday, in the Park, they read proofs and discussed new ideas for novel and play. By easy stages they arrived in the Vosges, spending eighteen days at Plombières and Luxeuil, delightedly preferring the mode of life at those places to that of the German *Bad*. At Plombières, they had a garden to themselves, a balcony, a superb view of the mountains, charming scenery otherwise, and good food. But the 'little man' was sadly deaf and they hurried along through Strasbourg—where they bought books on Jewish subjects, for the new novel, and attended synagogue services—to Frankfort, to the ear specialist, Spiess. They went to Homburg chiefly because it was near at hand, and were glad to meet there Lady Castletown. August 15th they continued to Mainz and, again, next day visited a synagogue. By way of Verdun and Amiens they returned home August 23rd (1873).

George Eliot at once wrote to Blackwood, giving formal consent to Alexander Main's enlargement of the 'Wise, Witty and Tender Sayings,' and Lewes turned his attention to certain details in connection with the death of Thornton Hunt, which had occurred in June while they were in France. For one thing, he had to visit an insurance office to see about Thornton's policy for Agnes, when he learned that the policy was not payable unless Kate Gliddon Hunt, Thornton's wife, signed, he got her signature and the money for Agnes.

In September the Leweses were at Blackbrook, near Bickley, a house taken in the hope they might like it well enough to buy. They did not, though it was pretty and agreeably secluded, and they left at the end of October. Here, in September, the author of 'Middlemarch' was assenting to a 7/6 edition of the novel, though not wishing to be too precipitate, requesting a rich, sober color for the binding and suggesting that the new publication be called the Revised Edition. As always, she wanted page proofs and corrections. The book had won astounding sales and applause. Small wonder the pair that had depended upon public conveyance felt the time had come for getting about in a private one, and that Lewes's diary notes 'Set up our carriage'. On her return to London, George Eliot confessed to Blackwood—her first intimation to him of 'Daniel Deronda' in the making—that she was slowly simmering to another big book.

Again they spent Christmas with the Cross family. Happy and prosperous children were giving them no worry, Lewes was thinner but full of elasticity and energy, and the lady who had passed her fifty-fourth birthday wanted nothing but uninterrupted power of work. 'Stradivarius,' best-known of her shorter poems excepting only 'The Choir Invisible,' had been written within the year. For many seasons she had heard at St James's Hall the great Joachim, from whom and his violin she received inspiration for this eulogy on man's partnership with God. They had lifted her soul by the wings

*Not Bach alone, helped by fine precedent  
Of genius gone before, nor Joachim  
Who holds the strain afresh incorporate  
By inward hearing and notation strict  
Of nerve and muscle, made our joy today,  
Another soul was living in the air*

Antonio Stradivari was the other soul, the plump, white-aproned man who made perfect violins, whose neighbors held him dull, called him slave and mill-horse, Stradivari, who winced at false

work and loved the true, who knew his soul never could be satisfied if he drew a crooked line when it should be straight 'The masters only know whose work is good' God gives skill

*But not without men's hands, He could not make  
Antonio Stradivari's violins  
Without Antonio "*

In the character of Antonio she perpetuates, once more, her father, Robert Evans

Early in the new year (1874) Knowles, of the Contemporary, requested an article on Strauss George Eliot declined, not from want of respect for the pages of the periodical, but from lack of an inward vocation for the subject At the same time she was making last corrections of 'The Spanish Gypsy,' anticipating with equanimity the exhaustion of copies then on the market She consented to a cheaper reprint of her novels and submitted a small collection of poems to be published in May Every one of them represented an idea for which she strongly cared and which she hoped to propagate She wished the volume to look like a 'delightful duodecimo edition of Keats's poems,' covered in dark green, with Roman lettering It appeared as desired, 'Legend of Jubal and Other Poems,' May 19th By that time she was vexed at having suggested the thin Keats volume as a model, since readers had become used to more luxurious editions She was right, from her shrewd business point of view, in keeping her name before the public with reprints and poems while the forthcoming novel on Jewish life slowly progressed toward the year 1876

At Earlswood Common, to which they moved June 1st, she hoped to get deep shafts sunk in the book Later, changing metaphors, she was brewing it with more or less belief in the quality of the liquor to be drawn off The neighborhood was lovely, the common a ballroom for the winds where on warmest days were music and dancing, but ultimately wind and dancing proved too uproarious And still they found no house suitable

for buying, with convenience of position, neither of suburban villa style nor of grand hall and castle pretensions. They both flourished in this high spot, despite the effect of wind upon nerves.

Here in July, Elma's son Roland first met his mother's spirit mother, finding her magnetic with a voice comparable only to that of Sarah Bernhardt. She was still well, Lewes wrote, in August, and but for her Hebrew and Oriental studies would be in good form. On the 27th she read all evening from her script of 'Daniel Deronda,' with approbation from Lewes, though she began, like her Armgart, to fear the poise of eminence with dread of falling. She replied to Blackwood's account of sales that it was wonderful, 'past all whooping,' the disposition of over 7000 copies of the seven-and-six edition. His statement that the success of 'Middlemarch' had exercised also a benign influence on the sale of her other novels cheered her, no less than his suggestion that she could turn to a new book with fresh confidence. He knew that depression which descended upon her, 'when other authors would have been crowing and flapping their wings,' and with Lewes praised, encouraged, to the top of his honest belief and friendly inclination.

In September Lewes kept Polly up to mark by writing verses *to* Polly and *on* Polly. 'Marvelous man!' Blackwood wrote his wife he had never found Lewes wrong on the subject of George Eliot.

By September 26th, rest beckoned from Charles and his family at Hampstead. By the end of the month, they had enough walks around Dorking and Reigate to set them up for visiting the Bullock-Halls at Six-Mile Bottom. Following a short trip to Paris, Soissons, Brussels, and the Ardennes, they returned to finish off their holidays nearer home at Salisbury, Devizes, and Marlborough. Back at the Priory in November, they began seeing their neglected city of London, visiting the Bank of England, the Woolwich Arsenal, and the Russian Church. 'Johnnie Cross' induced them to see a tennis game and a celebrated player

A slice of 'Daniel Deronda,' the author informed Blackwood, meantime had passed into the irrevocable, and Lewes, she wrote

the late Lord Bowen  
about the legal machinery  
in Daniel Deronda, as  
well as Felix Holt, & of  
this nothing appears in Mr Cross'  
book

I expect to send  
you the article ready to  
print in about 10 days  
& the original letters (2 or 3)  
for facsimile can be sent you  
by the mail of next week  
15<sup>th</sup> inst

I am  
Yours very truly  
Frederic Harrison.

Sara Hennell, was half through the proof correcting of his  
second volume of 'Problems'

On the last day of the year but one she addressed a significant question to Frederic Harrison, 'Is the legitimization of a son by Act of Parliament so rare that it would be out of the probabilities for any Nob or Snob who could pay for it?' Later, she was to seek from him information on a point of law in connection with Sir Hugo Mallinger's settlement of estate. Harrison satisfied her requirements, and she wrote, June 15, 1875, that in the document he had sent she found precisely the case to suit the conditions she had already prepared. 'Clearly, I have a special Providence to whom my gratification is due.' He told her he should always boast of having written one sentence that was embodied in English literature though, he adds in his 'Memories,' he had nothing whatever to do with the composition or scheme of either 'Felix Holt' or 'Daniel Deronda.' She took counsel of no one but Lewes, everything she produced was entirely original, both in conception and in execution.

In December (1874) they were much worried over Bertie, in Africa. In poverty and poor health, he needed the money they could afford to send. By December 31st, 'Middlemarch' had sold nearly 20,000 copies.

Suffering from usual doubt over the worth of her work, the author of 'Deronda' was now at page 234. To Elma Stuart she confided, January 10, 1875, that both she and Lewes had been exceptionally well until that morning, when the little man had complained of sore throat. She was writing from nine to one, her only hours for writing throughout her career, never feeling any confidence in accomplishing anything until the word *finis*. And there was always the possibility of breaking down, 'or of doing what is too poor to afflict the world with. For our world is already sufficiently afflicted with needless books, and I count it a social offence to add to them.' She was cheered by a copy of the fifth edition of the 'Gypsy,' and pleased to hear of Emily Cross's engagement. In a letter to the fiancé, Francis Otter, she asserts a fast belief. 'The possibility of a constantly

growing blessedness in marriage is to me the very basis of good in our mortal life ' Her sense of altruism rejoiced, with Mrs Peter Taylor, over a Home for Girls and in the hope of a union among bookbinding women

On the second day of February the two Georges drove to Kew Bridge and walked along the river to Richmond, choosing a spot for the meeting of Deronda and Mirah A few days later, in thanking Blackwood for a copy of a new work on the Inkerman affair, the novelist confessed to a hatred of war with love for its discipline—discipline, which has been an incalculable contribution to the sentiment of duty And about the same time, she asked of the Honorable Mrs Ponsonby, 'How can the life of nations be understood without the inward light of poetry—that is, of emotion blending with thought?'

March blew in, fiercely menacing Lewes was called upon to lament the passing of Arthur Helps, and to nurse Polly gripped by kidney pains These prevented her hearing Joachim, at a musical party, and in the late spring brought her home prematurely from a visit to Professor Jowett Lewes was nursing her from this attack May 6th, by the 11th the doctors decided nothing very grave was the matter, and she might plan to see Salvini on the next day, as well as to receive her usual Friday callers, Mrs Burne-Jones and Margaret Already, in April, they had found Salvini 'transcendent,' and inspired by him Lewes had prepared his 'Actors and the Art of Acting' The Epistle Dedicatory is to Anthony Trollope, who years ago had expressed a wish to see some dramatic criticisms republished from the pages of periodicals Lewes had written them in a period of dramatic degradation now with 'Hamlet' and 'Othello,' 'drawing crowds during a long season, and with a play by Tennyson promised for the next,' the day of drama once more hopefully had dawned He added to the collection his 'First Impressions of Salvini,' declaring him in tone, timbre, and rhythm the greatest speaker he had heard, and pronouncing Salvini's Hamlet, of all he had known, the least disappointing

Blackwood came down, in May, and on the 19th had lunch with them. He found George Eliot pale and languid, but she had ready the promised volume of manuscript. Before long they heard that he had read the whole of the first volume, re-reading many parts, and was confirmed in the admiration and delight with which he first spoke of his first happy sitting. The Jewish element was the only one about which he had any doubt, but he did not criticize. 'She is so great a giant,' said Blackwood, 'that there is nothing for it but to accept her inspirations and leave criticism alone,' thereby justifying Lewes's statement that the publisher was 'rapturous over Daniel.'

Toward the end of May they went to Rickmansworth, Hertfordshire, to look at The Elms, a rather fine old red brick Georgian place, with a garden and meadow and river at the back. They liked it, though George Eliot preferred the wide, furzy Commons and the grander horizon of the Haslemere neighborhood, and they took up residence on the 17th of June. They remained over three months of a wet, cold summer, the mist lying too often for comfort in a thick stratum on the meadows.

July 4th they heard that Bertie's wife had just borne him a son, and that Bertie was in bad health. At the end of the month news came of his death on June 29th (1875), and his burial in Africa. George Henry stood the inclement summer remarkably well, but Polly suffered bodily debility, dyspepsia, melancholy views, discouragement over 'Deronda,' and was obsessed by a feeling of inefficiency. She was glad enough to set out September 23rd, on a journey to Wales. They passed through Shrewsbury, town of picturesque old houses, on to Aberystwith in boisterous gales and dismal weather. The whole trip was unfortunate on account of excessive rain, in which they struggled along under umbrellas, continued rain that started them home on the first day of October. They stopped at Dolgelly for a 'ravishing ramble,' and progressed by Carnarvon, Llanberis, Snowdon, and Chester to London, arriving October 9th.



Early in November, Lewes resumed his 'Problems of Life and Mind,' while George Eliot was assuring Blackwood that poor Gwen was 'spiritually saved, but so as by fire' On the 15th by the Thames Embankment she read the Mordecai chapters of 'Deronda' A few days later a cable from Harper's, in New York, agreed to pay £1700 for early sheets of the new novel On the same day Marian wrote Sara about Miss Lewis, her old governess, now living at Leamington, very poor and old but cheerful and delighted to be remembered Here was imminent her own fifty-sixth birthday, but she did not mind being old, only 'the approach of parting is the bitterness of age'

Francis Palgrave, of 'Golden Treasury' renown, who saw her about this time, wrote that she was very pleasant, 'but weak in health and (I believe) writing poetry—both melancholy circumstances' He had met her the year before and commented in a letter to his wife upon her charm, 'her manner is so fine and peculiar'

Now, toward the close of the year, she told Blackwood she was finishing Volume III, which she thought would be regarded as the difficult bridge, though to herself it always seemed that the worst difficulty was still to come Despite the weakness resulting from a cold, she thought her health better and would try to have the first 'book' ready by February 1st of the new year The first two parts were in print before the close of 1875

'She is a magician!' So Blackwood told Lewes, from Edinburgh, March 2, 1876 'Deronda is a poem, a drama, and a grand novel' Lewes replied lightly next day, on a post card, 'Your note has been as good as a dose of quinine As the drooping flower revives under the beneficent rain, so did her drooping spirit under your enthusiastic words' This month the two spent eight days with the Cross family at Weybridge, she, despite a weakening recurrence of the renal trouble in February, now deep in the fourth volume At the end of the month, happy to hear of the great effect produced by that part of the book al-

ready published, she enjoyed a little diversion in town at Sir James Paget's she met Sir Garnet Wolseley, and at the Wolseleys' met the Alfred Austins. Though Lewes had published in the old *Fortnightly* days a paper by the man who was to become poet laureate, Austin relates in his 'Autobiography' (1911), this was their first meeting. To him was assigned the honor of taking down to dinner the author of 'Adam Bede,' while Lewes walked in with Mrs. Austin. The poet recalled that George Eliot's first remark as she looked across the table was, 'An ideal poet's wife.'

Sunday, April 9th, Edward Dowden stayed from four to six with Mr. and Mrs. Lewes—'a house of great beauty and refinement, without ostentation—only quite a few guests.' He mentions the artist Millais, Lord and Lady Lindsey, and the publisher Kegan Paul. He thought Mrs. Lewes really much like Dante, with a large mobile mouth, sweet penetrating eyes, and a delicate voice, and was most impressed by her perfect refined feminine personality (no Victorian could omit from his vocabulary the word 'refined') and though not in best talking vein, she spoke with accuracy and beauty. Dowden is also authority, through Maria Congreve, for the fact that when she was eighteen years of age, Marian Evans practised all sorts of abstinences and austerities, so injuring her health.

Saturday, April 15th, the Leweses saw Tennyson's 'Queen Mary.' The play probably seemed to them less important in presentation than in prospect, the more because the air was full of comment on 'Deronda,' which had been coming out in parts—altogether there were eight—since February 1st. June 7th (1876) Lewes heard the final chapters, next day he recorded in his notebook 'Deronda finished!' The four bound volumes appeared in August. Meantime, at 14 Arlington Street, June 9th, Blackwood gave a luncheon, to which came the Leweses. In an affectionate and congratulatory interview the publisher found her pale and tired. Next day, Lewes hurriedly dashed off a note to Elma Stuart, 'Our trunks are packed and the carriage is at

the door' They were off, expecting to go to San Martino Lantosc, in the Maritime Alps

In Paris they saw Coquelin and Bernhardt in 'L'Etrangère,' interesting and engrossing Polly was not well and, at Aix, despite pleasant quarters looking upon a sweet garden, despite soft and balmy air, and inviting mountains, she felt ill from sudden heat After a pilgrimage to Les Charmettes, at Chambéry, they went on for a few days at Lausanne and Vevey—where she was ill again—and to Ragatz, a nook in the mountains, where they both were strong enough to enjoy life Mrs Lewes was recovering color and contour, Lewes wrote Blackwood, not before they were wanted They drank their warm water, strolled four or five hours daily through the forests, she trying to teach him Hebrew, both laughing at his blunders when he attempted Israelitish eloquence Before leaving Ragatz they heard of the death of Harriet Martineau, who did not admire George Eliot, and of George Sand, whom George Eliot admired After Heidelberg they saw the primitive narrow valley of the Klonthal, and lovely St Blasien in the Black Forest Altogether they lingered nearly three months on the Continent, returning September 1st, to find the author's copies of 'Deronda'

In answering the self-propounded question, 'What is the best way of telling a story?' George Eliot observes that commonly 'our first awakening to a desire of knowing a man's past or future comes from our seeing him as a stranger in some unusual or pathetic or humorous situation, or manifesting some remarkable characteristics You have seen a refined face among the prisoners picking tow in gaol' So Daniel Deronda's first sight of Gwendolen was at the gambling table, where her face might be looked at without admiration but could hardly be passed by with indifference The opening of 'Daniel Deronda' seizes that picture caught and held by the author in Hom-burg, on that visit already mentioned The beginning is effec-

tive, arresting the reader, as the picture fascinated the author and through her the young Jew, Deronda

The action, in the years 1865-66, a later period than George Eliot usually chose, is divided between the story of Gwendolen and events attending the dominant theme of the Jewish hope to restore a national home. When Daniel first sees Gwendolen at Leubronn, she feels his disapproval and steadily loses. Before leaving England she had refused Henleigh Grandcourt, a middle-aged roué who had wished to marry her for her beauty, and she had been moved to refusal chiefly through Mrs. Glasher, his cast-off mistress and mother of his children. Shortly after the gambling scene, she is called back to Offendene, where she learns her mother has lost all her money and she, Gwendolen, must work, perhaps as governess. When Grandcourt renews his suit, she deliberately breaks her promise to Mrs. Glasher, and marries him. Mrs. Glasher sends her a letter that brings on hysteria—the scene is over-melodramatic—and is a bad omen for her future happiness. Her husband is the nephew of Sir Hugo Mallinger, at whose home she again meets Deronda. The young man has been brought up as Sir Hugo's nephew but himself suspects he is a natural son. As a fact, he is the son of the Princess Halm-Eberstein—a retired singer, Alcharisi—who had renounced her Jewish race and had entrusted her boy, unknowing his Jewish ancestry, to Sir Hugo to be educated as a Christian.

Daniel has restored to Gwendolen the necklace she lost at gaming, relations are easily established between them, she looks upon him as a spiritual monitor, admiring if not altogether loving him. Grandcourt's selfishness and distrust of Gwendolen object to her interest in the young man, but Deronda is heart-whole so far as she is concerned. He has saved from drowning in the Thames a young and beautiful girl, Mirah Cohen (Lapidoth) and placed her in the home of the Meyricks, family of Deronda's friend Hans. The girl has been searching for her brother Ezra Cohen, and now Daniel takes up her cause. On his rounds through the Ghetto he falls in with one Mordecai,

a Jewish dreamer who has hopes of restoring racial culture in a new land. Wasted by disease, he looks to a younger man for carrying out his vision. Mordecai is really Mordecai Cohen, Mirah's lost brother.

Gwendolen, meantime, continues to cling to Deronda, in growing abhorrence of her husband, who takes her against her will on a yachting trip to the Mediterranean. Deronda happens to be there, summoned by his mother, who had wished to see him before her death. Grandcourt and Gwendolen go out in a small boat, from which he falls overboard and is drowned. Gwendolen, believing herself actually guilty of murder, is distraught until Deronda comes to her rescue. Left only a moderate allowance by her husband, who has remembered more generously his children by Mrs. Glasher, Gwendolen is shorn of pride, subdued, but 'saved as by fire' for possibly something better. Deronda, pleased to find out the truth concerning his race and family, marries Mirah. Mordecai dies, Daniel and Mirah will try to carry out his dream of restoring the Jews to Palestine.

About no novel of George Eliot's has criticism so differed as over 'Daniel Deronda.' It is wonderfully beautiful, it is 'protracted, pretentious, pedantic.' 'You can lose yourself in it,' declares Theodora. 'Oh,' Pulcheria retorts, 'and die of cold and starvation!' 'Deronda is the most irresistible man in the literature of fiction,' so Theodora. 'He is not a man at all,' returns Pulcheria. And Constantius declares him 'a brilliant failure, if he had been a success, I should call him a splendid creation. The author meant apparently to make a faultless human being.' To this challenge, Pulcheria: 'She made a dreadful prig.'

The three characters through whom Henry James illustrates the varying receptive moods of the eight-part book, which Theodora would have liked to continue indefinitely, 'to keep coming out always, to be one of the regular things of life'—these three characters continue their three-cornered comment in the critic's attempt to show diverse opinions held by three

discerning readers Gwendolen is pettily selfish, she is uninteresting, she is the very stuff that human life is made of—and so on. But Constantius, who probably speaks for the critic himself, declares 'Gwendolen's history is vividly told. And see how the girl is known, inside out, how thoroughly she is felt and understood. It is the most *intelligent* thing in all George Eliot's writing, and that is saying much. It is so deep, so true, so complete, it holds such a wealth of psychological detail, it is more than masterly.' The action is praised: the current of the story carries one swiftly along. The action is damned: 'It is not a river, it is a series of lakes.'

That early diverseness holds for more recent times without, however, the fresh intensity surrounding a book just off the press. On the one hand, John Macy says, "'Daniel Deronda'" I simply cannot read after a recent honest trial prompted by my critical duty to know everything about George Eliot.' On the other hand, new readers extol it in connection with the Jewish movement toward Palestine. For me, it is of all her works the most grandly conceived, whatever may be its shortcomings or whatever oblique angle it forms with the standard of perfection.

As always, George Eliot turned to real characters, on whom to create new ones for her purpose. At last, in the Meyrick sisters, presumably she has perpetuated Cara and Sara, in Ezra Mordecai Cohen she captures, through Lewes's memories, the Cohen he knew in the days of the Red Lion Club, and in the Princess Halm-Eberstein she fictionizes Mrs. Disraeli. Edmund Gurney provided the original of Daniel, and a nearly perfect portrait of Liszt, as has been mentioned, is Herr Julius Klesmer. Gwendolen, like her sister Rosamond, of 'Middlemarch,' probably is a composite of young women George Eliot remembered from her school days.

WITLEY HEIGHTS DECLINING HEALTH  
DEATH OF GEORGE HENRY LEWES

SHORTLY they visited the children, now established near Edenbridge, where they walked enraptured on the Common, one of the most beautifully scenic commons in all Kent. There today (1936) at 'The Warrens,' live Charles's daughter, Elinor, and those of her children who have not yet left the home roof. Half hidden in rich shrubbery, overlooking the fertile valley and the far horizon, the place must have drawn from George Eliot unreserved approval.

Early in October Lewes received first proofs of 'The Physical Basis of Mind,' the third volume of his 'Problems.' From the 4th to the 7th they were with the Bullock-Halls, at Six-Mile Bottom, meeting another guest, Tourgenieff, between whom and the Leweses grew reciprocal appreciation. On her fifty-seventh birthday, Marian expressed in a letter to Sara a vivid sense of declining life and closeness of death. She was eagerly awaiting the 'Autobiography' of Harriet Martineau, which she fancied would be charming so far as that author's young days extended. 'All biography diminishes in interest when the subject has won celebrity—or some reputation that hardly comes up to celebrity.' She was disappointed in the work when at length it appeared.

December 11, 1876, she recorded in her Journal that they had just bought a place in Surrey. Because the money market was in a depressed state, they got the charming house and the eight or nine acres around it for £3000, though the asking price was £4950. At the summit of a long slope, up and down which

now speed motor busses between Chiddingfold and Godalming, the long slope from the tiny village of Wormsley, at the crest of the hill, and high above the London railroad, the house overlooks vast wooded fields of Surrey and, farther off, purple-blue Sussex Downs. Blackdown and Hindhead are on the far right, on clear autumn nights the moon hangs in the south, Orion low in the west. On days of mist, the valleys are white seas, slowly disappearing with the advent of the sun. No English author, except perhaps Tennyson at neighboring Aldworth or Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, ever had for inspiration a more magnificent stretch beyond his study window—valley, forest, hill, and far-off lift of horizon. Yet the wealth of beauty was to avail George Eliot not at all in literary creation, the end was not far off. They had, across the tracks from them, Birket Foster's stately dwelling, The Hill, Sir Henry Holland's house was next door, farther along the Commons, and then Sandhills, home of William Allingham.

Witley Heights, since it was purchased in 1876, has been enlarged, yet it retains much of the atmosphere, the spirit which George Eliot found after long search acceptable to her desire. The best-known representation of the house is that made by Helen Allingham, a charming water-color which, however, cannot indicate in its reduced scale a peculiar feature. Around the middle of the dark red brick runs a row of blue tiles, four or five inches square, on which in yellow letters are blocked out 'HAVE MORE THAN THOU SHEWEST SPEAK LESS THAN THOU KNOWEST WHATSOEVER IS BROUGHT UPON THEE TAKE CHEERFULLY MDCCCLVI'. The Roman numerals presumably indicate the date of erection of Witley Heights. The inscription continues 'THOUGHT IS FREE WHATSOEVER THY HAND FINDETH TO DO, DO IT WITH THY MIGHT LET REASON GO FORTH BEFORE ENTERPRISE AND COUNSEL BEFORE EVERY ACTION READ MARK LEARN BUT LITTLE KNOWEST THOU. If doubtfully George Eliot approved the art, doubtlessly she applauded the sentiments.

They did not move in immediately, as late as August of 1877



they were undecided whether they would keep the house or sell it. Intending to leave London ultimately for their country home, they meant to be sure they had what they most wanted.

December 26th, at the Priory, Dr and Mrs Clark and Matthew Arnold were with them for dinner. For the remainder of the holidays they were with the Cross family at Weybridge, where George Eliot was not well enough to enjoy the festivities.

After resting from 'Daniel Deronda,' the author's tireless brain clamored for expression. Only her body refused to be lashed to further tasks. On the back of a calendar card—for the month of January, 1876, and one may be sure she used an outworn calendar for her memoranda, not one of the current year—are notes for a new novel. These notes<sup>1</sup> show she would have met the challenge that she never reverted to memories of days other than those of earlier childhood. Some one has urged, for example, that her stay at Geneva should have been fruitful. At least part of the suggested book would have had to do with her old boarding house there, and with the Baroness de Ludwigsdorf, mentioned earlier in this volume. What would she have constructed from these data?

Agent who forswears himself—

Intriguing agent

Old lady under the tyranny of her servant companion

Mrs Lane

Hornung

Mrs Locke

Baronne de Ludwigsdorf and Cousin Rosa

Simple man of erudition

Widow supporting herself by keeping a school imperfectly instructed, domineered over by her head teacher

Itinerant players

M Maunoir and Mde Courier

Scilly Isles

Plongeon

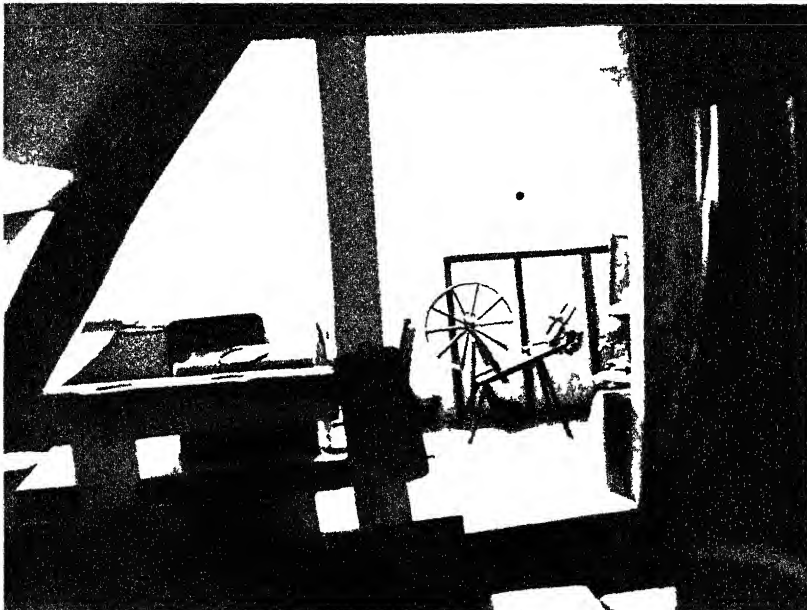
Michief-making son-in-law

Dr B surgeon's assistant at K



WITLEY HEIGHTS PHOTOGRAPHED 1931

Courtesy of Miss Ilian Farnham



THE ATTIC IN GRIFF HOUSE

Courtesy of Mrs Rupert Bede Winsor



G Morris and his books  
Proud of a Common Function (W Works)  
M Lefevre Bishop Mont and Welsh vicar  
Passion for poverty Marriage on a death-bed (Scheele)  
Daughter educated for a governess (simple parents)  
Only daughter spoiled  
Young woman left with her friend's baby  
Showy clergyman Translr of Pascal  
Ideal working vicar Hen-pecked scholar  
Organist and singing girl Forger clergyman  
Clerical busybody Aristocrate bachelor clergyman  
Whitsuntide visit to grandfather's  
Leicestershire Farm

New Year's Day, 1877, the new owner of Witley Heights wrote Elma Stuart she had seen the house only once and in the finest weather On the 16th, after rain continuing for three weeks, they went down for closer inspection Finding the butler's pantry poorly lighted and altogether wretched, they would set about improvements, but meantime they lunched pleasantly with Lady Holland next door Though Lewes was ill in February, he had rewritten his 'Problems' by the 23rd With usual love and care for his companion, he had subordinated his own urge to get along until 'Deronda' was out of the way Polly herself felt a pricking of thumbs over business, on January 30th asking Blackwood's advice about including 'Romola' in the cheap edition of her works Though the novel had been published by George Smith, he had the right to continue publication only in the format chosen, and the author was well aware of the fact She mentioned Mrs Allingham as an exquisite illustrator When Blackwood replied that he did wish to include the book, George Eliot at once wrote William Allingham, suggesting that she would like Helen to make two drawings for the story and a vignette for the title page

This spring they worked hard at pleasure, too hard, Marian wrote Barbara Bodichon On the 20th of March they were at a party where they heard, again, Tennyson read 'Maud' and

the 'Northern Farmer', and a month later, just after Lewes's sixtieth birthday, they lunched with the Tennysons. The chief effect of this visit seems to have been annoyance at Miss Tennyson's ignorance of vivisection. In May they had a letter from Liszt, introducing his daughter and her husband Richard Wagner, both of whom they saw often the next few weeks—admiring particularly Madame Wagner's beauty. On the 15th they dined with the Princess Louise, on the 19th, they paid their annual visit to Jowett, at Oxford, and at the end of the month to the Sidgwicks, at Cambridge. Their final Sunday at the Priory was on the 27th, when Holmes the violinist was the chief attraction. Private views of Grosvenor Gallery and Royal Academy and Sunday receptions completed the 'final blaze of dissipation' before they escaped to Surrey.

While they were in Cambridge, their servants were busy moving furniture, making ready Witley Heights, to which they progressed directly from the Sidgwicks'. They settled down, early in June, camp-fashion, despairing over the smell of paint in the drawing-room, the bedroom looking as if it had been 'distained for rent,' all things in a 'vagrant condition'. Lewes got to work, finishing his 'Problems,' with the final volume of 'Feeling and Thought,' about the time his final grandchild was born. Elphor Southwood Lewes, June 26, 1877. A fortnight later, rested from exertions of adjustment, they were declaring the place a small paradise, in the 'county of wide heath and fertile plain'. For the first month or so they saw no neighbors except Tennyson, soon Edmund Gurney, with his young bride, came to lunch, and on the last day of July the Frederic Harrisons drove over from their home near Guildford.

July 22nd, Polly read aloud to George her 'College Breakfast Party,' inspired by her visits to Oxford and Cambridge. Under the names of Hamlet, Osric, Guildenstern, and others of Shakespeare's play, she pictures college men at breakfast, entering, with the approach of the cider-cup, into debate. The Priest would prescribe that exercise of soul lying in full obedience to

the Church, the Church which satisfies man's need Hamlet, young Hamlet, is inclined to agree with the Father, asking what Reason bids Guildenstern holds that the soul remains larger, 'diviner than your half-way church,' which 'racks reason into false consent' Laertes seconds Guildenstern

*'I see a higher light, a higher good  
Compelling love and worship'*

Rosencranz demands that Good be defined, beyond rejection by majority 'Have you proved a Best Unique where all is relative?' Laertes urges that even if life is a poor donation at the best, still one may admit a possible Better Guildenstern chants in Comtiau fashion

*'Good, duty, love, submission, fellowship,  
Must first be framed in man, as music is,  
Before they live outside him as a law'*

Even if the world were dying, those who mourn for dying good might erect on their common sorrows religion, worship, and piety Laertes argues that any superstition warm with love has more of truth in its life than souls that look through color into naught Osric does not wish to see blasphemed the life of Art or the youth of Poesy

*'We its votaries  
Are the Olympians, fortunately born  
From the elemental mixture ('tis our lot  
To pass more swiftly than the Delian god,  
But still the earth breaks into flowers for us  
And mortal sorrows when they reach our ears  
Are dying falls to melody drume)'*

There is no yoke for Art of Poesy Guildenstern asks

*'Taste, beauty, what are they  
But the soul's choice towards perfect bias wrought  
By finer balance of a fuller growth?'*

Young Hamlet thinks Poesy a realm where finest spirits have free sway After the party breaks up, he has a vision, watching with half-closed eyes

*The meadow-road, the stream, and dreamy lights,  
Until they merged themselves in sequence strange  
With undulating ether, time, the soul,  
The will supreme, the individual claim,  
The social Ought, the lyrist's liberty,  
Democritus, Pythagoras, in talk  
With Anselm, Darwin, Comte, and Schopenhauer,  
The poets rising slow from out their tombs  
Summoned as arbiters*

But he would not yet tell his vision, probably because he was not quite fixed in the essential quality of his Pantheistic Mysticism

The title of the poem is well chosen Probably none but collegians today would care to read it, and not many of them It is hewn out of granite thought

In August, George Eliot was doing more for her own well-being than usual playing tennis by the hour, running after balls, and vigorously using her bat She and Lewes, who still liked Tennyson's reading, drove on September 17th to Aldworth to hear four of his new poems A few days later Lewes refused, to one Jennings, George Eliot's autograph but subscribed his own She never departed from an early registered vow not to give hers, as late as 1879 she sorrowfully told Eppie, Eleanor Mary Sellar's Eppie, that she could not write in the child's birthday book Volumes came to her, she said, from over the world They went back unscribed

Now, quite in love with the delicious air of the Surrey hills, the combination of 'Scotland wedded to Warwickshire,' they determined to keep the place as a summer refuge It was not warm enough for winter Verily not Today the maid puts in one's bed at night a hot-water bottle, throughout October

and as late as May Marian's health was better than in years, but Lewes was tormented by headache. Near the end of October, workmen invaded the Heights, ousting the owners who seized the occasion to visit again the Bullock-Halls. They returned on the 29th of the month, hoping to find everything in apple-pie order, but in December the chatelaine was writing about the kitchen range needing an extra boiler to supply the bath. Cost £20! Before that date, the two were back in town, before the Christmas holidays, George Eliot was in bed with a cold. They dined alone on the 25th, children and grandchildren came on the 26th.

In closing her notes on the year 1877, the lady who had entered her fifty-ninth year observed 'The difficulty is to decide how far resolution should set in the direction of activity rather than in the acceptance of a more negative state.'

Early in January (1878) she wrote Elma Stuart, thanking her for a 'really beautiful writing board,' which she was using at the moment. While she half reclined in a chair Dr Liebreich had invented for her, she held the board on her knees, a way of writing that required the smallest expenditure of energy. Lewes was enjoying gâteau fondant presented by Elma's friend, Mrs Menzies, as much as if he were three boys instead of one elderly author. A few days later, she wrote Barbara that she and Lewes were dull old fogies, 'deep among the gravities,' reading Green's larger History and Lecky's 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century.' They had taken Roland Stuart, Monday the 14th of January, to a pantomime at Drury Lane, and though, according to George Eliot's account, 'Puss in Boots' was handled in an exasperating way, 'and every incident turned into motive for the most vulgar kind of dancing,' Roland was never to forget the smiling appreciation of his companions at his wide-eyed delight over the transformation scenes. Lewes was pleased with Roland's upbringing, 'one more proof of my dogma that the law of loving is the gospel of the world. No one was ever spoiled by love—only by the self-love of the spoiler.'



These days, while he was working on physiological psychology, George Eliot was still engaged in making the Heights habitable 'Will you oblige me,' she asks the man in charge of repairs, 'by substituting for the bedroom with the little high window in it the same pattern of paper as that chosen for the housekeeper's room?' By the middle of March, Lewes was reading proof of his paper on 'Motor Feelings,' while Polly was reading the manuscript of his fourth volume of 'Problems' He was then very bright and fit and had been untroubled for some weeks by headaches She, tormented by sore throats, at length got rid of them and bore well the late winter They heard Joachim and the baritone singer Herschel but were chiefly happy over the prospect of getting again to Witley Heights, where workmen were still busy 'and no chip of furniture bought' Workers and managers, she complained, were slack, she and Lewes were grudging the nervous energy spent on the outside of their lives

They saw much of the Tennysons, neighbors in London as well as at Witley, lunching with them on April 8th and dining with them on the 17th when they, with Anne Thackeray Ritchie and her husband, were among the many guests That day they viewed Turner's drawings and a month later William Morris's patterns in Morris's studio Early this month they took a young friend to see Irving in 'Louis XI' and around the first of June were among the 'picked party' at Mr Goschen's May even George Eliot be forgiven this expression in writing to Cara? The Dean of Westminster, the Bishop of Peterborough, Lord and Lady Ripon, Lyon Playfair (who took her in to dinner), Kinglake—author of 'Eothen'—Froude, Mrs Ponsonby, were among the guests besides a 'small detachment after dinner' The royalties present had done themselves much credit, the Crown Prince being a grand-looking man, his Princess, equally good-natured and unpretentious, had flattered Mrs Lewes by opening the conversation with 'You know my sister Louise' On June 1st she was writing to Alfred Austin, on

the 8th they set out to visit Jowett, and on the 19th continued to Witley Heights

Late in June she was writing to John Blackwood, who had not been well. Were they all growing old? Fate had devised that the three friends, partners in book-making many years, were to pass off the stage in quick succession. Knowing his enthusiasm for golf, she was hoping for the announcement that Mr. Blackwood had gone to the links again. Lewes, she told him, was suffering from nightly cramps and inward malaise. The same day she wrote Elma, 'My little man is sadly out of health'. In his turn, Lewes wrote her in July that Madonna was out of sorts, but 'nothing serious and no return of her old enemy'. Their furniture troubles were not yet over, 'All men are liars—upholsterers and builders particularly'. He was up every morning at six o'clock, rambling about the country, while George Eliot was sitting up in bed and burying herself in Homer or Dante. She preferred carriage driving in the afternoon, for sunshine and breezes. On the 30th she was regretting they could not make a promised visit to John Blackwood's home at Strathclyde, Lewes was still troubled and depressed by gout. Blackwood was, for the time, getting well.

Through August both Leweses suffered the neuralgic pains which so often afflicted them, but they were cheered by the news that Elma had acquired a legacy of £20,000, with an affectionate ovation from her neighbors in Dinan. Visitors were few. 'Johnnie and Mary Cross,' Edith Simcox, Dr. and Mrs. Congreve, all dropped in for brief visits, then came the Tom Trollopes, whom they had not seen for nine years, and who remained two days. A grand reunion, that at Witley Heights—but exciting and fatiguing. They made the rounds of the neighborhood, visiting the King Edward School, a hundred yards or so down the road to Witley Station and Wormley Village, and going, August 22nd, to the Tennysons'. There the Gerald Du Mauriers also were present, Du Maurier making himself very agreeable, singing and telling stories until eleven

at night By way of indicating confidence in his friend's judgment, some interest lies in the fact that the laureate had relinquished his drama on Becket until, encouraged by Lewes, he resumed and completed it

George Eliot was worried Lewes suffered not only in body but in spirit, and much physical oppression, she knew, was required to subdue his bright energy He could not turn over in bed without pain, he was unable to leave his study in the morning But he fought bravely, walking, playing tennis, and still singing, though not in best voice, to Polly's accompaniment Her only trouble existed in his not being up to the average of enjoyment, she herself was increasingly attached to Witley Heights, looking up from letters to friends at trees of pine and holly that shaded her stone seat, at the peaceful valley and distant outline of hills, then telling those friends of her pleasure in the scenes

At the end of August the grandparents were hosts to their youngest granddaughter, little Elinor, brought by her nurse for a week's visit On the 14th of September Charles and Gertrude came On the 4th, meantime, Grandmother wrote 'dear little Maudie,' Charles's daughter just older than Elinor, mentioning the baby, the squirrels with bushy tails—ancestors of those today at Witley—and the little snakes in the cucumber bed She sent kisses, two each for Mamma, Papa, Blanche, and Maud herself She was rather heavy and conventional in her relations with real children, she who was humorously tender with those of her imagination

The final record of Lewes's writing to Agnes, with whom all along he had been in communication, is of September 18, 1878 On the 25th he and Polly had William Allingham to lunch When Allingham left—he had walked over from Shere, where his family had a cottage for the season—the three came through the drawing-room, down the garden slope, into the little lane across the railway line, to the corner over Hambledon Hill, and up the hollow road, talking of Carlyle They spoke, then, of

death George Eliot said she used to try to fancy herself dying, but of course could not Allingham confessed his firm belief in childhood that he would in some way escape dying George Eliot insisted, 'You cannot think of yourself as dead'

Lewes was deeply silent at all this 'I suspected him,' says Allingham, 'of thinking the topic frivolous and uninteresting, but now I think he perhaps avoided it as painful Charles Lewes had told Helen that his father could not bear to think of George Eliot's dying first' This thought is in harmony with Edward Dowden's testimony He says the best word Lewes ever wrote is in a letter to him when, possibly from the bed of that final illness, he speaks of George Eliot as 'dearer to me than life itself' Another interpretation of Lewes's unwonted silence on that September 25th, however, is that he probably felt within himself the seeds of death, guessed that before many months the dark flower would bloom

Her publishers were at George Eliot again September 29th John wrote 'Willie [young William Blackwood] says they are ready in the printing office for the additional matter you propose for the second volume of poetry So will you send it to Edinburgh?' But graver matters were imminent

Once more they were invited by the Bullock-Halls to Six-Mile Bottom, to meet again Tourgenieff A few others were there, including Oscar Browning who says George Eliot and Lewes had been to the races and she was full of admiration for the beautiful horses The Russian author related the story of a play he had seen in Paris, a play he had already described to her Browning thought it strange that she insisted on the repetition of a tale that touched so nearly the problems of her own life 'A woman in early life had married a scamp,' summarizes Browning, 'who deserted her, leaving two children, a son and a daughter She fled with them to the lake of Geneva, where she united herself with a wealthy merchant with whom she lived for twenty years, the children being brought up as his At last her husband discovered her retreat, came unexpectedly to the

home, and revealed to the son that he was his father. The merchant, afterwards entering, saluted his supposed daughter with the customary kiss. The son immediately struck him on the face and cried, "You have not the right to do that," upon which the audience applauded loudly, as if he had done an heroic action. Tourgenieff alone stood up in his box and hissed.

Lewes had sat silent, George Eliot had hung upon the narrator's words, the party felt the play had presented the French view of marriage, 'preferring the shadow to the substance, the legal tie to the bond of custom, affection, and gratitude.' Lewes said the English would have behaved just as badly. Why should George Eliot's interest have seemed strange? Sensitive to the end, of all her irregular union meant to the world, she was on the alert for parallels, similar instances, and for all unprejudiced interpretation. At dinner, Lewes toasted the Russian as the greatest living novelist. In his reply, Tourgenieff tossed the compliment to George Eliot. The evening passed with reminiscences of Victor Hugo, whom Tourgenieff thought arrogant and ignorant—as, indeed, the adduced illustrations might warrant anybody's thinking—and by a recitation of Pushkin's poetry.

In November, Lewes was tormented by gouty symptoms and, though on the 7th Vivian Lewes, the nephew whom George Henry had aided in his education, brought his fiancée Constance Abraham to see them, they were preparing to set off for Brighton. Madonna wrote Elma he did 'sadly' during their hotel days there, Emily Clarke was with them daily. He rallied, with a sense of ease after the painful attack, she wrote Blackwood from the Priory, November 23rd, sitting at his desk, putting in order her script of 'Theophrastus Such,' mailing it to Edinburgh. In his freedom from pain, he overexerted himself and caught cold, which induced fever and headache, though Sir James Paget thought the trouble soon would be allayed.

Lewes's diary entries show that the doctor was in regular attendance, while he himself was noting his changing status. 'The storm has passed, I think,' he wrote, November 25th. 'Got

up to lunch' The storm had only lulled before the final victorious onslaught Thursday, November 28th, he fell asleep not to wake again, not knowing he was to die

The union of twenty-four years was ended Initial daring, hard work under adverse conditions, blameless lives, reciprocal admiration, beautiful companionship, success—above all, success—had won Criticism lost itself in recognition of something unusual, disappeared in the serene magnitude of a partnership firmly founded, a union that, knowing the reaches of belief and hope, demanded of the external world nothing but the right to live They had won Perhaps George Eliot protested too often, perhaps 'my husband' occurs, from a present-day point of view, too frequently But they were wise in their generation, and that repetition was for mid-Victorian days wise

Now the most versatile writer of his age lay dead For the first recorded time in her life, George Eliot lost all control Her screams penetrated to the homes of her neighbors Soon she was calm, likewise dead, able to make only the gestures of living Until the end of the year, she saw nobody, read no letters, wrote no letters The little pocket book sent her by Elma Stuart was 'consecrated to words about him' So she wrote Elma at the end of January, 1879, with the request, 'Do not tell anyone in the world that I have written to you My obligations to the goodness of friends are mountainous I am gone into a far country' But knowing there was 'no virtue in gloom, the easiest hiding-place for languid idleness,' she tried to interest herself in affairs and friends The earliest letter I find is of December, 1878, to Charles, regarding business and family details Eliza, wife of Bertie, had come from Africa to England 'Will you bring her and the children to lunch?' she asks Later, 1879, she wrote of the 'African daughter-in-law' as becoming reconciled to English non-colonial inferiority, and thinking better of the Kaffirs because the English commoners were so much ruder By this testimony, George Eliot was observing with customary sympathy, tempered by gentle irony

Early in January, 1879, she replied to John Blackwood about 'Theophrastus Such,' which now seemed trivial stuff. With exquisite consideration he told her the type could wait her perfect convenience. She felt she desired nothing of hers brought out for a long time to come, but, characteristically, wished to read the proof, being so ill she feared no time was to be lost in doing what nobody else could do for her. The volume was published May, 1879, bearing at her request a note from the publishers: 'The manuscript of this work was put into our hands towards the close of last year, but the publication has been delayed owing to the domestic affliction of the author.'

'Impressions of Theophrastus Such' can add nothing to the reputation of the author, though needed for a rounded estimate of her work. Theophrastus is a bachelor who, in the essay entitled 'Looking Backward,' touches memories of the Midlands, and clearly is the mouthpiece of Marian Evans. Certain of these memories have been used in the present volume—details about her father and his meaning for her childhood, dimly evoked.

Other papers, some of them recalling Westminster Review days, reveal Theophrastus as a crusty satirist of life and conditions. 'Diseases of Small Authorship,' for example, in which the case of Vorticella illustrates the tone and temper of the whole Vorticella, who once wrote a book called 'The Channel Islands,' with Notes and an Appendix, is one of those who suffer from chronic ailments of the small author. She lived in Pumpiter, where she was reviewed flatteringly in articles or paragraphs ultimately fixed in an elegantly bound album prepared for the reception of 'critical opinions.' Theophrastus was amazed at the variety of matter the volume must contain to have impressed different judges 'with the writer's surpassing capacity to handle almost all branches of inquiry and all forms of presentation. In Jersey she had shown herself an historian, in Guernsey a poetess, in Alderney a political economist, and in Sark a humorist.' Here

is the Marian of a quarter-century earlier, inveighing against literary cheapness as she had inveighed against it in satirizing silly novels by lady novelists

So great was her fame that not even these essays detracted from it—essays, appearing between covers many opened in expectation of finding a story. The book was popular. Today it serves chiefly the student of the author's life

To Barbara she wrote, also, early in January, blessing her for her goodness and sending love to Bessie, Madame Belloc, for her letter. As late as January 22, she was still refusing to see John W. Cross, promising, if she lived, to see him—perhaps sooner than any one else—but not yet. Life seemed to grow harder. She wanted to live a little time to do certain things for *his* sake. 'But what used to be joy is joy no longer, and what is pain is easier because he has not to bear it.' Among the 'certain things' she planned to do for him was the foundation of the George Henry Lewes Studentship, worth about £200 annually, tenable for three years, during which the student chosen is required to carry on original research in physiology, under the guidance of a director, and to the complete exclusion of other professional occupations. Persons of both sexes, who show promise of success, and who are in need of pecuniary assistance, are eligible. First applications were to be sent that same autumn to Dr Michael Foster, Cambridge, this university being selected as having the best physiological school in the kingdom. For the memorial she had arranged details by September, 1879, the choice of a studentship determining that there should be always, 'in consequence of his having lived, a young man working in the way he would have liked to work.'

Besides this tribute to Lewes's memory, she was occupied there at the Priory, among his books, with preparing his manuscripts for final publication. As late as February, she had not left the house, not even to go outside the gate. Deaf to Bar-



bara's entreaties to come away for a change, she declared, 'Even if I were otherwise able, I could not bear to go out of sight of the things he used and looked on'

Each day, she wrote Cross, tenderly insistent in his desire to help her, each day seemed a new acquaintance with grief. At length, February 22nd, she wrote that he might visit her. Sunday, the 23rd, he saw her for the first time. He wanted her to come to Weybridge, an invitation momentarily entertained, but next day refused, she must stay on at the Priory, with the library for reference.

The first number of 'Problems of Life and Mind' appeared at the end of 1873 (dated 1874), the second in 1875, the third in 1877, and the fourth posthumously, in 1879.<sup>2</sup> Many pages are entirely in George Eliot's script, testifying to her careful study of the work, her thorough comprehension of Lewes's ideas and her sympathy with them, and her consequent ability to write into 'Problems' marching paragraphs that keep time with his own. Her craftsmanship, jealous lest any sentence of his should be imperfect, is obvious in other pages revised by her pen.

By March, though incredibly thin and remarking she thought she would hardly know herself, she was beginning to drive out. She could not find happiness, but she could live and be helpful without happiness, she was learning how to live anew. This month she was visited by Professor Sidgwick and Dr Foster, who discussed with her the studentship, Mrs Congreve, Mrs Burne-Jones, Mr Bowen, with whom as well as Frederic Harrison she had conferred about legal matters in 'Felix Holt' and 'Daniel Deronda,' Spencer, and Cross. In short, came most of the small, inner circle that had been hers for a number of years. She was putting her House into order, writing Cara, April 1, 1879, 'You will have by my will £100 a year for your life.' A week later, she was inviting the Harrisons.

In early April she was driving to lanes where she could walk in privacy among fields and budding hedgerows, and on the

22nd she needed the counsel of Cross 'Come to me when you can—morning, afternoon, or evening' From that time forward, says he in the 'Life,' he saw her constantly The year following—April to April, about—they read Dante together, she as teacher making the translation a labor of love They read much from Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Wordsworth At Witley Heights, to which she had gone May 22nd, she played for him, the first time Before leaving the Priory she saw other friends, among them the Calls, Burne-Jones, Pigott, Anthony Trollope, and Miss Simcox May 28th, at Witley, she wrote to James Sully about Lewes's works in connection with a paper Sully was preparing, and on the 30th to Professor David Kaufmann, giving him a complete list, with other information Both Sully and Dr Foster looked over the proofs of the remaining volume of 'Problems'

Soon, she had got again her light carriage and was driving about the country By June 5th she was able to advise Charles relative to roofs and windows at the Warrens, and was a trifle whimsical over a sweet woman who had called and talked chiefly about babies, governesses, and husbands' occupations On this day, too, Barbara came to see her and afterward wrote a friend, 'Marian was more delightful than I can say, and left me in good spirits for her—though she is wretchedly thin, and looks, in her long, loose, black dress, like the black shadow of herself' Marian had even said 'the world is so intensely interesting' She was writing Blackwood that the reception of 'Theophrastus' was really a comfort to her Cross was backward and forward continually, from Weybridge to Witley, to see that she lacked nothing Never was suitor more solicitous for the welfare of his lady, no marvel she could but accede finally to his desire

She felt ill Winds would not rest from their tormenting importunity June 30th she invited Charles's family and Eliza with her two children for the 12th or the 19th, Thursday, and spoke of fine strawberries by the earlier date—Gardener Brock

had promised the housekeeper, Mrs Dowling. She was getting well again. She suffered a relapse. Early in July she was drinking, by command, a daily pint bottle of champagne—and so lamentably squandering her substance. Eight weeks of pain and languor wasted her pathetically. All along, Charles was her steadfast adviser in all that Cross did not undertake, letters of this period indicate he attended to much of her correspondence and business. By the end of September she was able to see Barbara again for a couple of days. October 29th she grieved over the death of John Blackwood, the second of the trinity to pass, the friend of twenty years. Her weakness prevented her leaving Witley Heights, but at length after sharing her Michaelmas goose with Charles and Gertrude and Vivian and Constance, she left at the end of the month for Weybridge, a stop-over on her way to town, while Mrs Gibson was getting the Priory clean, and there she arrived the first day of November.

On her sixtieth birthday she wrote Sara, 'My chief objects are quite completed now,' but she was recovered and stronger than she ever expected to be again. 'I am exceptionally blessed in many ways, but more blessed are the dead who rest from their labors, and have not to dread a barren, useless survival.'

## THE LAST YEAR

JANUARY 4, 1880, George Eliot thanked Edward Clodd for a copy of his 'Jesus of Nazareth' 'I hardly thought before that we had among us an author who could treat biblical subjects for the young with an entire freedom from the coaxing, dandling style, and from the rhetoric of the showman who describes his monstrous outside pictures not in the least resembling the creatures within' On the 5th she wrote Mrs Peter Taylor that she was seeing many friends, who brought reports of their several worlds, and that the 'great public calamities of the past year had helped to quiet her own sorrowing spirit 'We must live,' she now believed, 'as much as we can for human joy' On the 16th she is writing to Alfred Austin, and on the 19th proposing to drive over to ask about Mrs Burne-Jones

To Elma she complained that as now she had nobody to write business letters and notes of *politesse*, her time was much consumed by these social duties, she grumbled the more that she was not 'easy' unless they were immediately fulfilled The season in London was one of Egyptian darkness—'a general gloom which seems to belong to Irish want and the Afghan War and the increase of European armaments The air seems to be in mourning' A little later she thanked Elma for slippers 'warm as kittens,' and significantly on April 23rd, 'What I would ask of you is whether your love and trust in me will suffice to satisfy you that, when I act in a way which is thoroughly unexpected there are reasons which justify my action though the reasons may not be evident to you'

'A bond of mutual dependence,' says John W Cross, 'had

been formed between us' She went down to Weybridge, March 28th, for two days They decided, April 9th, to be married as soon and privately as practicable Four days later George Eliot thanked Elinor Cross for her tenderness, without which 'I do not believe it would have been possible to accept this wonderful renewal of life' She quailed a little in the knowledge she would hurt many for whom she cared April 19th William Allingham called upon her at the Priory 'She was looking well in a high cap and black silk dress' Though Cross's love truly had given her a new hold on life, neither Lewes nor his family was forgotten 'Deep down below,' she wrote one of her best friends, 'there is a hidden river of sadness' April 26th, after two days at Weybridge, she thanked James Sully for the care with which he had treated the final volume of 'Problems' The day before she was married she wrote Barbara that not long ago she would have pronounced impossible this step, and she would not wonder at any one else who found it incomprehensible 'The change in my position,' she took pains to add, 'will make no change in my care for Mr Lewes's family, and in the ultimate disposition of my property Mr Cross has a sufficient fortune of his own' She asked Barbara to tell Bessie, she herself wrote Mrs Congreve

May 6, 1880, she was married to John Walter Cross, at St George's, Hanover Square Standing on the checkered stones of black and white, fronting the picture of Christ and the disciples, under the heavy gold crucifix flanked by the swinging censers, she gave her vows in the church of her early religion The Cross relatives were present, Charles Lewes gave her away At the Priory, after signing their wills, the two set out at once for Dover and the Continent, going on the Calais-Douvres They visited the cathedral at Amiens and in the evening read, in the Somme capital, from the 'Inferno' They continued to Paris, where they had a 'fair apartment,' and where they enjoyed the walk through the Champs Elysées, up to the Arc de Triomphe, under the fresh green and blossoms of the horse-

chestnut trees Professor Sellar, Frederic Harrison, Edith Simcox, and Barbara all wrote to her affectionately On to Grenoble the pair wandered, 'seeing nature in her happiest moment'

At the Grande Chartreuse she had one regret, she wrote Charles, 'it was that the Pater had not seen it I would still give up my own life willingly if he could have the happiness instead of me But marriage has seemed to restore me to my old self I was getting hard, and if I had decided differently, I think I should have become very selfish' The honeymoon continued, a chapter of delights They gathered roses in Jean Jacques's garden And soon the warm Italian sun shone down upon them

On the 24th she heard from Isaac he could forgive her past—now Her generous heart was moved 'It was a great joy to me to have your kind words of sympathy, for our long silence has never broken the affection for you which began when we were little ones My husband, too, was much pleased to read your letter I have known his family for eleven years, and they have received me among them very lovingly The only point to be regretted in our marriage is that I am much older than he, but his affection has made him choose this lot of caring for me rather than any other of the various lots open to him' Cross loved her, and in caring for her lifted himself, quite incidentally, to the level of her own fame So long as her name lives his 'Life' will live, a superb testimony to his loving loyalty and admiration

At Milan, late in May, Mutter wrote Charles she was surprised at the amount of walking, standing, and looking she could go through She was sustained through constant, loving gratitude for the gift of a perfect love At Venice they meant to stay no longer than a fortnight but, Cross falling ill, did not get away before June 23rd They went for a week to Innsbruck, where he recovered, then on to Wildbad and through the Black Forest, to Brussels, arriving at Witley, July 26, 1880

They were both glad to be again in Surrey George Eliot

resumed relations with her old friends, writing to Barbara, Elma, and Mrs Taylor, she walked and read with Johnnie By August 12th she felt languid but was able to visit the Otters and Halls in Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire The quaint house in Cheyne Walk, Number 4, which Cross had bought before their marriage, meanwhile was redecorated and refurnished In September, when she suffered a recurrence of kidney trouble, they went for ten days to Brighton She recovered, to a degree, but was not happy under the English autumnal dampness Cross says she was always well on the Continent, and that decrease of physical strength coincided with the time of their return to the damper climate

Toward the middle of October she was obliged to keep her bed Cross read aloud to her from Comte, when she was well enough she read aloud, in her still beautiful contralto voice, passages from the Bible, particularly from the stirring, prophetic authors They read Milton, Scott, Lamb, works on philology She might have been a great master of languages, a great professor of philological literature in a college of today, had she been born later and had had no Lewes to develop her genius for original literature 'Continuous thought did not fatigue her, the body might give way, but the brain remained unwearied' She wrote Mrs Congréve she had been cared for with something much better than angelic tenderness, yet half her bodily self had vanished She weighed less than one hundred pounds, small wonder she lacked strength

They lingered late at Witley because the Cheyne Walk house was not ready, the weather was beautiful at the Heights, and she was unable to bear the hurry of moving 'I do not think I shall have many returns of Novembers,' she wrote Charles, 'but there is every prospect that such as remain to me will be as happy as they can be made by the devoted tenderness which watches over me' She was not permitted, she wrote Elma, November 15th, to incur fatigue or a draft—yet these she finally permitted herself to incur She was allowed to do nothing, she wrote

Cara, November 28th, but to indulge herself and receive indulgence Surrounded and cherished by family love, by 'brothers and sisters whose characters are admirable to me, and who have for years been my friends,' she added significantly, 'But there is no excessive visiting among us, and the life of my own health is chiefly that of dual companionship' So it had been, so it was now all in all to one, one, all in all to her

December 3rd they moved to Number 4 Cheyne Walk, near Dante Gabriel Rossetti's house, not far from the home of Carlyle, saved to his memory A few yards beyond the front gate flows the placid river, now, the opposite shore of the Thames is overgrown with buildings, then, low-lying meadows rested the eyes of those who looked out from the windows of the Walk George Eliot felt rejuvenation in her blood and bones 'I suppose,' she wrote playfully to Charles Bray, 'we may consider 70—not the normal length of human life according to the mistaken view of the Psalmist but—a comparatively youthful epoch, since we have our Prime Minister on the one hand doing more work than he is obliged to do, and Dean Close on the other marrying at 84'

And she humorously described her husband through the old phrenological terms 'I think you would be satisfied with his coronal arch which finishes a figure six feet high If his head does not indicate fine moral qualities, it must be phrenology that is in fault' She adds that he is 'exceedingly acute, accustomed to deal with men in matters where their characters are inevitably betrayed [it will be remembered that Cross was a banker], well aware of all our human humbug but charitable towards it withal as a quality or manifestation in which we have everyone of us some brother- or sisterhood'

That evening the Crosses went to a Popular Concert at St James's Hall In the week of December 13th, Dr and Mrs Congreve visited them, Madame Belloc came to lunch Books from the Priory, thousands of books, had been arranged in the new home Every day the two read, in the evening they en-



joyed music Friday afternoon they heard the 'Agamemnon' performed in Greek by Oxford undergraduates On the 18th they were, again, at the Saturday Popular Concert Sitting in a draft and refusing, with a smile, to draw about her the cloak her husband saw slipping from her shoulders—the room, she said, was too hot—George Eliot caught cold Sunday, she suffered discomfort in her throat but was able to greet in the afternoon Herbert Spencer and one or two other friends She began a letter to Mrs Strachey, it is broken off, symbolically enough, on the word 'affection,' the last word she wrote From laryngeal sore throat, inflammation extended to the pericardium Wednesday evening, she became unconscious, and at ten o'clock that night, December 22, 1880, she died \*

Cross wrote at once to Elma Stuart 'I cannot realize it I cannot believe it' After the chill at the concert and the sore throat, 'first thing on Monday morning I went to see Dr Andrew Clark who had been down in consultation at Witley He was desirous of having some general practitioner in the immediate neighborhood so that we might send for him whenever we wanted him and I had been very anxious to find a good man to keep constant watch on the symptoms of her renal trouble and Dr Clark gave me the name of a friend of his and an old pupil Mr W G Mackenzæ who came on Monday night about 1 o'clock and said she was suffering from an acute attack of the larynx but the pulse and temperature were neither of them very high—in fact little more than normal and he was not in the least anxious about the case On Tuesday morning she was decidedly easier—pulse and temperature lower and Mr Mackenzie thought it would be an ordinary 3 days laryngitical sore throat—very troublesome and painful but no apprehension of danger He saw her again on Tuesday night when she had a bath and she went to sleep soon after 11 But she had a disturbed night and when Mr Mackenzie came in the morning he found her pulse much faster and her strength wonderfully [*sic*]

\* John W Cross survived until November, 1924

reduced Dr Andrew Clark meantime had written that he would be here at 6 Mr Mackenzie came again at 2 and found her still weak but she was drowsy and he said sleep was the best medicine for her After taking some cold beef tea jelly and an egg beaten up with brandy she dozed again and I listened to her breathing hoping it was curing sleep—but it was death coming on When Dr Andrew Clark came and they examined her he said at once that her heart was struck and that he feared she had no power of resistance She completely lost consciousness directly after their examination and passed away quite painlessly at 10 last night'

The letter concludes, 'And I am left alone in this new house we meant to be so happy in And your heart too will know the void there is no filling All the world is an infinite loser by this most untimely catastrophe But ah me, you will pity me I'm stunned I cannot write more You will understand all'

To others, including Isaac Evans, he wrote, and to a body of men and women, many of them the greatest of the day in art and literature, he sent invitations to the funeral Most of the following were present Mr Leslie Stephen, Sir Henry Maine, Mr Lewis Pelly, Mr Vernon Lushington, Miss Helps, Lady Colville, Mr Strachey, Mr John Morley, Mr Grant Duff, M P, Mr Andrew Lang, Professor Huxley, Professor Bryce, M P, Sir Charles Dilke, M P, Mr Val Prinsep, Mr Francis Palgrave, Sir Frederick Pollock, Dr Priestley, Lord Arthur Russell, Mr Trubner, Mr Henry Thompson, Sir Garnet Wolseley, Mr Groschen, M P, Mr J Knowles, Sir John Lubbock, and Mr Millais

Cross took charge of the arrangements, carrying out every detail in a way suggesting they had talked about her funeral or that he knew her wishes There was mention of burial in Westminster Abbey One scientist, asked to intercede with the Dean of Westminster and the Archbishop of Canterbury, replied that George Eliot could not have her cake and eat it, too If she denied the Church of England and Christ for whom

it stood, she could not hope to be received into the mighty mausoleum consecrated to the dead of the faith. Herbert Spencer remarks, in his 'Autobiography,' 'before any overt steps were taken, it was concluded that undesirable comments would probably be made, and the movement was abandoned.'

On the plate of her polished oak coffin were inscribed the words

Mary Ann Cross—George Eliot—  
Born November 22, 1820\*  
Died December 22, 1880

Quella fonte che spande di pailai sì largo fiume †

December 29, 1880, the hearse drawn by four horses bore George Eliot's body to Highgate Cemetery. Leaving 4 Cheyne Walk at eleven o'clock, in a cold drizzling rain, it was followed by eight mourning carriages in which were, among others, the following persons: in Carriage Number One—Mr Cross, Mr W Cross, Mr Isaac Evans, Mr C L Lewes, Carriage Number Two—Mr Albert Druce, Mr W H Hall, Mr Francis Otter, and the Rev Frederic Rawlins Evans (these were Cross relatives and relations and Isaac's son), in Carriage Number Three—Mr Herbert Spencer, Dr Congreve, Mr E F S Pigott, and Mr Robert Browning, Carriage Number Four—Mr Frederic Buxton, Mr Frederic Harrison, Mr E Gurney, and the Hon G Howard, Carriage Number Five—Mr Locker, Mr Kegan Paul, and Mr Blackwood, Carriage Number Six—Mr T Sellar, Mr Beeson, Mr D Stuart, and Mr Leicester Warren, Carriage Number Seven—Mr Vivian Lewes, Mr Hutchins, and Mr Langford, Carriage Number Eight—Professor Tyn-dall, Mr Oscar Browning, and Sir Frederick Smart.

Among others who were present at the cemetery were Sir Theodore Martin, Mr Gerald Du Maurier, Mr Edmund Yeats, Professor Beesley, Professor Sidney Colvin, Mr W R Ralston,

\* Wrong 1819 is the birth year

† The spring which had broadened out into so wide a river of speech

Mr George Smith, The Hon Lyulph Stanley, Mr Hamilton Aide, Mr Woolner, R A , and Mr Rudolph Lehmann

At half past twelve o'clock the procession arrived at the non-conformist chapel, where a brief service was held by Mr Sadler, Unitarian minister His address was simple, pointed Hers was one of the names not born to die He spoke of her gentleness, her womanliness, her breadth of culture, and that universality of power which had made her known to all the world, and he spoke, also, of that diffidence, self-distrust, notwithstanding all her public fame, which needed individual sympathy and encouragement, to prevent her from feeling too keenly how far the results of her labors fell below the standards of her aims Her nature, profoundly devout, accepted little of what is usually held to be religious belief, but no intellectual difficulties or uncertainties, no sense of mental incapacity in attempting to climb the heights of infinitude could take from her the piety of the affections or the beliefs which were the mother-tongue of her soul

Services were concluded in the open air at the grave, in the unconsecrated part of the cemetery, near the tomb of George Henry Lewes As the coffin descended into the grave it was covered with immortelles and other flowers, tributes of respect and affection During the whole of the proceedings, rain fell steadily, but its fall did not prevent the attendance of many men and women

It was finished The great novelist, the greatest woman of letters of her century was at peace 'Blessed,' she had written, 'are the dead' Mourners and admirers turned, in the drizzling rain, and sought the carriages beyond the gates

## CONCLUSION

THROUGH the facts of her life and the implications of her work, George Eliot reveals herself in detail with a fullness nearly complete. Her first, her essential characteristic was passion—intense feeling made her suffer in childhood and afterward on to the climax when, in her sixtieth year, Lewes died. Passion energized her, while she was yet a schoolgirl, to raise her mind to its highest level, passion for knowledge, for ambition, culture, perfection. Passion urged her devotion to family, to Isaac when she was a little thing, to mother and father whom she tended lovingly. Passion dominated her when she craved to merge her life with another's life, to find the calm blessedness of a woman's lot. Love came not as she would have had it come, conventionally, with bridal party and altar and home forever after with growing boys and girls—not without reason was she known as Little Mother. Love came, succeeding disappointment through those and in those who would not or could not give her what she wanted, came through the back door of her heart open to tenderness and sympathy, entered and remained. At first the way love came did not matter. She was nobody of importance, or even had she been, as in childhood she had felt she must one day be, she would have accepted as her right its presence.

With the years her capacity for passion broadened and deepened into that sympathy, compassion, which is the well-spring of her greatness. Early religious faith, stirring her to good deeds, gradually approached the religion of humanity, whose prophet was Comte. She never became a member of

the Comtist congregation, her concepts, strengthened by Dante, passed beyond those of the French philosopher, but in practical application she found Comte's teachings a guide

Her passion for human love demanded one to whom she could be all, who was all to her. There lay her weakness and her strength. Days inevitably must have been when, through failure of perfection in herself or Lewes, she was 'a mere agglomeration of atoms,' spiritless, uninspired, and she felt a passion for heavenly death. Had her union been regular or had there been children to share her love, much less would she have suffered. As time passed, despite the knowledge she owed to Lewes expression of herself through fiction, she grew increasingly aware of an opinionated and critical world. When inertia would have held her back from writing, when ill health gave to composition something of infernal agony, she persisted, that the world might be better through the sum total of her life than if she never had done anything to shock the world.

Does she reveal herself wholly—explicitly through her life, implicitly through her books? Or is there a hidden self not yet uncovered, a self shut out from her fiction? She had a passion for travel, she had a passion for her own fireside with her life companion. These passions are not irreconcilable—she traveled always with Lewes, and home was wherever they set up the lares and penates of reading desk and writing pad or laboratory jars. If happiness had been absolute, she might have preferred like other women a more settled existence. No one can have followed her life without a sense of the undue restlessness tormenting her. Passion to know everything possible of the earth's beauty, passion to enjoy it, to hold it to herself however briefly, this passion may have caused her wandering, and in time she depended upon things new as the source of fructification. Possibly she fled ennui and annoyance and irritation resulting from conditions surrounding her life? Her domestic troubles escaped her lips but seldom she might write to a friend that she was rebellious under affliction or that she had been worried by de-

tails such as were unconnected with any life save her own

If her feelings were infinitely capable of pain her behavior was capable of restraint 'Matthew Arnold thought that conduct was three-fourths of life, George Eliot thought it was four-fourths' The early passion which drove nails into her doll's head had not diminished, but reticence, which prevented her railing, or crying aloud, had grown No need to make another suffer vicariously Obviously, one says, she was too well trained for ill-bred manifestations of discontent True She was already educated out of self-exhibitionism even in Coventry days Emerson thought her a quiet young woman, of beautiful soul She had learned, early enough, that crying for the moon is vain, bring it down or leave it where it is, but do not weep

Yet, despite this recognition and this resignation, she never surrendered her passion for that perfection impossible on earth, nor could she be content without it War raged in her soul, war between Platonic ideals of beauty and constant presence of earthly ugliness, war between the unsatisfying present and the far-remote hopeful past, war between life as it should be and life as it is

Her passion was the condition of her art To evolve and eternalize a world of beauty was her high purpose. Her good sense would have held her to familiar material even if her own inclination and ability had not been determined from her memories she wished to help common humanity Consequence follows cause, selflessness and love for others are noble ideals, dreams guide the soul So Maggie Tulliver lost herself but gained freedom That her freedom ends in death is sad, but life is sad and always ends in death, George Eliot would have replied, though she would have removed this sadness by improving conditions, by universal sympathy So Romola dropped the burden from her heart in bearing burdens of others So Marner found his life through the child he served So Esther Lyon relinquished a fortune for something better Dinah's life

is exalted, Hetty's is condemned Dorothea failed and Lydgate failed because conditions were wrong, and if in 'Middlemarch' is the greatest expansion of her doctrine that urges common good through unselfishness, in 'Deronda' she went further afield, giving a savior to a race other than her own, as in the 'Gypsy' she had instanced a noble attempt of one who would have delivered his tribe but failed through conditions In the triumphs or failures of her characters the struggle is between duty and inclination, or the struggle may be between conception of an ideal and lack of means to achieve the ideal

Her characters are everyday characters—clergymen, carpenters, squires, housewives, young girls, old maids, children of the middle class, chiefly and best—because the everyday man or woman is the normal man or woman she knew, and through whom the world must move upward She had learned from Wordsworth the art of firing her imagination through simple, homely folk, she had learned from Dante the worth of accurate representation, and her imagination, enlivened through memory, had its power through early keenness of vision and a consciousness which, like that of Sophocles, saw life steadily and whole

This consciousness, unlike that of most Victorian novelists, made her an intellectual writer Analysis, she said, comes before synthesis Dissecting her humanity for motive and act—hers and Lewes's interest in the new science of psychology made the dissection more enjoyable—she understood, from the evidence at least, better than most writers those hidden inner springs of complex characteristics that propel word and deed An artist, she synthesized, created, other men and women, some of whom live as universal types Though created for the idea which rules her story, they bleed blood, not sawdust, they are developed from brain out, not from a portrait, inward

The action of her stories rests on character The author is not concerned about the *dénouement* as to happiness or unhappiness, she is interested in souls, and death may be noth-



ing, or a mere incident, measured by the height to which the soul may rise or the depth to which it may sink. Her knowledge of character creation, her peculiar gift for it, results in her being—among other things—a creator of men as well as women. Lewes's criticism may have helped her—as when, for example, she was engaged in the moral downfall of Arthur Donnithorne, he told her there must be a fight between Arthur and Adam. Without that masculine exhibition and its reaction on each of the combatants, the characters of the two would have lacked the essence of masculinity. Though Sir Leslie Stephen wrote of Tito as one of her best feminine creations, her men are men in their thoughts as well as actions.

Does she draw men after the desire of her heart? If she does, this desire may result in a peculiar weakness. What Bonnell calls 'the innate feminine love of reality—love for an isolated object as the realization of an ideal'—may, he thinks, 'crowd out the continued contemplation of the ideal itself'. The male author of equal genius knows 'that though there be no reality, the ideal has a dynamic force in a "larger unity" than can be comprehended in any particular realization'.

Again, her measuring out to a character his reward or his punishment may seem the act of a pedagogue, 'kindly but just,' as Lord David Cecil figures her, 'calm but censorious, with birch-rod in hand to use as she thinks right, and lists of good and bad conduct marks pinned neatly to her desk'. This picture sees her, not unfairly, as teacher of her doctrines. She was, perhaps, teacher before she was artist. If, however, her purpose be granted, it must be granted also that she fulfilled it as probably no other teacher through the art of fiction has fulfilled that purpose.

Was there, has been questioned with some impertinence, an inverse relation between her life and her work? Because her one disregard of convention apparently gave her love and success, when she should have suffered retribution, must she

therefore warn others by emphasizing the far-reaching effects of sin? She was justified by herself in the climactic step of her life that turned her from the humdrum path of Marian Evans to the broad highway with a good companion

The only point worth considering in relating her books to her private affairs is whether she lived a lie actually and told the truth in her books. From all that is known of her life, such contradictory behavior is untenable. Either she suffered and was silent and knew the law of consequences to her sorrow, even to expressing it through the men and women of her brain, or she was happy as might be and knew the law to her blessedness, to urging the world through her men and women to follow right, regardless of consequence. Only the latter alternative can be just. She was too honest to dicker with life, with truth. In her translation of Feuerbach she wrote, in effect, 'that is a religious marriage which is a true marriage, which corresponds to the essence of marriage—love.' And she loved much. Though her union with Lewes may have been impulsive, it was also a protest against lack of right legislation. What she wished the world to know was that her union was neither loose nor immoral.

Her passion, once more, assumes the guise of tenderness in her creation of children. Who that has not known Totty, or Pattie, or Little Job, or Lillo and the others knows not the George Eliot of young Maggie or of Eppie. The entire gallery is necessary for understanding the wealth of her sympathy for childhood. And not only toward children but toward animals her sympathy flows. The number of dogs—sheepdogs, Newfoundlanders, pointers, pugs, bull-terriers, bloodhounds, and other canine varieties—in her pages is amazing. She understands them as she understands their young human friends. Of other humble creatures Annibal, of the 'Gypsy,' illustrates her gift of right emphasis. He is halfway between man and his lower brothers, a pathetic actor monkey provoking the smile with a tear be-

hind it, the smile that only a sadly serious monkey can provoke

Her passion at last broadened to wide sympathy for a race not then popular in England and moved her to erect her final great monument to the Jewish dream. Nothing was alien to her sympathy, nothing that was real. For the false, the affected, she had nothing but inverted sympathy that expressed itself in scorn and disdain.

Queen of the Victorians, John Macy called her only the other day, never free from her academic gown except 'in her great free-limbed passages, when she lets herself go and writes like a vigorous woman, if not like an angel.' In her well-thought-out books, from 'parts' to paragraphs, her planning is perfect—planning from 'quarries' of material left as mute testimony to her preliminary spade-work—perhaps too perfect, for the result lacks that final touch of art that takes account of extravagance, of the gadding vine, the seeming superfluity. Her books are, rather, close-clipped Warwickshire hedgerows, not the trees of her forest of Arden. Her habit of domestic economy became a habit of literary economy. Sufficient for the purpose, no more, her table roast and garnishings, sufficient for the purpose, no more, her characters, her plot, her action. But as talk about her table was generous, so is talk in her books. In her moralizing, her reflection, lies the bounty that relieves the too trim effect of her planning.

Her immediate style is enriched by apt figures that integrally clarify and adorn, not decorative scrollwork obscuring architectural design. From natural phenomena early observed on the farm at Griff, rises the first class, from interest in science, heightened by her association with Lewes, follows the second, in classical literature and in music is her third source. No logician ever wrote sentences more logical, however complex and involved, variety of sentence proves her past-master of rhetoric. Her dominant tone, mood, and atmosphere are deep and sad, she was unable, through her ineradicable seriousness, long to free herself from the rhythm of gloom and melancholy.

Never again may she have readers to take up her books with foreknowledge of certain entertainment whether by winter drawing-room fires or by overshadowed summer rivers, but so long as nineteenth century English is a current language she will have readers. They will go to her for exemplification of artistic principles not less than for breadth of sympathy, profundity of wisdom.

Nothing like the combination of her disciplined intellect, her ability willed by passionate energy to accomplishment, her genius in fiction, her selflessness, her compassion—nothing like this combination has existed in any other woman of whom history has kept the record. Women there have been who had greater scholarship, many women who had her loving-kindness and sense of duty, other women, even of her day, who had genius more luminous. Not one approached her in possession of all, no one who approached her in any particular was more superbly woman in feeling.

A quarter-century after George Eliot's death, an American student stood near her tomb marked by a simple shaft witnessing that beneath lies one of the immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence. The grave was overgrown with grasses, unkempt, seeding. 'Why,' she asked the guide, 'don't they keep it clean?' 'The Henglish,' he replied dogmatically, 'do not happrove hof 'er.' 'But there are the ashes of a gentleman,' he added with a wave of his hand, 'who asked that he be buried as near her grave as might be.' The student saw the earth was freshly turned. There, after twenty-five years, was a tribute.

A quarter-century later, yet, the American woman visited Highgate with Isaac Evans's granddaughter. Elma Stuart lies by the side of George Eliot whom, a flat stone testifies, she knew for years by the name of Mother. The granite shaft above the illustrious dead had been polished by an admirer, who begged permission to keep the tomb in order. He also had died, again, ragged grass and pale snapdragons covered the slim length

of the surface 'Pull up that weed, please!' Great-Niece Alison commanded the sexton After he had cleared the grave, the two women laid over the dust of that once gallant heart a sheaf of lilies

## FOOTNOTES

### CHAPTER 3

<sup>1</sup> In early signatures, she spelled the name *Mary Anne*, later abbreviated as *Marian*. Her father's *Polly* was used by others, notably Lewes, who called her also *Pollan*. She signed her will *Mary Ann Cross*. At the risk of confusion, various spellings are employed in this book, indicative of her preference at a given period of life.

<sup>2</sup> Perpetuated in 'The Mill,' it has long since disappeared. Between Coventry and Arbury, however, at Corley Rocks is a cut that, according to Mrs. Winsor, is rather like the one that existed nearer Griff.

### CHAPTER 5

<sup>1</sup> At this point she gave up 'Mary Anne' and 'Mary Ann' until 1880, when she became Mrs. Cross and resumed the early spelling.

### CHAPTER 7

<sup>1</sup> *Early Essays of George Eliot*, Privately Printed, 1919. With an Editor's Preface by R.

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### CHAPTER 8

<sup>1</sup> That portrait, later given to John W. Cross, was inherited by his niece, Miss Elsie Druce, who presented it to the George Eliot Alcove, in the Gulson Library, Coventry. A copy is in the National Portrait Gallery.

### CHAPTER 9

<sup>1</sup> In my possession.

<sup>2</sup> Mill's account of the origin and history of the Westminster is confirmed by Harriet Martineau.

### CHAPTER 11

<sup>1</sup> 3rd edition, 1875, page 26.

<sup>2</sup> In my possession.

<sup>3</sup> Agnes Jervise Lewes lived to be over eighty, dying 1902, nearly a quarter-century after Lewes.

## CHAPTER 13

<sup>1</sup> Finished at East Sheen, April 28, 1855 and published the same year in Fraser's Magazine

<sup>2</sup> *Life of Goethe*, 3rd ed., p. 104

<sup>3</sup> Vol. VII, 1855

## CHAPTER 14

<sup>1</sup> Letters in possession of Mr M. L. Parrish, Philadelphia, bearing the date 1857, establish this fact

<sup>2</sup> In my possession

## CHAPTER 16

<sup>1</sup> In Lewes's Literary Receipt book, in my possession

<sup>2</sup> Letter in Gulson Library

## CHAPTER 20

<sup>1</sup> 'Letters,' II, 388

- Letters,' II 400

## CHAPTER 22

<sup>1</sup> Dr Guido Biagi recounts, in the introduction to his edition of 'Romola' (T. Fisher Unwin, 1907), his search for evidence the Leweses had been to the great hall, where Magliabecchi's bust smiles at the readers. He found, after fifty years, a number of receipts signed by Lewes

<sup>2</sup> Letter in Gulson Library

## CHAPTER 24

<sup>1</sup> In my possession

## CHAPTER 25

<sup>1</sup> and <sup>2</sup> Letters in my possession

## CHAPTER 28

<sup>1</sup> Cross, III, 59 (Harper's Edition, 1885)

## CHAPTER 29

<sup>1</sup> The volume is in my possession, published by Peter and Jacob Chouet, 1621

<sup>2</sup> This letter, not published in 'Letters from George Eliot to Elma Stuart,' is in the manuscript collection presented by Roland Stuart to the British Museum

## CHAPTER 31

<sup>1</sup> In my possession

<sup>2</sup> In my possession are the MSS. of Problem III, The Sphere of Sense and Logic of Feeling, and of Problem IV, The Sphere of Intellect and the Logic of Signs. Mr M. L. Parrish, of Philadelphia, owns 297 leaves of the manuscript

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